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Two travelers in Europe

Adelaide Susan Hall

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MRS. HERMAN J. HALL

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TWO TRAVELERS IN EUROPE

A UNIQUE STORY TOLD BY ONE OF THEM

WHAT THEY SAW AND HOW THEY LIVED

WHILE TRAVELING AMONG

The Half-Civilized People of Morocco, the Peasants of Italy and France, as well as the Educated Classes of Spain, Greece, and Other Countries

BY

MRS. HERMAN J. HALL

Nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind as traveling, that is, making a visit to other towns, cities or countries, besides those in which we were born and educated.—DR. I. WATTS.

HAMPDEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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DEDICATED

TO

All Lovers

OF

Nature and Art

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PREFACE

E take great pleasure in introducing to the public our book "Two Travelers in Europe," feeling convinced, as a result of our large experience in book-making channels, that it will meet a long-felt want.

To-day no education is complete without a knowledge of the Old World—not only from a historical but a scenic, architectural and artistic standpoint. It is delightful for all who can cross the ocean to go and see for themselves, but there are many who cannot avail themselves of this opportunity, and for such this book is written. The style is clear and comprehensive, while the work is a connected story from the time the author leaves New York until she returns. There are tourists and tourists; among them, hosts of men and women traveling singly, in pairs and in parties; some, in search of health; others, for study, but more for pleasure.

Mrs. Herman J. Hall, the author of this book, in company with a friend, recently visited Europe and Morocco. She went with an eye quick to discern and retain the beautiful, with an ear ready to catch the harmonies of nature, and possessing as she does the power to interpret things from an American point of view, she was able to gather material for the making of many books; but in order to give her people the fruit of her labor she combines it in one volume, believing it will not only prove a delight but a profit to all.

She writes not only to the young men and women, in whom she has always been interested, but to the fathers and mothers as well, and in her writing as in her lectures she alike charms all.

Mrs. Hall is a lover of the beautiful. She represented art interests in Chicago at the Federation Council, Nashville, in '97;

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she delivered a lecture at Omaha during the Exposition in June, '98; she was chairman of the Art Conference at the biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Denver, also in '98, and has been the president for a number of years, of one of the largest Art clubs in the United States. In her book she has utilized the extensive knowledge of persons and places gained by years of study, and vivified by her recent journey.

The record of the trip is unique. Dry details are eliminated, while all that is bright, interesting and humorous stands out in bold relief.

The pen-pictures are artistically wrought and present in a natural and charming manner the customs of foreign peoples.

The illustrations are an aid to the appreciation of wonderful scenery, famous ruins, venerable cathedrals, stately palaces and the masterpieces of painting and sculpture.

We place this book in the hands of our readers, with the hope that one reading will stimulate a desire for a second perusal which will prove even more enjoyable than the first.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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INTRODUCTION

FTER a visit to foreign countries, one realizes more than ever before the beauty and grandeur of America. Neither the snow-clad Alps nor the Sierra Nevadas rising from an azure sea and the smiling plains of sunny Spain surpass the grim Rocky Mountains or the varied scenery of the Appalachians.

Yellowstone Park, the cañons of the western states, Niagara and the Great Lakes are unique among the wonders of Nature. The Hudson and the Mississippi need only historic ruins and lordly castles to rival the "blue Danube" and the picturesque Rhine.

Not only is our country rich in Nature's gifts, but it rejoices in men of genius. In Literature and Science, Americans have won lasting laurels. Longfellow, Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe are well known in distant lands, and the eyes of the world are fixed upon Edison, whose discoveries in electricity seem unending.

Although our Music and Art are still in their infancy, we have talented artists in both fields, whose achievements are a promise of future triumphs.

The appreciation of Art is daily increasing and the study of Art is now included in the curriculum of nearly every important school in the United States. Galleries and Schools of Design flourish in the principal cities, developing the taste and talent of the people.

Nevertheless, we must ever acknowledge our indebtedness to the

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Old World. The Present is, in great measure, the disciple of the Past, and only by travel can we learn to estimate, justly, the mature civilization of Europe. The knowledge thus gained is one of the chief elements of culture. But travel is not possible to all; many must rely upon sources of information, more or less indirect.

Reproductions of famous works of art have a distinct educational value. Therefore, this story of a summer's wanderings is embellished with many fine illustrations carefully selected by my companion.

The historical references and other data are based upon the best authorities, and in a general way the book may serve as a guide to prospective tourists. Familiar foreign names are used, but those occurring less frequently are translated into English or explained in footnotes.

If the benefits received, and the delight experienced during the journey described and illustrated in this work are shared, even in a small degree, by my readers, I shall feel more than repaid for my efforts.

A. S. HALL.

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CHAPTER I

CHICAGO, February 25, 189—

MY DEAREST JANE:—How I wish I could translate you to Chicago, seat you in my cozy armchair and pour into your friendly ear my precious news; for, Providence and winds permitting, I shall sail for Europe by the good ship Kaiser Wilhelm, March 7.

You remember when we were children together how we chatted about the European trip we intended to take when we were eighteen. You remember, also, how Uncle B. dampened your enthusiasm by croaking the old Spanish proverb, "Heaven gives nuts to those who have no teeth to crack them." I paid little attention to such slurs upon our youth and ignorance then, but now, that I am many summers beyond eighteen, I feel better prepared to understand and enjoy such a tour.

Of course, you are brimming over with curiosity as to the conditions and plans of the journey, so here they are:

In traveling, the next best thing to a letter of credit is an agreeable companion, and I considered myself fortunate indeed when Mrs. M., a young and charming widow, decided to accompany me. She possesses health, good temper and, as my German music teacher used to say, "Schnap." These qualities, united to those of an old maid who is a bit nervous, cranky and very ambitious, will certainly make us a unique pair. And, if the usual law of contrasts holds good, we shall manage to get on comfortably. The principal object of the trip is to see some of the most important art treasures of Europe, so we contemplate covering a good deal of ground.

As you know my répertoire of languages includes Spanish as

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well as French, so we have decided on the southern route, going from Gibraltar to Spain; from there, via Italy, to Greece; thence to Hungary, and home by way of France and England, making short stops in countries which lie along the route.

Our time limit is to be six months and our funds one thousand dollars each. I hear you say "Impossible!" for, in America, it would cost twice that sum to travel almost continuously, for the same length of time, but we are determined to try, and feel confident that we shall succeed.

OLD WORLD CASTLE

In the first place, though traveling first class by water, we shall take second or third class tickets on land, shall engage a modest room, with two beds, at the native hotels, and not patronize those especially arranged to capture the unwary tourist. Our luncheons and dinners can be procured at restaurants wherever we happen to be at meal time, thus avoiding the loss of time incurred in returning to the hotel before finishing the sight-seeing planned for the day. As to breakfasts, directly opposite me, reposing on a chair, is a box containing an alcohol lamp, accompanied by a miniature frying-pan for eggs, two spoons, knives and a tea-steeper.

By prowling about the markets and bakeshops we shall not only be able to study the various types of people, but also secure fresh rolls, pats of butter, fruit and eggs.

As to wardrobe, one stout, serviceable suit and steamer cap,

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a black silk gown, a fancy waist and small bonnet for evening wear, black underclothing (including China silk night robe), two pairs of stout shoes, a heavy and a light wrap will be sufficient.

The outfit can be stowed in two leather-bound telescopes and, with small bags for toilet articles and necessary medicines, will constitute our entire baggage. This can be carried with us in cabs and stowed in the racks of railway carriages, thus saving expense, for one pays by weight for trunks and chests in foreign countries.

We shall employ guides only when absolutely necessary, and shall not present servants with larger fees than the natives give. By strictly adhering to these principles, the problem of expense will be solved in part.

I intend to keep a journal and, if you will promise not to be bored, will send a weekly budget. You shall thus determine whether we illustrate the old saying of Robbie Burns: "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley," or whether just like two women we utterly rout old notions and prove to the world that we can plan and execute to the letter.

So, au revoir, ma chérie! When next you receive a line from me it will come from Gibraltar's rock-bound coast; and now I seem to hear your voice floating across the miles that stretch between us in a fervent "Bon Voyage!"

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CHAPTER II

ON BOARD THE KAISER WILHELM

HE morning of the seventh, we reached the docks of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company and found the great ship throbbing and straining at the cables which bound her to land.

Upon entering our stateroom the mingled fragrance of roses, lilies and carnations greeted us. Bouquets were heaped up on dressing table and berths, to say nothing of a score of letters and telegrams containing last messages and all sorts of advice.

At the end of a delightful hour spent on deck with friends from New York the signal was given for visitors to go ashore. Then came the farewells, some pathetic, some amusing, especially that of a pair of lovers, who had been sitting very close together behind one of the smokestacks. They threw kisses to each other frantically, until the spectators were in convulsions of laughter. The passengers with their bouquets crowded to the rail, and the ship must have appeared to those on land like a huge flower garden.

Soon we were under way, handkerchiefs began to wave and last words were exchanged. As the shores of our native land receded and the friends were lost to sight, many a hitherto happy face grew sober, and now and then we would hear a suppressed sob.

The Kaiser is a finely appointed ship recently built. The service is excellent and we are enjoying the voyage, despite the rough weather that sometimes makes our heads swim and the dishes tumble about. In fact, we generally eat in fear and trembling lest the contents of soup plate or tumbler should be precipitated into our laps. The Captain, big, burly, white-haired and red-faced, has a kindly word for everybody on board.

Now and then for recreation we lean over the rail of the aft

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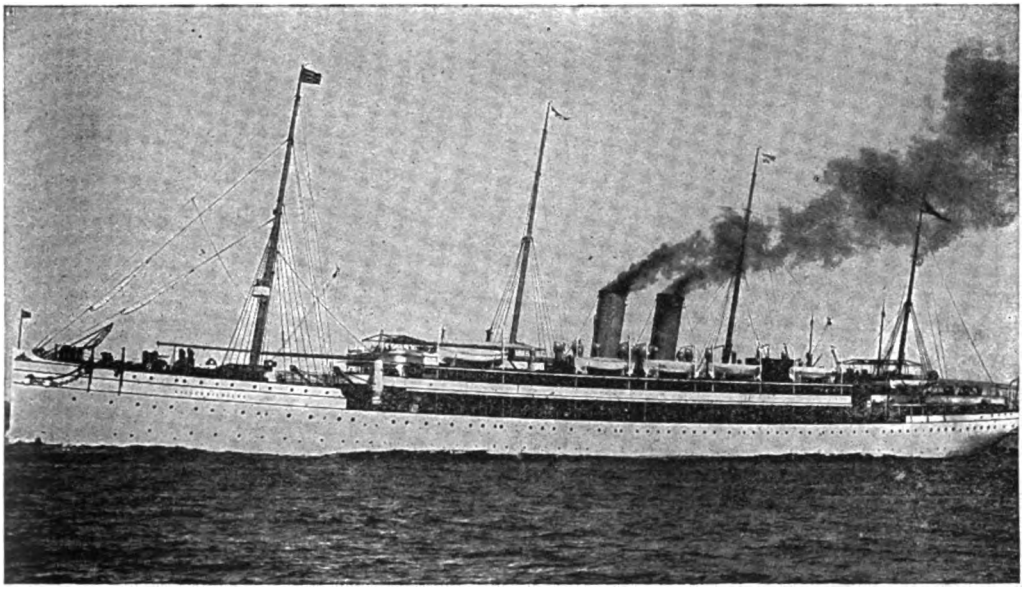
upper deck and watch the steerage passengers eating their meals or playing games. One day I saw a group enjoying keno, and the caller drew with a grimy paw the numbers from a bag that looked as if it had seen years of service.

There is a very old man and woman who sit apart from the others. He is devoted to her, and it is interesting, though pitiful, to see him untie an old soiled rag and take out some chunks of bread, and a dried up sausage, and with his battered clasp knife



STEAMSHIP KAISER WILHELM

slice off portions to share with his toothless wife. The children, though very cunning, are just like the little vagabonds that wander around the streets at home, playing on an accordion or a tambourine.

We are awakened each morning by the trumpeter, who goes up and down the deck playing a little German air about "be joyous while you may," rather depressing and incongruous when one is suffering from *mal de mer.**

One evening the party at our table were invited by the chief engineer to visit the furnace rooms of the steamer. We were nearly an hour inspecting the three engines, twenty-six furnaces

*Seasickness.

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and mammoth steel screw. Fifty-four stokers work in relays, four hours on duty and eight off. The sight of these men bathed in perspiration, toiling, half clad, in the frightful heat, suggested Dante's Inferno.

Good music is one of the features of the German Lloyd service, and the concerts given during the dinner hour and on deck during the evening are very enjoyable.

We sighted the Azores on the twelfth of March, and regretted that we could not stop there. Pico, which lies to the southeast of Fayal, was quite a picture. From its center rises a volcano, so wrapped in clouds that often only the summit is visible. The ship sailed quite close to the shore and the houses could be seen distinctly, their red roofs clustered at the base of the mountain. The city of Angra, capital of the group, is delightfully situated on the island of Terceira. The Governor's house, built in Moorish style, made a strong point in the landscape.

Flocks of mountain sheep run over the steep sides of the islands, like flies on a wall. The people are said to be thrifty and happy, though their only means of communication with the world is a steamer from Lisbon once a month.

We have made some very pleasant acquaintances among our fellow passengers, and are sorry that only two of them are going to stop at Gibraltar.

Yesterday was the birthday of a German lady who sits at our table and is so jolly that she is a general favorite. She was surprised at dinner when a fine cake, with her name wrought in the frosting, was placed before her, "with the compliments of the Captain." She immediately cut a piece for each one of us, and sent a generous slice to the commander. Accompanied by her witty remarks, the act caused a good deal of merriment.

We are due at Gibraltar to-morrow, and are looking forward to our first view of the rock.

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CHAPTER III

GIBRALTAR

GIBRALTAR is before us! It looks like a great lion crouching in readiness for a spring. The sky is a celestial blue, the air is balmy, and with Spain's rugged coast on one side and the low-lying hills of Africa on the other we feel that we are indeed approaching foreign shores on the bosom of strange waters.

Gibraltar has been an English fortress since 1704, when it was captured during the war of the Spanish succession by Sir George Rooke. Persistent efforts have been made by the Spanish and French to wrest from the aliens this key to the Mediterranean and the East, but the Union Jack still floats from the pinnacle of the stronghold twelve hundred feet above the sea. Gibraltar is a natural fortress. On one side the sheer wall of the cliff forms an impregnable defense and on the other is a network of batteries. Galleries wide enough for a carriage to pass are cut in the solid rock, and the black muzzles of cannon project through the portholes. The summit is crowned by a gun having a range of five miles, and an electric connection makes it possible to aim and fire the gun from a station below.

Geologically, the rock is very curious. The lower strata are gray limestone and the upper striped with pale bluish shales,* while shells are found fully four hundred and fifty feet above the present sea level. As is not uncommon in limestone formations, there are many passages and caves, the most noted being St. Michael's Cave, where the central hall is fifty feet high and hung with magnificent stalactites. At the foot of the rock lies the town, with a population of about 24,000.

Slaty structure.

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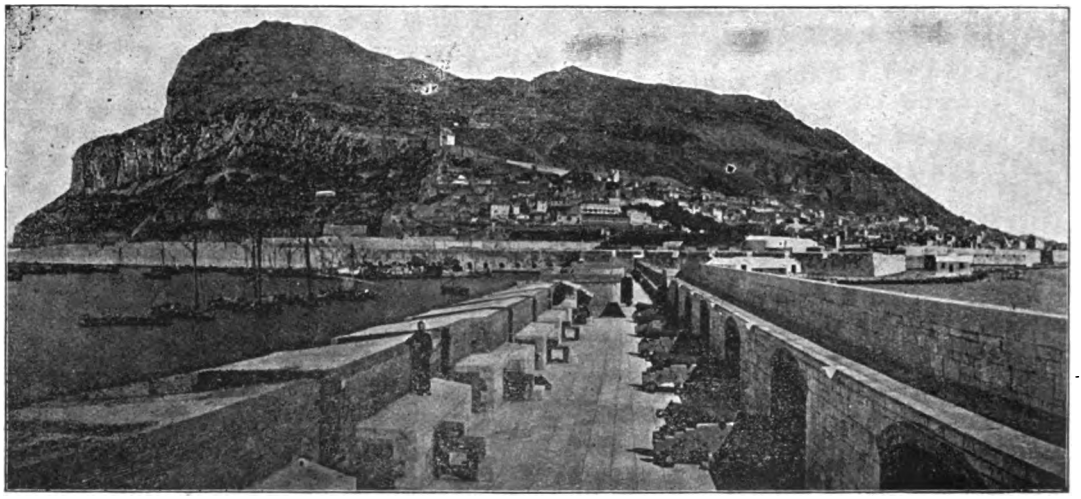
The Kaiser cast anchor in the bay, for there are no docks for ocean steamers, and was at once surrounded by craft that had been awaiting our approach. Climbing down the hanging ladder of the steamer, we boarded a launch and sped away to the landing. There was a perfect babel of sound. Porters, cabmen, beggars, elbowed one another and shouted out the merits of the different hotels or conveyances, or implored charity. Fortunately we had made an arrangement with the agent of the Royal Hotel before leaving the steamer; so after passing the custom-house inspection (an easy matter in Gibraltar, which is a free port), we



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

started on our long walk through the town, preceded by the agent and a donkey cart with the telescopes and followed by two fat little urchins carrying the handbags.

We almost fancied ourselves in Cairo Street at the World's Fair, so motley was the crew we met, so quaint the narrow way, with its rough pavement and sidewalks scarce wide enough for two people to walk abreast. On either side were shops hung with rugs, draperies and curios, until it seemed as if the entire stock of each was tumbling out of the doors and windows. Down the center of the thoroughfare jogged little donkeys bearing panniers filled with fruit or vegetables, their plump sides belabored by bare-legged Moors.

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A couple of English soldiers curbed their horses to chat with a pretty Spanish girl, a lace mantilla about her rounded throat, the point fastened coquettishly to the crown of her head.

In one open doorway an Egyptian sat making filigree* silver ornaments, in another a Turk surrounded by queer bits of pottery and brass—presenting quite an Oriental picture.

Reaching the hotel after this interesting but rather warm tramp we were shown into a cool, quiet room, with whitewashed walls and plain but comfortable furniture.

Luncheon was followed by a drive, the coachman being a red-headed son of the Emerald Isle. The way that little cart rattled up and down the roughly paved streets was exhilarating; now taking us to the bank to draw both English and Spanish money on our letters of credit, then to the steamer office to have the stop-over tickets recorded.

After the business was attended to, we called upon the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, to whom we presented our greatest treasure, a personal letter from the Secretary of State, introducing us to American ministers and consuls abroad.

We had a pleasant call and were given the information we sought. We wished to know if it were safe to travel in Spain at that time, having been told that the Spaniards keenly resented the sympathy expressed by Americans in general with Cubans in their rebellion against the mother country. He assured us that the animosity, so much talked of in our daily papers, was largely imaginary; that no matter how deep the resentment Spaniards might feel toward the men of our country, they were always courteous and gallant to ladies, and that we might go anywhere in Spain with more real safety than at home.

Mr. Sprague has held his office for forty-two years, succeeding his father. He is a fine looking old gentleman with foreign manners, and lives in a Spanish house with a court in the center filled with tall palms.

The Alameda† is a perfect jungle of trees, shrubs and blossom-

*Ornamental work in gold or silver wire.

†Public gardens.

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ing plants. Tailless monkeys come down from their haunts on the bare rocks above to rob the fruit trees, but their number has been greatly reduced of late years.

Although there are no important works of art in Tangier, the journey is so short that we intend to go there for a few days and thus catch a glimpse of African life.

Mrs. M. is sitting near an open window, while I write, studying the foreign coins. There is the Spanish peseta, which is the silver coin in general use; it is worth about nineteen cents, in our money. This is divided into one hundred centimos, the usual pieces containing five or ten centimos each. The difficult part of it all is, that there are coins of nearly the same size, but differing in value, and, covered with strange devices. Add to this the fact that the people here use both English and Spanish currency, and do you wonder that we are nearly money mad? In my dreams I see these dreadful pesetas sitting in rows on the footboard of my bed. They seem to wink at the English ha' pennies and then leer at me with a we'll-cheat-you-yet air.

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CHAPTER IV

TANGIER

E had a delightful trip, a matter of three hours, to this the chief seaport of Morocco. The straits were like a millpond and the passengers interesting, especially a fine looking elderly Moor, who was a model of repose and dignity. He could speak a little Spanish and we discovered that he was the Governor of the Ríf district in Morocco.

The city of Tangier lies on the shores of a beautiful bay and rises in the form of an amphitheater. The outline of its low white houses is broken by the slender minaret of a Mohammedan mosque.

Several dilapidated cannon placed upon a wall, backed by a shabby building, constitute the defenses. An old-fashioned gun boat, once a Scotch merchantman, composes the Sultan's navy.

As we were leaning against the railing of the steamer, waiting for one of the craft of Messrs. Cook & Co., we were surprised by the sight of fully a dozen boats, each containing from eight to ten natives, pulling as madly for our steamer as if for a goal at a race course. When they reached the ship they swarmed over the sides, with yells that sounded to our unaccustomed ears like war whoops, and began to gather up the baggage and throw it into the small boats. Soon they were squabbling among themselves over their spoils, which they snatched from one another, and it was nearly half an hour before our possessions were all together in the launch belonging to our agent and we were seated beside them.

On entering the town of Tangier, one passes under the Bab al Marsa,* where two solemn-looking Moors, sitting cross-legged on the ground, keep watch and guard. They are the only custom-house officers and glanced with apparent amusement at the

*Gate of the harbor.

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contents of our bags, which we were obliged to open before them, but they soon allowed us to proceed.

As we went up through the crooked streets paved with cobble stones our American features and costumes attracted many curious glances from the native women who stood in the open doorways. They were enveloped in long, white garments of a material like Turkish toweling, one end being brought across the lower portion of the face, leaving only the eyes exposed.

A disagreeable odor permeates everything in Tangier, even to

HARBOR OF TANGIER

the very bread we eat; and if that is the bread, which we saw carted uncovered through the streets we wonder that we have the courage to eat it at all.

Horrible looking fakirs, covered with ulcers, dragged themselves across the path to incite our sympathies. Beggars thrust their filthy hands before our faces, until we were glad to stop with others of the party from the Kaiser, at the nearest hotel, instead of walking a half mile further for the sake of finding a less expensive one. However, if it is necessary, we can live on bread and salt in Spain and thus average our expenses.

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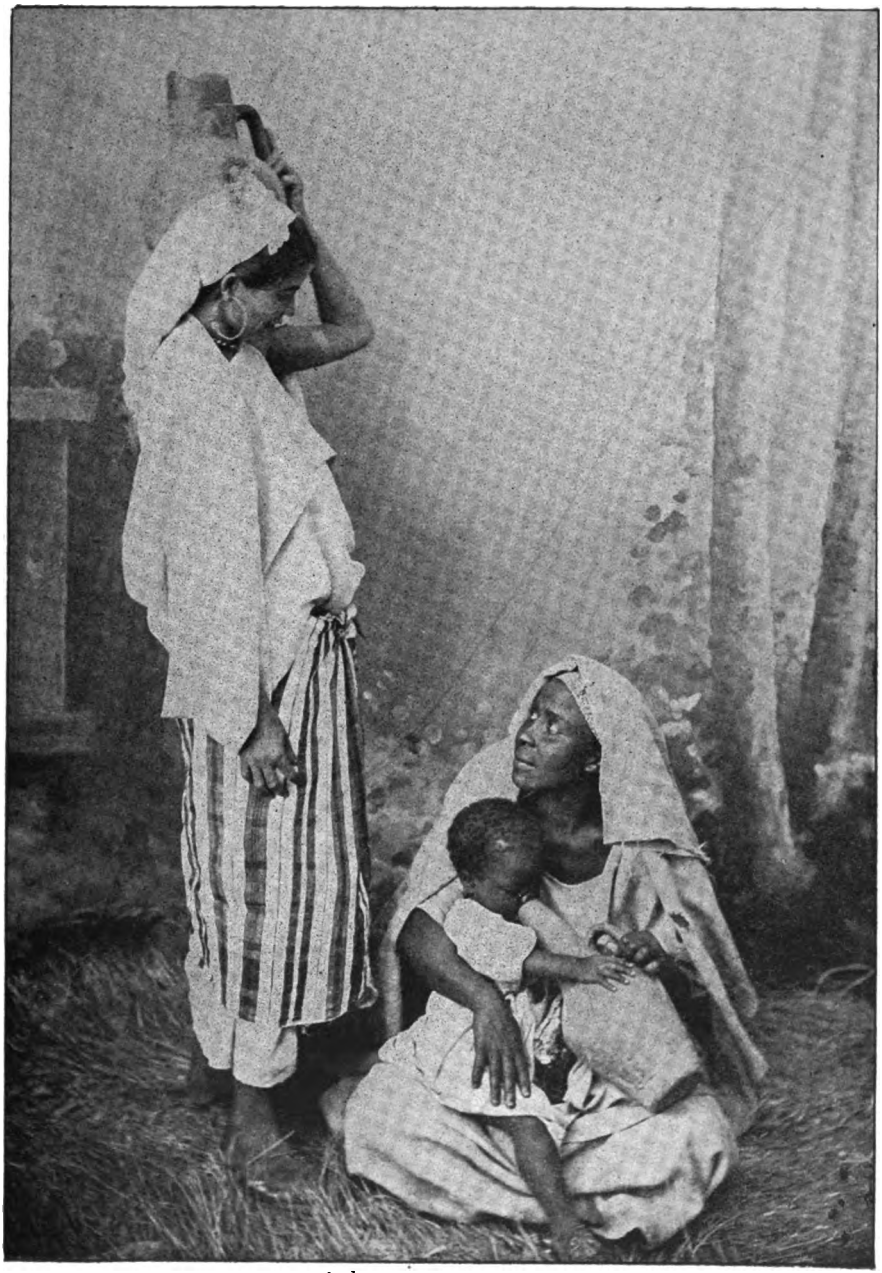

LOW LIFE IN TANGIER

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We have a pleasant room at the Continental Hotel overlooking the bay, and as I go to the window now thoughts of home and loved ones bring tears to my eyes. I can see the lights along the curves of the moonlit shore, the rugged outlines of Spain in the distance giving strength to the picture. The water laps softly against the beach, the stillness now and then broken by the "Wa ha galiba illa Allah,"* the Mussulman war cry, in the same mellow tones that we used to hear on the Midway.

Our first dinner in Africa was "good but not very fillin'," as a little boy once remarked. It was served in the usual *table d'hote*† style, in numerous courses, by native servants, their black skins looking like polished ebony against the snowy whiteness of linen gowns and turbans.

One of the courses was a cake fried in oil. It resembled a plain fritter and is called *shing* in Arabic. It is eaten without sauce of any kind and was not at all palatable to us. Many stalls in the market place are hung with iron kettles where natives prepare these cakes for the caravans, just as itinerant bakers sell waffles or pancakes from their wagons; but the sight of a hideous Moor mixing the batter with his fingers and then tossing it from hand to hand prior to its final fling into the sizzling oil is not stimulating to the American appetite, though the camel drivers devour them with a gusto born of the desert.

The first evening our party attended a native concert that was not at all bad. The musicians sat upon the floor in rows and between numbers smoked tiny pipes filled with *hasheesh*, a kind of opium. It is obtained by boiling the leaves and flowers of a native hemp with a little butter.

The following morning we each mounted a diminutive donkey, and, accompanied by a tall dignified-looking guide by the name of Mesmudi, we proceeded to do the town.

My animal was led by a boy whose entire English vocabulary was comprised in the words "all right," spoken interrogatively each time I gave a half suppressed shriek, which was frequent, as the saddle persisted in turning somersaults. Tangier streets run up

*There is no conqueror but God.

†Public dining table in a hotel.

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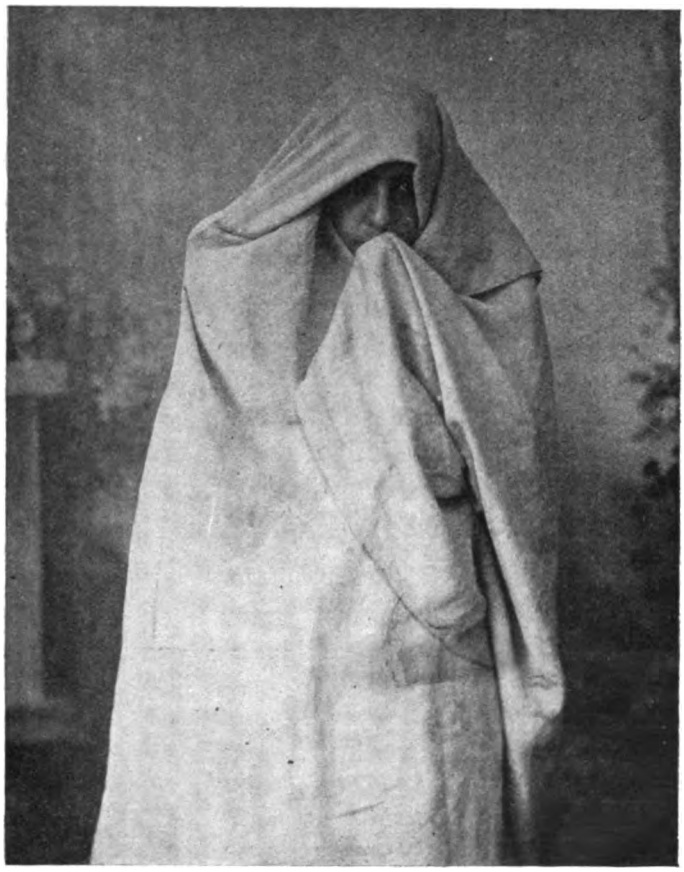
and down steep hills and are so narrow that if one meets a donkey with a load it is an anxious moment.

We stopped first at the Governor's palace and found His Worship at the end of a long hall. He was seated cross-legged on a rug placed on a dais. Along the sides of the apartment were rows of saddles, some of fine leather and elaborately embossed. These articles, it is said, constitute a large part of his wealth. We shook hands with him twice, which is the correct thing to do, and then passed out to the open square, where the Califa,* who is the Vice-Governor, sat holding court.



UNMARRIED WOMAN, TANGIER

This man decides irrevocably all common questions of law. The plaintiff and defendant appear before him and plead their own cases. There is no jury. The Califa gives his decision and sends one to prison, permitting the other to depart. Knotty questions are submitted to the Governor. The guide told us that it was a mere matter of money, and that the judge was always open to bribery.

The Governor of small villages is called a Sheik, and we met

*Judge.

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one that day, as fine a speciman of Moorish nobility as one would be likely to see, tearing down the street on a splendid horse.

In the Governor's harem we were presented to one of his wives, a son and a daughter. They received us in a large court open to the sky and surrounded by arcades. From this court, paved with beautiful tiles, open small apartments which serve as bed chambers and are furnished only with mattresses placed upon the floor and covered with white sheets and pillows. All around the edge of the rug which lay in the center of the dining-room are similar divans for the inmates to lounge upon during their repasts. The dishes are cracked and of common ware. About the different rooms were open baskets containing the *kus-kus*, which looked like cold plum pudding.

The wife, who is about forty years of age, still shows traces of beauty, while the soft black eyes and pale olive cheeks of the daughter are most attractive.

The people of Tangier are so poor, that even the officials are unable to provide many comforts for their women. As I knew this, I ventured to ask the daughter if she would sell me the hoop hanging from one of her ears. After a good deal of bargaining, in which even the servants took part, I became the proud owner of a rude silver circle large enough for a bracelet and strung with an Oriental pearl and a purple glass bead. It was handmade and a good specimen of Moorish handicraft.

From the harem it was but a step to the prison, where we looked through small openings in the stone wall into the room where the poor wretches, who have chanced to incur the displeasure of the Califa, were herded like cattle. Some were chained in pairs, and all looked the picture of despair. They are allowed to weave baskets, which tourists are importuned to purchase.

Our donkeys were very tired by the time they had borne us to the residence of the Belgian Consul, so we left them in charge of the guides and took a stroll through the beautiful gardens about the house, one of the sights of Tangier. There were walks lined with palms, cacti, bananas and a tree called in Spanish *campanita*, covered with white flowers, resembling somewhat an Easter lily. The head gardener, who had visited America, presented us

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with a bouquet of roses and geraniums. The latter often grow to a height of six feet and form hedges along the country roads.

There was a fine view of Mt. Washington a short distance from the gardens, and of the white road leading from the town, which winds along toward the desert and disappears behind the hills.

HIGH CASTE MOORISH WOMAN

About four in the afternoon we went to the American Consulate, where we met Dr. Barclay and his wife, who are very delightful. The Doctor showed us many documents and papers belonging to his great-grandfather, who was the first consul to Tangier and who was appointed by George Washington. His papers were signed by both Washington and Jefferson. A curious old desk used by the former was one of the treasures of the house. These good people urged us to prolong our visit and promised to take us about the city and to a reception, but we were unable to accept.

Returning to the hotel by way of the market place, we saw a caravan which had just arrived from across the desert; in all there were about twenty camels. The tents had been pitched for the night and some of the people were preparing to retire; for the

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morrow was the great Sokko or market day, and they were weary from the long journey.

Groups of women were sitting upon the ground with flat, round cakes of bread piled up in front of them, their mantles over their heads. The men monopolize the vegetable and flower trade, and hold up their nosegays of violets and roses, quite unconscious of the incongruity of it all. The children are thick as flies, all pretty, plump and bubbling over with fun. If it were not for the loathsome beggars that creep and crawl like slimy things, or lie at full length on the ground, moaning and whining, it would be quite a gay scene.

The Bab al Sok* terminates the long street that begins at the Bab al Marsa, and is crossed by others that wind in and out in the most perplexing and Bostonian fashion and, what is worse, are nameless.

Coming over on the boat from Gibraltar, I had a talk with an English missionary doctor who lives at Tetuan, one of the interior cities. He said cruelty toward the women is common, many wives being beaten to death. A Moor can be divorced by simply paying the equivalent of two dollars to the Sheik, or Governor, and can marry as soon afterward as he pleases. The people are very superstitious and are firm believers in the Evil Eye.

The Berbers were chief among the aborigines of Morocco, and the Kabyles are the best branch of that race.

Grant Allen, in one of his works, has given a vivid picture of the daily life of this industrious tribe of the mountains, who live in houses of stone or clay, own their lands and cultivate figs, olives and tobacco, besides making a fair quality of wine. They are a great contrast to the shiftless, wandering Arabs of the plains, who are content to dwell in tents and snatch a living anywhere and anyhow.

Art of a crude sort exists among the Kabyles. They have even produced etchings and engravings and attained no mean skill in wood-carving.

The heads of the males are shorn with the exception of one tuft of hair, which is braided and hangs down on one side like a

*Gate of the market.

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queue. By this lock they believe the angel of death will take them up to heaven.

The people of Morocco seem to be of three classes: The Berbers or Mountaineers, the Arabs, who inhabit the lowlands, and the Jews. The word Moor is used to designate in general the city

A CARAVAN, TANGIER

born. All are white at birth that have no mixture of negro blood in their veins, and it is to the air and the sunshine that they owe their swarthy skins.

A wild berry grows in the neighborhood of Fez* from which is extracted a peculiar red dye. This is used in coloring the leather which we call red morocco and also the tasseled cap worn by the unmarried men of the Mohammedan faith and usually termed a fez. For many years the secret of making this dye was possessed

*An interior city of Morocco.

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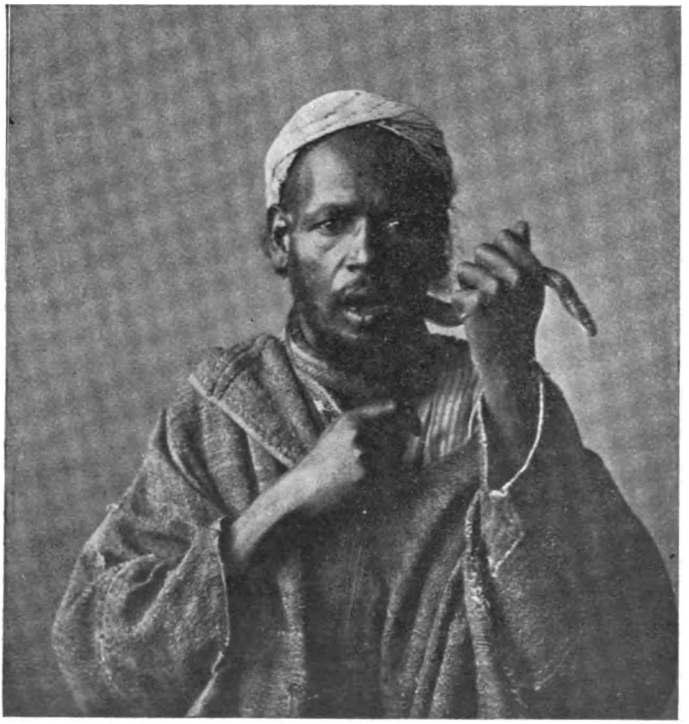
exclusively by the Moors, but now it is shared by the French and the Germans.

Tangier, whose population is about 20,000, carries on a flourishing trade with Gibraltar, and exports leather, coarse wool and pottery. The mackerel fishing is fairly good in the bay. The herbage is poor, and there are almost no trees in or near the city, and the productive farm lands are far from the coast. Mules and donkeys feed on thistles and the few horses on a green stuff called *rhibich*, according to our guide's spelling.

On the following day we arose early and wended our way to the Sok or market to enjoy the sights. Here, was a group of Moors squatting in the dirt selling pottery of the rudest kind for kitchen use, their wares spread out upon the ground, there, another with bags of barley or vegetables that had been brought by caravan the night before, as well as camels with their nursing young, and women bearing pitchers of goats' milk.



SNAKE CHARMER, TANGIER

We asked the guide if the women went to church often, as we had just passed the mosque, where men only were filing in and out, and he looked at us in surprise. "Why, no," he said in his quaint English, "Women no go church, women no Mohammedan, only men go pray." I said: "Then you don't believe women have souls." And he laughed and said: "Oh, no,

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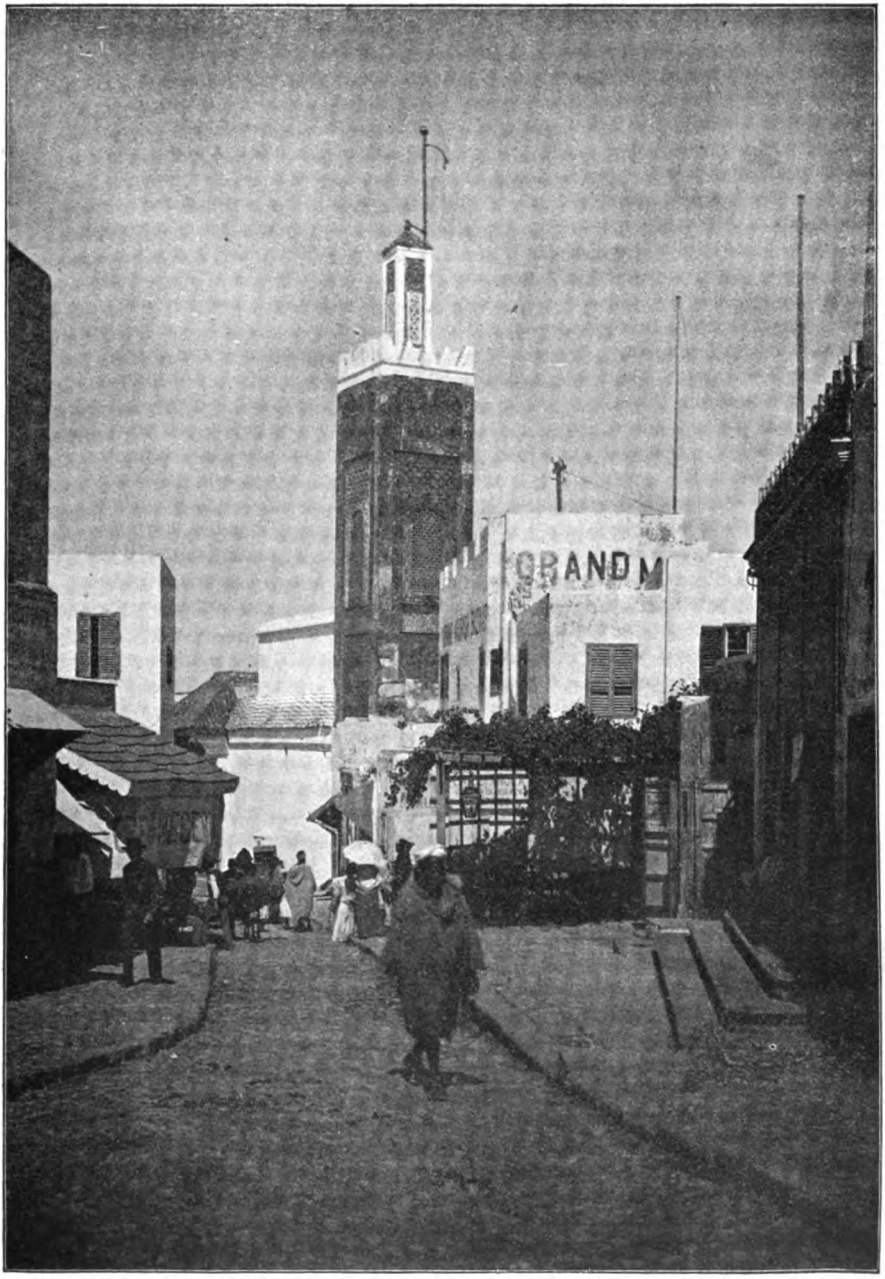

PRINCIPAL STREET AND MOSQUE

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women no have them." Christians are never permitted to enter their places of worship and so we could not see the interior, much to our regret. I have heard since that the mosque at Fez includes a chapel for the gentler sex.

After having witnessed the antics of a snake charmer, who was sitting upon the ground with a bag of reptiles before him, and who, for the consideration of a few pennies, would put them through a number of tricks, we hurried back to the Continental to pack up. Early to-morrow we shall take the steamer for Cadiz—a city on the west coast of Spain.

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CHAPTER V

CADIZ

HEN, raising our dizzy heads from the pillow on that memorable "to-morrow," we looked through the saloon windows of the steamer and saw Cadiz in the distance, we felt like lost souls that had been in Purgatory and now wandering in Hades, could catch afar off a glimpse of Paradise.

On coming down to the quay at Tangier, to take the boat for the above celestial city, we observed a blue flag floating conspicuously from a building near the water. This, we were informed, meant a high sea, and consequently double tariff to the steamer. Imagine our dismay when, upon reaching the edge of the landing, we found several brawny natives knee deep in the water, with arms outstretched to receive and bear us to the small boats about twenty feet away. They grabbed us as if we were bags of meal, and over their shoulders we went and were lugged to the boats and dumped in. But that was a mere bagatelle to the ride which followed. How the boat tossed on that awful sea! now rising to the very crest of a wave, mountain high, then engulfed in a green abyss.

When near the steamer we were compelled to literally empty our pocketbooks by the pirate-like Moors, each in turn demanding a peseta, besides the double tariff. We dared not refuse, and the only other passengers in our boat, a party of Germans among whom were three men apparently endowed with average mental and physical powers, did not offer the slightest resistance. Nevertheless, the deck of the Joaquin Piélago was finally reached and we were minus only a silk umbrella, belonging to my companion, which had sought the briny depths.

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If you ever try to climb up the swinging stairway of a steamer from a rowboat, while the latter is tossing on tremendous waves, with half a dozen other craft manned by black devils trying to push it away and embark their passengers before you, you will realize, and not until then, what we did that dreadful day. After getting under way, we attempted to compose ourselves, but that

PANORAMA OF CADIZ

was impossible. We were at once attacked by seasickness and were so ill that we crawled downstairs into the small saloon, out of which opened a room with a narrow cushioned bench along its sides. By gestures I inquired of a man, evidently a steward, if we could lie down there. He nodded, and brought us pillows at once. The lurching of the ship threw me with the greatest violence to the floor three times, when I gave up in despair, and lay there for the rest of the seven long hours before we reached Cadiz. I thought of the man who, in the first hour of suffering with this particular malady, was afraid he was going to die and the second, was alarmed for fear he would not. I know I tasted the boneset tea Mother gave me twenty years ago. In spite of all, I actually

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THE PROCESSION AT THE OPENING OF A BULL FIGHT

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laughed when Mrs. M. remarked in a stifled voice that if a caravan came along going to Chicago, she would take it. When you see a *real* caravan you will appreciate the humor in the remark.

Such looking creatures as we were on reaching port, with our eyes protruding and faces swollen,—but we gathered our belongings together as best we could and descended into the landing-boat, manned this time by men, untutored but chivalrous. They assisted us to reach the custom-house, where the Superintendent, noticing my pallor, ushered me into his private office, while my companion heroically attended to the baggage alone. Then engaging a cab for us, he gave the driver the name of the Hôtel de France, where we found excellent accommodations, and after a good night's rest we felt as well as ever.

The pride of Cadiz is her cathedral called La Nueva* (1720-1832), an irregular pile, with the bronze monument of the bishop, who was instrumental in completing the interior, placed in the plaza† directly in front of the entrance. Connected with this cathedral are one hundred and fifty priests, headed, at present, by Bishop Calvo. The interior of the building is well proportioned. The high altar, which was presented by Isabella II., is lavishly decorated with silver and gold. It is placed directly under the dome and is bathed in a soft heliotrope light produced by the blending of the purple and red used in the windows of the clear-story.‡

Another point of interest is the old Capuchin Convent (now occupied only by custodians), where is treasured the "Marriage of Saint Catherine," the last picture of Murillo, the master of religious painting in Spain. He was at work upon this canvas in 1682 when he fell from the scaffolding and received fatal injuries. It represents the Virgin holding the infant Jesus, who is placing a ring upon the finger of the beautiful and devout St. Catherine, who kneels before him. During Murillo's lifetime the strictest laws controlled the work of artists in Spain. In accordance with these laws the feet of his Madonnas were never visible and the prescribed colors,

* The New.

† Square.

‡An upper story rising clear above the adjoining parts of a building, sometimes written clere story.

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blue and white, for the mantle and draperies were always employed. His flesh tints are delightfully warm and soft, eliciting the remark from one critic, that:— "Against the dark gray background his faces looked as if painted in blood and milk." Murillo can be studied best in the gallery at Seville, where, we are told, his three distinct styles are represented. A picture of St. Francis, executed in Murillo's best manner, hangs on a side-wall of the same room and made a very deep impression upon my mind,—it approached so nearly the perfection of painting.

St. Francis, born at Assisi, Italy, in 1182, was the founder of the Franciscan order. At the age of twenty-five he became a monk, leading a life of the utmost poverty and purity. One day at his devotions near Mt. Averno, he prayed that he might have visible proof of the love of Christ by being permitted to bear some mark of his mortal suffering; in this ecstasy of prayer it is said that he had a vision of Glory, and immediately the *stigmata* or wounds of the nails appeared upon his hands and feet. The fact that these marks were actually found upon his body leads us to remember that similar phenomena have been produced, so it is claimed, by physicians who exercised certain influences upon hysterical patients in the hospitals of France.

The picture mentioned above shows the monk at prayer; the form of the Crucified One faintly outlined in the shadows of the cell; the face of the saint upturned with the most touching expression of love mingled with sweet humility; while a divine light radiates from the vision and envelops the figure of the suppliant.

As we had expressed a desire, when leaving the hotel, to visit the Plaza de Toros, or bull ring, our guide conducted us from the convent across a great square to a circular building, and, after arranging the fee with a man in charge, gained us admittance. When we entered the arena, inclosed by tiers of seats ranged one above the other, we were impressed by its size. A grand box is placed on one side for the President of the festival and directly opposite, one for the owners of the animals. To the right is the entrance for bulls, to the left, for horses. Our guide informed us that the bulls were brought to the stalls in groups of six the night previous to the fight, were not fed, and that, from that time on, the

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stalls were kept perfectly dark, so that, when the animals rushed forth into the bright sunlight, after twenty-four hours of fasting, they would be more ferocious than ever. The cost of each group of bulls is about two thousand dollars, and the owner furnishes forty horses; generally, worthless creatures. If the bulls prove very active and the supply of horses be insufficient, others must be procured at once, and, if necessary, taken from the carriages near by. Their sufferings are often very great, for, when the bull only succeeds in inflicting a gash in their sides, it is sewed up and they are sent again into the arena to meet a worse, or shall we say a more merciful, fate in death.

SPANISH BANDERILLERO

There are three sets of men in the ring. First, the Picadores, who wear broad-brimmed hats, and, with legs incased in leather and iron, sit upon their horses at the entrance to the arena, and attract the attention of the bull as he rushes in. They carry a *pico* or short spear, to ward off violent attacks; they are subject to many hairbreadth escapes. Next come the Banderilleros, who take greater risks than the Picadores. Their part in this brutal sport is to launch darts, decorated with long streamers, at the shoulders of the bull, thus increasing his rage. Just above the tips of these darts are fastened torpedoes, which explode when striking the flesh, making the tortured creature bound into the air. A clever Banderillero will sometimes sit in a

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DRESSED FOR THE BULL FIGHT

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chair, and, awaiting the attack of the beast, fix his darts, one in each shoulder, and slip aside just in time to escape the lowered horns which demolish the chair.

The most important actor, and the last to appear upon the scene, is the Toreador costumed in the richest of satin embroidered in gold or silver. With his cape over his left arm and sword in hand he walks toward the President's box. There he halts, and, flinging his cape upon the ground, swears to perform his duty. After receiving the order from the President to kill the bull, he generally advances into the center of the arena, and by waving his cape attracts the attention of the animal, which previous to this moment has been distracted by the combined efforts of the Picadores and Banderilleros. The Toreador is the darling of the people and must necessarily possess a keen eye, steady nerve and firm hand. The sword-thrust to dispatch the now thoroughly enraged creature, that bounds forward with flaming eyes and bleeding wounds, must be quick and sure. Not a second too soon or too late, but just as the fearful horns seem about to raise the Toreador from the ground, there is a swift movement, an agile spring to the left, and the weapon has entered the quivering flesh between the shoulder blades. The animal, only a moment before such a dangerous assailant, falls lifeless at the feet of the victor who waves his sword triumphantly above his head.

This bull ring seats 14,000 people. The admission is six pesetas;* but, no matter how poor the Spaniard, he can always scrape together enough to enable him to enjoy the national sport.

The ladies on such festal occasions don their gala costumes and always wear a white mantilla instead of the usual black one. It is a curious fact that such an element of cruelty and bloodthirstiness should enter into the character of these admirable and agreeable people. The bull seems to be considered the common enemy of the race; so that the very babies play at bull-fighting. After all, is it really much worse as a spectacle than a prize fight where human beings pound each other to a jelly, applauded and encouraged by men of supposed education and refine-

* $1.20.

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ment; or a hunt in which gentle women ride with pleasure to see a fox torn by the fangs of a pack of hounds?

Walking from the bull ring to the hotel we passed an old *lavatorio* or public place where the Moors washed their feet and hands before entering the mosque, which has since been converted into the bishop's house.

Cadiz is built on a point of land jutting from the west coast of Spain into the ocean, and, on account of its shape, is called La Taza de Plata.*

As we left the city on our way to Seville, the train was a great curiosity to us. The cars open at the side, each compartment seating only eight people. There are no bells on the locomotives in Spain, but when the train is about to start, the station-master appears and rings vigorously an ordinary dinner-bell, the whistle on the pygmy engine gives a little toot and the train starts. We had just congratulated ourselves that we were to be alone, when presto! three Spaniards entered, all smoking. Of course this was to be expected, for in Spain men smoke everywhere, even in the presence of ladies. We prepared to be miserable, and drew nearer the windows, but to our surprise they permitted the weeds to go out, and were assiduous in their efforts to make us comfortable, arranging the curtains and picking up our parcels. On leaving at one of the way stations they raised their hats and said courteously, "Adios, Señoras."†

The country between Cadiz and Seville is beautiful. Just out of Cadiz are great salt-pans, and near by are pyramids of salt ready for market. The farms are enclosed by hedges of the century plant and the earth seems rich and productive. There are wheat-fields and olive orchards, vast vineyards, bare of leaves,—as it is only March,—herds of cattle, sheep and goats. The mode of plowing is primitive indeed. The plow itself is nothing more nor less than the trunk of a small tree, with a sharp projecting limb still attached to it, drawn by oxen.

The poverty of the peasants is great and is due principally to

* The silver cup.

† Good-bye, ladies.

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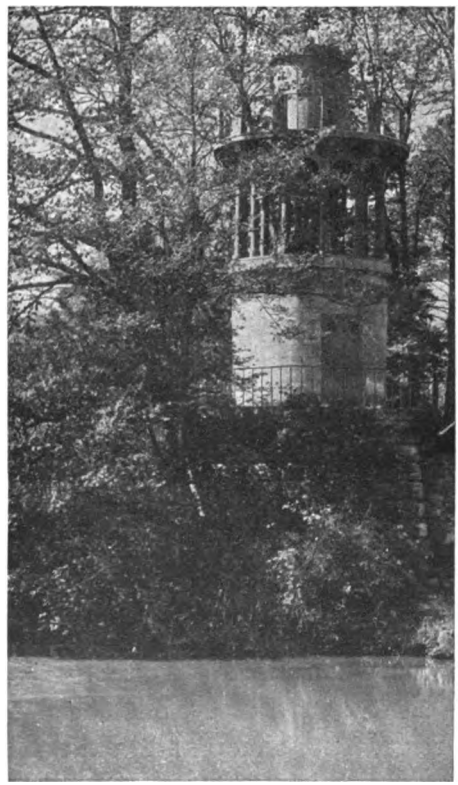
ignorance, as a large percentage of the population of Spain can neither read nor write. It is said that many of the peasants have only a little olive oil mixed with vinegar and water for their noonday meal. So much of interest occurred along the way that we felt a pang of regret when the guard opened the door of the compartment and shouted "Sevilla!"



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CHAPTER VI

SEVILLE

HIS fine old city, situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, has been "the outlet for the wealth of Spain for centuries," and is a curious mixture of ancient and modern architecture. It has ever been loyal to the throne, and is the place where the treaty between England, France and Spain was signed in 1729.

We are established at the *pension** of Mme. Bjorkman. They charged us two dollars per day at the hotel in Cadiz, but here the terms are only one dollar and sixty cents, everything included. The breakfast begins at noon, and if one wants anything before that time, he can only have coffee or chocolate. The latter is made quite thick, and eaten, not drunk, by the aid of a lady-finger or a roll cut in strips. Contrary to our expectations, we enjoy the Spanish dishes, especially the meats, which are sometimes served in a gravy thick with pitted olives. There is a dessert called *pastiles de cidra*,† which is a shell made of puff-paste filled with a mixture somewhat resembling mince meat flavored strongly with boiled cider. Wine is served at each meal without extra charge, but one cannot get water without asking for it, which we invariably do. Of course the native wines of Southern Europe contain little alcohol, and are more like the grape-juice which we use in America. The water in many places is impure, and physicians generally urge tourists to drink the light wines. However, as we both prefer hot water to cold, by having it boiled, all danger is avoided.

It is always pleasant to have one's first view of a city from some high point, so we repaired the morning after our arrival to the Giralda, whence the prospect is very extensive. The Guadalquivir

* Boarding house.

† Cider cakes.

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winding in and out, and the spires of the twenty-five churches rising from the narrow streets of the city, give a picturesqueness to the panorama, which the surrounding hills, topped by small villages, enhance. Some of them are walled, as they were in bygone days when the Moors controlled Spain.

The Giralda is a bell tower dating from the 12th century. Its architecture is Moorish and of extreme elegance. An inclined plane, that could be ascended easily by a man on horseback, leads from the ground floor of the interior to the top. The belfry is surrounded by the Latin text:—"Nomen Domini fortissima turris,"* the whole surmounted by a figure of Faith, fourteen feet high.

The tower stands at the northeast corner of the cathedral, which is the largest in Spain. This edifice, begun in 1403, is in the Spanish pointed Gothic style. Its length is 413 ft. and its width 298 ft. There are fine bronze doors, and about a hundred stained glass windows.

In order to view the treasures of the cathedral, one must obtain a permit from the Sacristan and pay a fee of two pesetas; then the visitor is conducted about the building. The *retablo* or altar-piece, of enormous size, is divided into forty-four compartments, each of which is carved or painted to represent a subject of Bible history. The body of St. Ferdinand, which is displayed three times yearly, lies underneath the high altar, but the heavily embossed gold and silver coffin is placed in front of it. Through the thick glass doors at one side of the altar we could see the lead coffins of Pedro the Cruel and Maria de Padilla, with whom he contracted a morganatic marriage.

The famous picture by Murillo called the "Vision of St. Anthony" is considered by some critics to be his finest work. It is very large and is hung in the Baptistery† of the cathedral. On the night of November 4th, 1874, the figure of St. Anthony, which occupies the center of the canvas, was cut out and carried off. The Spanish Government communicated the fact to its representatives in other countries, who immediately instituted a search. The picture was discovered in New York where it was offered to a Mr.

* The name of the Lord is a strong tower.

† Chapel where the sacrament of baptism is administered.

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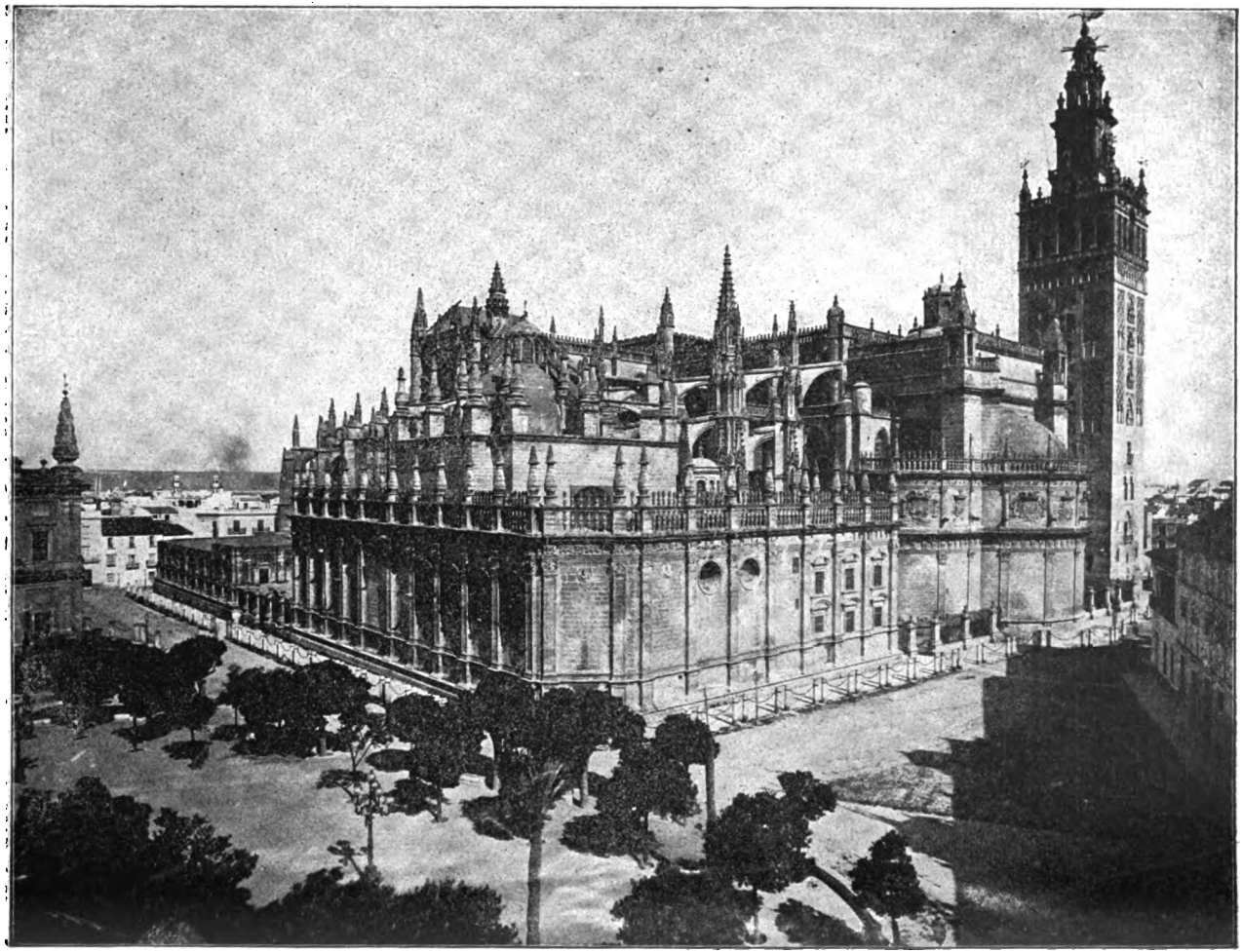

CATHEDRAL AND GIRALDA TOWER, SEVILLE

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Schaus, for fifty pounds, by an unknown person. Afterwards it was restored to its place in the canvas.

On Sunday we attended mass in the cathedral. The floors are of stone, and during the elevation of the Host, or consecrated wafer, when every one is expected to show great devotion, I was careful to kneel only on *one* knee, as I had taken a severe cold the day before. Immediately, I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, which forced me down on the other knee. Looking up, I met the disapproving gaze of one of the priests, who from the rear had noticed my seeming lack of respect. No talking or walking about is permitted during service in the Spanish churches, and the people are to be respected for this rule, which is often violated elsewhere. There are no seats in the cathedral; consequently those who wish to sit during a portion of the service bring folding chairs with them, or rent stools from a woman who keeps a stock in the vestibule.

As it is the custom in Seville to promenade the streets in the early evening, we took this opportunity to study the people. Many of the women are beautiful, but as it is the Lenten season there is much sameness in costume—nearly all are dressed in black, with lace mantillas, and their only ornament is a bright flower in the hair. The men are tall, with pale olive complexions, flashing black eyes, heavy hair and mustaches. They wear capes fully six yards around, generally lined with scarlet and draped about their shoulders in the most artistic fashion; upon their heads are black sombreros.*

To show how courteous the Spaniards are; we asked one gentleman the way to the postoffice, when instead of indicating the direction by word or gesture, he made a sweeping bow and motioned to us to follow him, walking eight blocks out of his way to bring us to the place, where, with another polite obeisance, he left us.

Most of the dwellings have little iron balconies, such as one sees in the Creole quarter in New Orleans, and the señoritas lean over the twisted railings and chat with friends in the street below.

Two buildings of great interest to strangers are the Alcazar or Royal Palace of the Moors and the House of Pilate. The former, excelled in beauty only by the Alhambra of Granada, occupies

* Broad soft hat.

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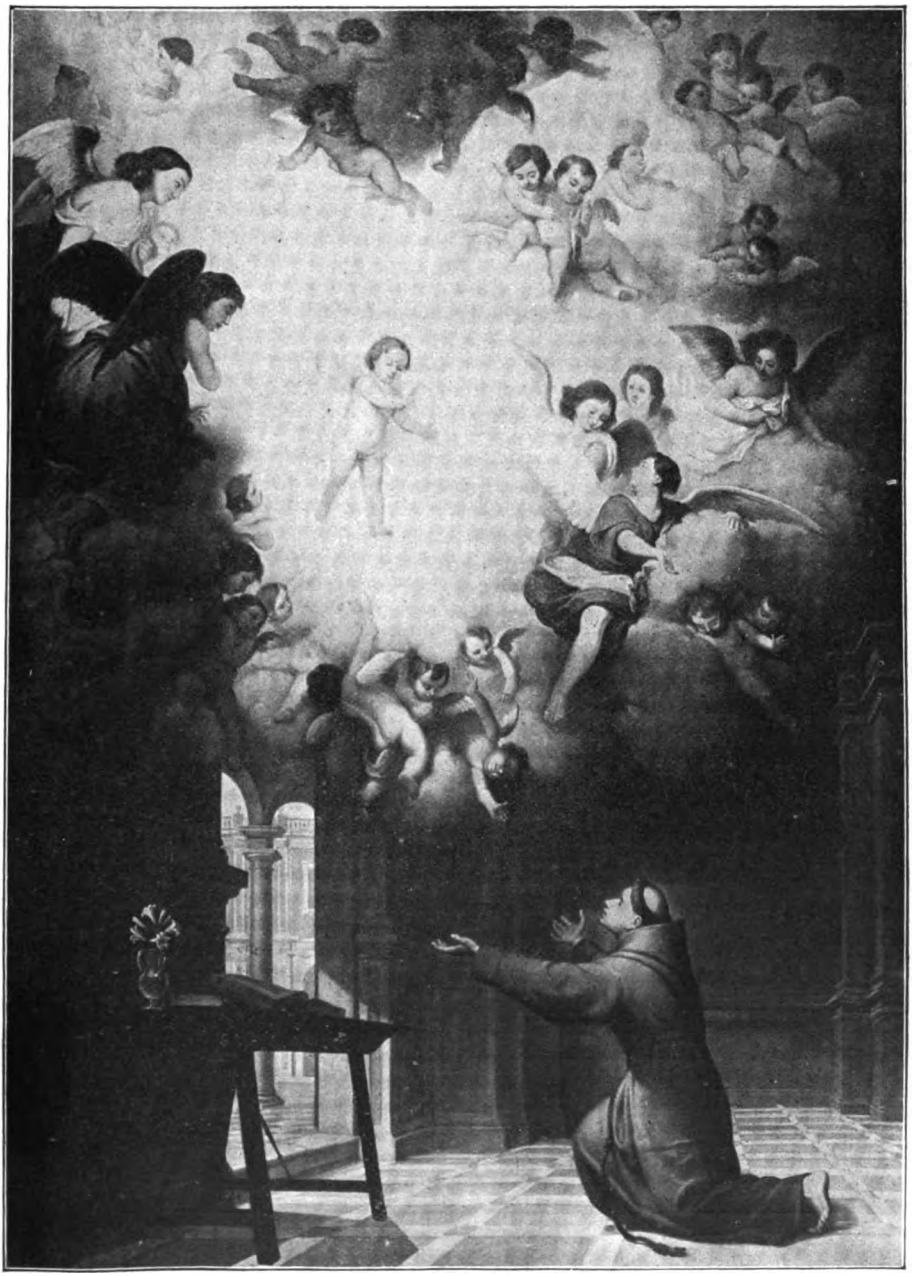

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY

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the site of the residence of the Roman Prætor and was rebuilt in Moorish style in the 10th and 11th centuries. Here lived Pedro the Cruel with the beautiful Maria de Padilla. Here he murdered in cold blood his illegitimate brother, the Master of Santiago, whose death was avenged six years later by his own brother, who stabbed Pedro to the heart. Maria de Padilla, who died shortly before her husband's death, was buried with the queens in the Royal Chapel, for Pedro had publicly acknowledged her as his lawful wife, and the church had sanctioned the marriage.

A grand court is called Las Doncellas,* for here, from the maidens who passed in review before him, the Moorish sovereign chose his wives. The Hall of the Ambassadors is glorious with mosaic floors, columns of marble and walls covered with stucco carved in lace-like designs. In one corner the pavement is stained with the blood of the murdered Master of Santiago.

The House of Pilate, a reproduction of the one in Jerusalem, was built in the 15th century by the first Marquis of Tarifa on his return from Palestine. The walls of the Prætorium† are covered half way up to the ceiling with splendid *azulejos.*‡ A certain table was pointed out to us as an exact copy of the one on which were counted the thirty pieces of silver paid to Judas Iscariot.

We regretted that the cigar factory was closed for repairs, especially as the opera of Carmen had stimulated our curiosity to see the place where the heroine earned her daily bread. Tobacco is the principal export of Seville and 4,500 hands are employed in the royal factory alone. Olive oil is shipped yearly in large quantities to foreign countries, also quicksilver from the Almaden mines.

A park, called Las Delicias,‖ extends along the river bank, where the fashionable people drive and walk after the sun has set.

Elaborate preparations are being made all over the city for the Easter festival. Holy week begins on Monday next, but the week following, with its processions, bull-fights and theatrical performances will doubtless be all the gayer by contrast.

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* The maidens.

† The hall of the guards.

‡ Iridescent tiles.

‖ The delights.

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One bright afternoon we went by carriage to visit the ruins of Itálica, a city founded by Scipio Africanus* in 210 B. C. We passed over the old iron bridge that spans the Guadalquivir, connecting Seville and the gypsy quarter of Triana. It was Sunday, and, as is the custom of the lower classes after their morning of devotion in the churches, the people were spending the afternoon in pleasure. Everywhere were little groups of men and women laughing and chatting, or having a social glass of wine with some congenial neighbor. In front of a wine-shop was a pretty girl dancing the fandango, the national dance, her feet keeping time to the clapping of hands which was vigorously kept up by an admiring throng that applauded her graceful movements. Gypsy wagons crept along the smooth road. They had canvas tops and were drawn by mules and donkeys hitched tandem, sometimes in a string of eight. Besides pulling the wagon, they bore panniers so heavy that it seemed as if even their tough backs must break.

Of the former magnificence of Itálica little remains, save the ruins of the amphitheater.

This Roman Plaza de Toros still shows portions of the tiers of seats, now so broken and moss-covered as to look scarcely two inches wide. Long galleries around the base, underneath the seats, were here and there divided off for different purposes. The old custodian showed us the cages from which the lions rushed forth into the arena, and a cell where Christians were confined previous to their martyrdom. In the walls of this cell is a niche where once stood the image of a heathen god which they refused to worship. In the gladiators' apartment a round stone basin set in the floor served as a lavatory. After the contests the corpses of men and beasts were thrown into a deep well near by. The little vine-clad house of the custodian nestles beside one of the great boulders thrown up by an earthquake in 1775.

We had a time with the beggars on the way back to Seville, but at last escaped by throwing them coppers, for which we left them scrambling and fighting. Alas! they are the torments of this beautiful country, to which they cling like parasites.

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* Roman general.

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CHAPTER VII

CORDOVA

N the way from Seville to Cordova we passed several "Castles in Spain." One occupied the top of a mountain to the steep sides of which olive trees were clinging as sturdily as when, centuries ago, they yielded their abundance to the retinue of El Gran Señor.* Another stronghold half way up the side of a valley frowned from the edge of a cliff a thousand feet high. These grim old castles still guard the mountain passes, bidding defiance to Time, the All-destroyer.

The Spaniards are a proud race, and despite the fanaticism that has done so much to destroy their art, despite the barrenness of their land, for, excepting Andalusia, it is barren, with poverty actually staring them in the face, they live upon the memory of their past greatness and are content so long as they have sufficient food and the indispensable guitar.

Cordova, on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, is seventy-five miles northeast of Seville. Its walls are Moorish, but erected on Roman foundations. The principal *plaza* is called "El Gran Capitan."† A fine drive surrounds it and from this, in all directions, radiate narrow winding streets.

The glory of the city is the great mosque built by Abdu-r-rahman‡ I. It is said to be the largest in the world and ranks third in sanctity. The exterior, with its heavy square towers, is relieved by a beautiful courtyard, containing fine orange trees and a fountain around which gather women carrying huge earthen water jars on their hips. The interior is one of the most wonderful examples of Moorish architecture extant. One seems to be entering

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* The great lord.

† The great captain.

‡ Moorish Sultan.

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THE GREAT HYPOSTYLE HALL.

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a city of pillars, for nearly a thousand monoliths* still remain of the original twelve hundred. The variety of marbles composing the columns is fairly bewildering. They are twelve feet in height, hewn out of jasper, porphyry and other precious materials, and divide the mosque into twenty-nine aisles one way and nineteen the other. Upon them is supported a double tier of Moorish arches.

There is a heptagonal chapel on one side, with a roof composed of a single block of white marble carved in the form of a shell. A path has been worn in the stone floor by the feet of pilgrims, who here fulfilled their vow and obtained the blessing usually granted at Mecca. The exterior of this chapel is ornamented with rare mosaics sent from Constantinople. They still glitter as freshly as if set yesterday, and are considered by many artists to be the finest in the world.

The Mak-surah, where the sultan prayed on Fridays, was formerly paved with pure silver and decorated with gold and precious stones.

Imagine this labyrinth lighted, as it was in the past, by 4,700 perfumed lamps and you will have a faint idea of what must have been the enchantment of the scene.

The Spaniards did their best to destroy the beauty of this structure by raising the roof of the central portion and inserting a high altar, choir and chapel. When Charles V. returned to Cordova and saw this change he rebuked the authorities of the cathedral, saying:—"You have built here what could have been erected as well anywhere else, and you have destroyed what was unique in the world."

Leaving the mosque, we walked through a number of narrow streets, until we came to a *plaza* where cadets were at drill. On one side of the square was the old Royal Palace. One wing, surmounted by two serrated† towers, is used as a prison. Mere slits in the wall serve as windows. Adjacent to this building, and directly under its stone towers, is a garden filled with date, palm, orange and lemon trees, the latter loaded with fruit. Climbing roses fill the air with their perfume, and sparkling waters gush through an opening in one of the old stone walls into the baths

* A pillar cut from a single stone.

† Notched on the edge.

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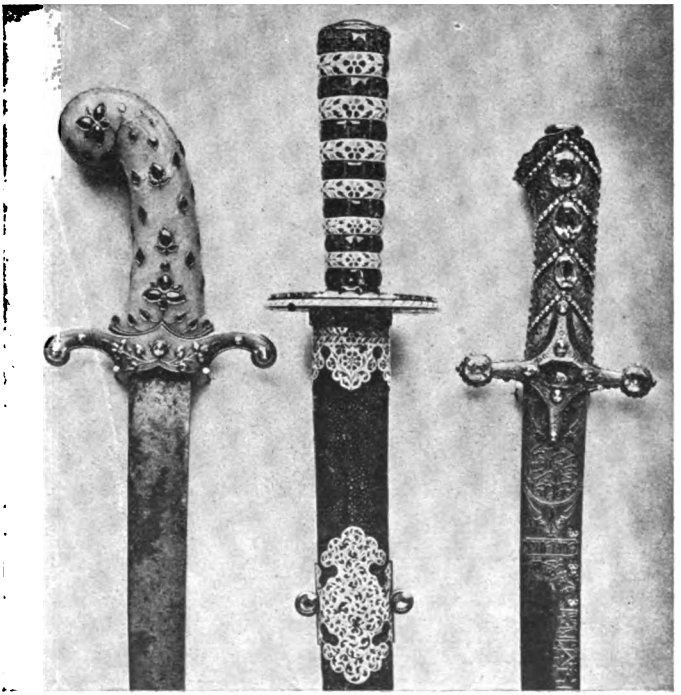
below. These basins, where once the favorites of kings sported like mermaids, are now filled with gold and silver fish.

Near by flows the river spanned by a Moorish bridge of great length. The stone gate-way of the city makes a splendid back-ground for the gaily dressed peasants who congregate there, their donkeys' heads decked with red and yellow woolen balls and queer little bells, while awaiting their turn at the gate, where packs are examined and customs paid.

Across the river are some old mills, with open horseshoe arches. Oh! if you could hear the cathedral bells, as I did when I stood on that bridge! They are so sweet, so solemn, that the very memory of them makes me homesick!

We cannot help remarking the extreme youth of the soldiers we meet in Spain. We are told that mere boys are being forced into the army to take the places of the thousands of men who have gone to Cuba to quell the insurrection. In spite of our disapproval of the policy of the Spaniards regarding the government of Cuba, we must admire their courage and determination to die fighting rather than yield what they firmly believe to be their rights.



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CHAPTER VIII

GRANADA

N leaving Cordova for Granada, we travelled directly south toward Bobadilla, the first half of the distance, passing villages and towns still showing traces of Moorish architecture. Montilla, a pretty place, is completely enclosed by its ancient wall. The surrounding country shows great fertility. Further on, at the foot of a steep hill crowned by an ancient Moorish tower, is the little town of Aguilar. In Spanish *águila* means eagle, so my fancy leads me to connect the two words and call this tower "The Eagle's Nest." It was probably the home of the valiant knight, Alonso de Aguilar, the friend of Ponce de Leon, with whose search for the fountain of eternal youth we are all familiar.

We changed cars at Bobadilla and entered one containing an American family of three. They were in fine attire and evidently thought we were quite beneath their notice, for their manners were so "snippy." However, we survived. Those of our countrymen whom we have happened to meet have, as a rule, been uncompanionable; either they are extremely reserved, or they are *nouveaux riches.** On the contrary, we have found foreigners most delightful.

Arriving in Granada at nightfall, we took a carriage, after making a bargain with the driver, and started in the direction of the Alhambra. Passing through the city, in and out of narrow streets, where the wheels almost grazed the houses on either side, up and up we went, until, entering a stone gateway, we found ourselves within the Alhambra gardens. A drive winding in serpentine fashion led us to the top of the hill. In the gardens are great elms, said to have been planted by the Duke of Wellington. Here in

* Persons who have recently acquired wealth.

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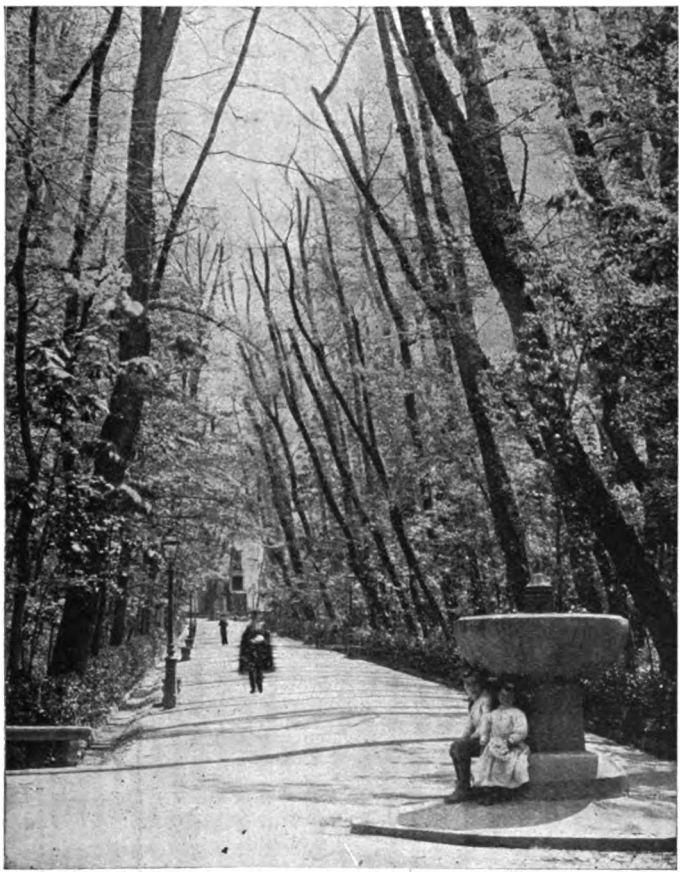
the summer the nightingales sing their sweetest. Throughout the dense groves gas lamps, placed at intervals, in the distance gleam like giant fireflies. As we reached the summit, we came out upon a small *plaza* and before us loomed that ugly pile of yellow masonry, the palace of Charles V., which entirely conceals the Alhambra.



ROAD TO ALHAMBRA

Turning up a short street we stopped in front of a barred door, upon which our coachman rapped with the handle of his whip. A withered old woman opened the wicket, and, when I addressed her in French, answered in a perfect volley of Spanish, then ran half way across the street and called some one by name. Out of the darkness came a young man, who doffed his cap and in fair French asked our errand. We informed him that we had written to engage accommodations at this house, whereupon he at once ushered us in, at the same time expressing regret that our letter had not been received.

Soon we were established in a comfortable room containing two snowy beds and were refreshed with some tea, eggs and rolls. A Chicago artist had recommended this house; that of a private

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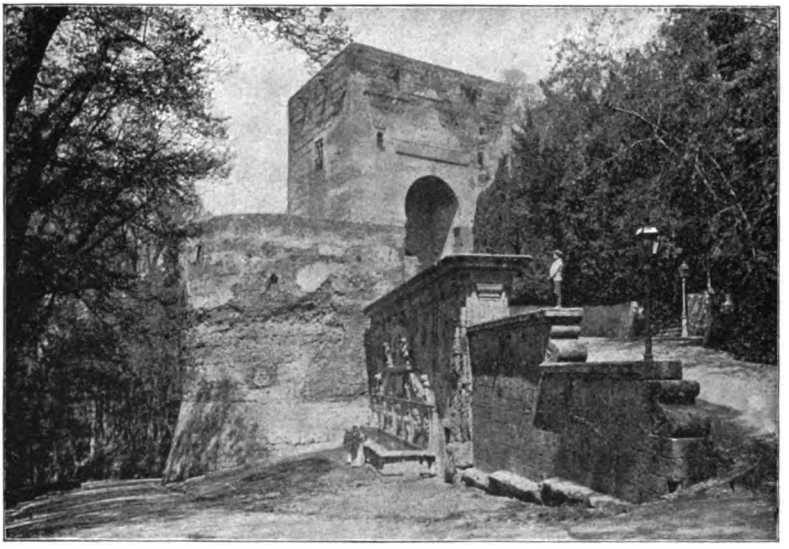
family "wot takes lodgers," and we were delighted to be the strangers within their gates.

A SCRAP FROM MY NOTEBOOK.

I am writing on the edge of the parapet overlooking the great Gate of Justice, where the Moorish sovereigns or their representatives dispensed judgment. Over the horseshoe arch is graven a



GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA

hand uplifted; over the inner arch, a key. The Moors used to say that only when the hand grasped the key could the Alhambra be taken. Above the arch is the inscription written by its founder, Yusuf:—"May the Almighty make this a bulwark of protection, and inscribe its erection among the imperishable actions of the just."

A winding vaulted passage leads up through this gate to the Place of the Cisterns. As I look down, I can see people coming up, dwarfed by the distance, which is so great that the tops of the tall cypresses, growing on the slopes beside the roadway, are on a level with the parapet. There are village folk toiling along under their loads of provisions, apparently just returning from market, while some gypsies are singing and dancing in order to attract our attention; their gay costumes making bright splashes of color on

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the landscape. At my left, away across La Vega,* rises the lofty range of the Sierra Nevadas, the snow-capped peaks outlined against the bluest of skies. All over the plain, in the distance, are little white towns and at the foot of the Alhambra hill lies Granada, its red tiled roofs covering whitewashed walls.

Across the glen to my right is the Generalife, the summer villa of the Moorish sovereigns. The area occupied by the fortress and palace of the Alhambra is about thirty-five acres, inclosed by a strong wall, broken by towers. The fortress was sometimes garrisoned by forty thousand men in the time of the Moors.

Now, I am down in the roadway in front of the Gate of Justice. Above, sway the interlacing elms. A pretty little gypsy girl, who has been posing for an artist near by, has left him and is dancing for us. Her hair is flying, her eyes sparkling, and, as she curves her arms and points her little toes, she would do credit to Carmencita† herself.

Desbitt, an artist from the Edinburgh Academy of Fine Arts, was this morning painting a scene in the little street where we are staying, and we stood some minutes watching him work. This is surely the paradise of artists, for here are the rich colors and the quaint effects they all seek.

Under the guidance of our host, Señor Carmona, we have visited the Alhambra, the Generalife and other points of interest in Granada. How can I picture to you the glories of the Alhambra? a spot both familiar and dear to us through the tales of Washington Irving. But you will wish to know my impressions, so I will describe the palace briefly, and may the shades of the Sultans forgive my presumption!

Passing around the Renaissance palace of Charles V., we found ourselves before an iron door opening into a low, unpretentious building. It was the Alhambra, the celebrated palace of the Moorish kings. The exterior was built in this simple style in order to avert the Evil Eye, which the Moors believe threatens the prosperous.

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* The plain.

† Celebrated Spanish dancer.

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But, "Open Sesame!" the door flew back at the touch of our guide's stick and we were in fairyland.

Above us was the blue vault of heaven; below, and before us a mirror of water, surrounded by a low hedge of myrtles and filled with beautiful fish; about us were graceful columns supporting arches, the spaces above perforated by carvings in stucco and the walls covered by the same material in geometrical and floral designs. Court succeeds court in this Elysium, all different, yet all in perfect harmony. Martlets flit about among the arches and vaulted roofs, and are held sacred, as they are said to be the birds that plucked the thorns from the crown of our Saviour when he hung upon the cross.

All over the building is written by the finger of the sculptor the same Mohammedan war cry that we heard in Morocco:—"Wa ha ghaliba illa Allah!"—"There is no Conqueror but God." This famous sentence was uttered by the Sultan Ibn-l-ahmar in answer to the greeting of his subjects, who saluted him as "Conqueror" when he returned victorious from battle.

From this Court of the Myrtles we passed to the Hall of the Ambassadors. Its magnificent inlaid ceiling, seventy-five feet in height, is of dark carved wood, once adorned with brilliant colors, now faded. This room, which was the grand reception hall and contained the throne of the Sultan, occupies all of the Tower of Comares. Here Columbus received from Isabella the jewels which made possible his voyage of discovery. Outside, moss and ivy cling to the thick walls, the trailing vines swaying softly in the perfumed air.

The largest court is the famous Court of the Lions. The fountain in the center has a basin supported by the figures of twelve marble lions. Four channels in the marble pavement connect this fountain with smaller ones in adjoining apartments. One hundred and twenty-eight pillars of Macael * marble, once of dazzling whiteness, now an ivory tint, form a colonnade around this court. As we stood within it one evening, while the moonlight flooded the fountain and streamed through the filigree arches, bringing out in strong relief the shadows cast by the pillars upon the pavement, it

* A marble quarry in Spain.

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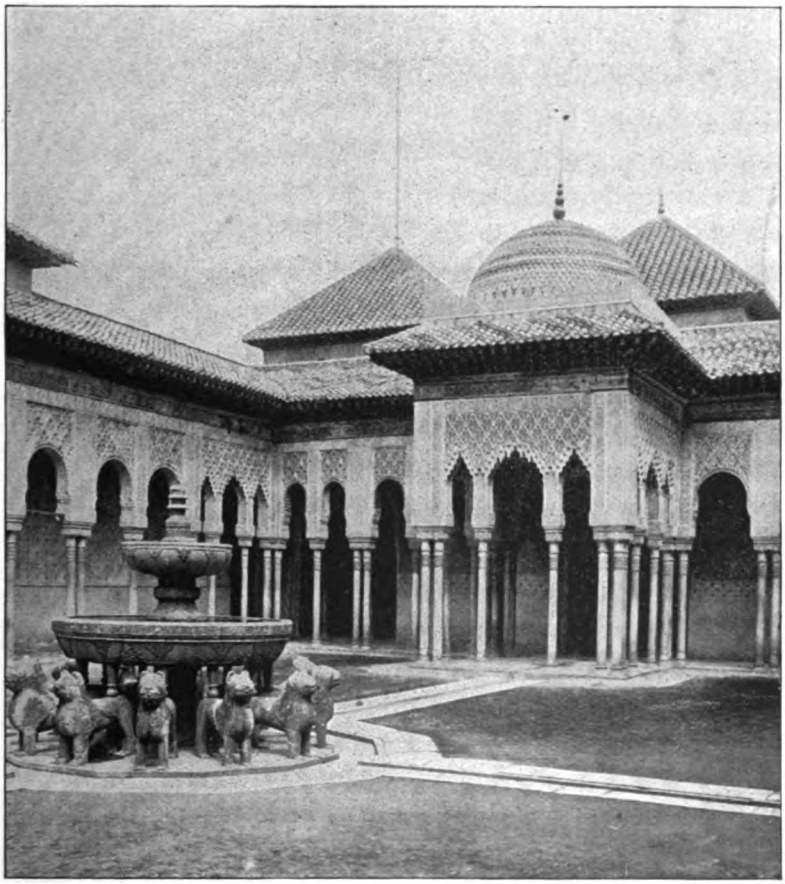
seemed like a dream-palace that at the slightest touch might vanish forever from our sight.

The Hall of the Abencerrages* is so called because it is the one in which the Sultan Boabdil beheaded thirty-three chiefs of that clan whom he had invited to a banquet. The blood stains are still visible near the fountain in the center.

Opposite this hall is that of the Two Sisters, named from twin



COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA

marble slabs, without flaw, which are let into the pavement. From the honey-combed ceiling hang stalactites of stucco, strengthened within by hollow reeds and delicately tinted. Here, as in other

* Name of a clan.

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rooms, the Arabic word for felicity appears on the stucco medallions which embellish the walls. A charming loggia opens from the Hall of the Two Sisters. Its ceiling is inlaid with bits of sparkling glass. Four windows overlook a beautiful garden of orange and medlar trees.

THE ALHAMBRA VASE

The Alhambra Vase, probably the most noted in the world, is a splendid specimen of Moorish ceramic art of the 14th century. The proportions of this ornament are most harmonious, and enough of the blue and gold decoration is still visible to enable one to guess at its beauty when fresh from the potter's hands.

Descending the marble stairs from the Court of the Myrtles and traversing several corridors we reached the Hall of Repose, with a raised dais on two sides, used as a resting-place after the bath. The primary colors, blue, red and yellow, are seen in the upper decorations, the secondary ones, purple, green and orange, in the *azulejo* dadoes. A succession of bath-rooms open out of the Hall of Repose. The ceiling of the vapor bath is pierced with star-shaped openings which admit air and light. The waters of the river Darro supplied the fountains and baths.

From one of the courts we could see, in an upper story, rooms opening on a balcony which is entirely inclosed by stout iron bars.

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Here poor, crazy Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, spent many a weary day.

Lines from the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible, decorate the side walls of the Mezquita, or Little Mosque, within the Alhambra, and the Mihrab or Holy of Holies, where the sacred book was kept, is a marvel of beauty. I wonder whether the dead return, and, if they do, if it was all a vision, when, leaning against the marble casement, I seemed to see the majestic figure of a Sultan kneeling on the mosaic floor, with silken robes floating about him, cruel, bigoted, despotic, as most of the leaders of the time were, yet still a sovereign in pride, dignity and dauntless courage.

The dissensions of the Moors finally led to the downfall of Granada, the last of their strongholds to yield to the Christians. The legend runs that Muley Aben Hassan, Sultan of Granada, falling in love with a Christian maiden, Isabella de Solis, set aside his Sultana, Ayesha, and, confining her and her son Boabdil in the Tower of Comares, wedded the Christian girl, whom the Moors called Zoraya, the "Star of the Morning." The Abencerrages arrayed themselves on the side of Zoraya and the Zegris, another clan, on that of Ayesha. One night, by the help of her ladies, Ayesha let down her son from the tower window, whence he escaped under the protection of the Zegris.

In 1482, Boabdil dethroned his father, and was thereafter known as El Rey Chico, "The Younger King," to distinguish him from a usurping uncle; but his vengeful nature overreached his judgment, and inviting a number of the Abencerrages to a feast, under a pretense of peace, he had them beheaded, as I have already mentioned. The rest were warned and escaped to Ferdinand and Isabella, who were encamped over against Granada. Ayesha girded on the sword of her son, which she hoped would repel all invaders. The young Sultana Morayma wept when her lord, setting out to battle, broke his lance against the gateway, for it was a bad omen. Granada fell on January 2d, 1492, when Boabdil, presenting the keys to the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, left the place forever, as some say by the Gate of the Seven Stories. Isabella, in accordance with his last request, afterward caused this gate to be walled up.

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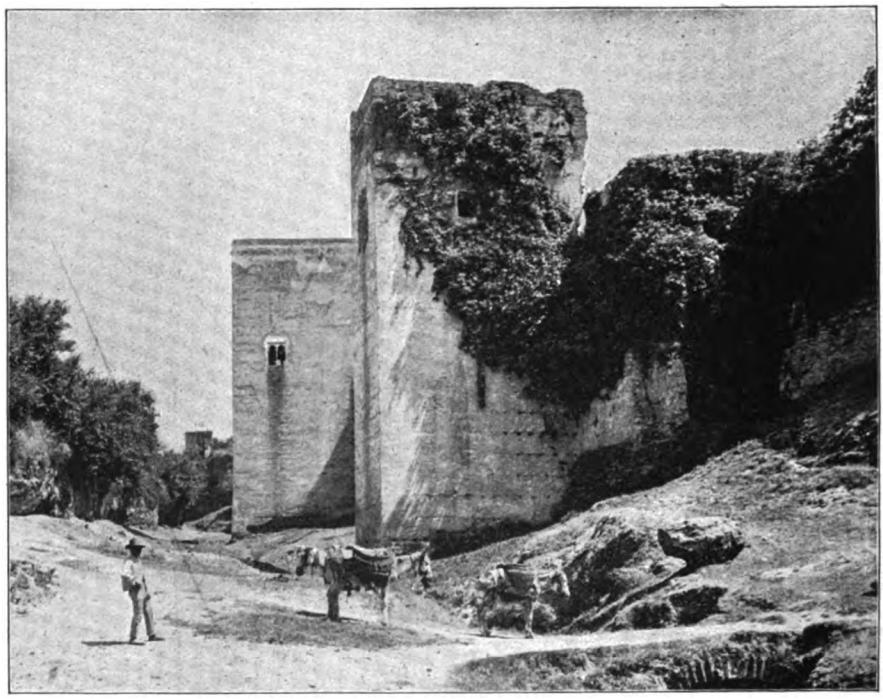
As we stood in front of the old iron frame, its lock undisturbed, and the masonry showing through the bars, we felt a throb of pity for the man who had to give up so much, a sympathy that changed to indignation when we viewed the sepulcher of the murdered Abencerrages. But people of the 19th century, who have been taught



TOWERS OF THE PRINCESSES AND THE CAPTIVE

the laws of heredity, cannot wonder at the misfortunes and misdeeds of the son of such a monster as Muley Aben Hassan.

From the summit of the Alpuxarras, a range of mountains overlooking Granada, Boabdil gazed for the last time upon his former possessions. The spot has ever since been called "*El último suspiro del Moro.**

The Tower of the Princesses and that of the Captive are the most interesting of the Alhambra. The latter has been thus designated ever since a Christian maiden, of whom one of the Moorish sovereigns had become enamored, was imprisoned there. Finding

* The last sigh of the Moor.

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that she must choose between death and dishonor, she flung herself to the valley below, where her mangled remains were found by the Christian knight to whom she had been betrothed. This is not fiction, but Spanish history, which abounds in romance.

We reached the Generalife, the summer palace of the Sultans, by crossing a deep ravine and following a long path shaded by enormous cypresses. Flowering shrubs fill the spaces between the trees and form a hedge about six feet high.

Arbors of cypresses, composed of eight or ten trees planted in a circle, their interlacing tops making a roof and their side branches trimmed in patterns, form complete specimens of Moorish architecture.

The Palace itself rises in tiers upon the terraced hillside. Colonnades connect the suites of rooms and open on one side upon a court of orange trees; while the waters of the Darro are conducted through a channel in the center; beyond, is an outer garden. Marble benches are placed against the stone parapet of this garden—which bears upon its broad top pots of roses and pansies—and the pavement is laid in mosaic patterns. Nowhere in Granada is this peculiar pavement better illustrated than in front of the Mezquita, where the architect, Yusuf, was assassinated while at prayer.

As we strolled through the halls, sleeping rooms and courts of the Generalife, we felt as if the whole place were filled with the presence of those who had once lived within its walls. Glancing into the alcove of a chamber, we seemed to see, reclining on embroidered cushions, a radiant creature, gossamer draperies half concealing, half disclosing, her perfect form, while an ebon-hued slave waved a fan of peacock feathers lazily to and fro.

The portraits of sixteen Moors in full armor hang in a long gallery. These, doubtless, are the men who embraced the Christian faith directly before or after the conquest of Granada, for the Mohammedans did not at that time permit any representation of human life.

As we came out, what a sight greeted us! Successive flights of stone steps lead up the mountain side, each flight ending on a terrace where a marble fountain sends up a flashing stream. The steps are flanked by thick stone walls about four feet high with

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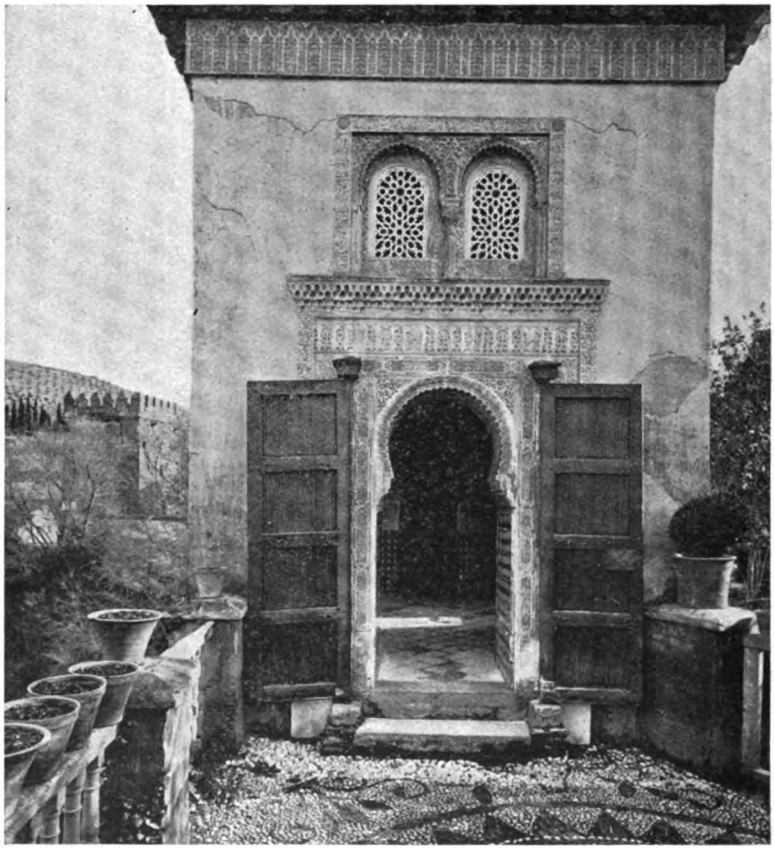
grooved tops. Adown these grooves rush swift streams of water into deep basins at the foot. The slopes are covered with ferns and tall trees, whose waving branches meet over the steps, forming a perfect canopy of green. The effect is enchanting, and as we stood gazing, I was taken back to my childhood's days, when I lay



THE MEZQUITA, GRANADA

stretched on the grass with the "Arabian Nights" open before me and found in its pages just such a garden, just such a palace of beauty.

From the Torre de la Vela* a bell begins ringing at 8:30 p. m., to announce to the farmers that they may turn aside the waters of the river to irrigate their meadows. The bell is rung by two

* Watch tower.

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women, who pull the rope by turns every fifteen minutes until about four in the morning. The Darro rushes down from the mountains and is carried by canals and fountains all through the city, down the sides of the streets and paths into the gardens; everywhere branches of this beneficent stream are seen. The Genil meets it in the lower part of the city, and there the women gather on the banks to wash their linen.

One evening, when we were preparing to write our home letters, Señor Carmona, in his picturesque broad-brimmed hat and black cape, knocked at our door and asked us if we did not want to go to the top of the Torre de la Vela, hear the bell and see Granada by moonlight. Donning our hats and wraps, we sped away to the tower. A loud knock on the heavy iron door summoned one of the keepers, who carried in her hand a quaint little brass lamp fed with olive oil, such as is commonly used in Andalusia. We groped our way up the stairs by this dim light and came out on the roof and beneath the old bell.

An iron cross marks the spot where the Christian flag was first planted.

Behind us was the long range of the Sierra Nevadas, their snowy mantles silvered with the light of a full moon. Below, in the city, each roof was as clearly defined, each narrow street as light, as if the sun shone down upon it, instead of Luna. Soon the bell of a distant church pealed forth. Señor Carmona put his finger to his lips; then, deep and sweet came the tones of the old cathedral bell and then, boom! boom! the great iron tongue above us swung back and forth, filling the air with a perfect ecstasy of sound. It is said that the maiden, who rings this bell on the second day of January, will be married before the year is out, so, naturally, there is a great rush for the bell on that particular day. Then came the walk back under the trees, with the moonlight casting shadows of the great elms across the roadway.

Señor Carmona is a goldsmith and a descendant of a famous family of goldsmiths who have lived for several hundred years on the hill of the Alhambra. As he had spent so much time with us, we were beginning to feel anxious about the price of his services, for we had had several experiences with guides; so, at table last

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night I asked him his charges per day. He straightened himself up in a grandiose way and said that he was not a professional guide, but a Spanish gentleman, and always took care of his guests. I, therefore, begged his pardon, and thanked him for his kind attentions as warmly as my poor Spanish would permit.

After dinner he asked us if we did not want to go into the kitchen, and we very gladly accepted the invitation to see that part of this quaint old house. The walls were whitewashed—everything is, here, but the people. An old-fashioned stove, something like a range, was placed upon a block of stone. A heap of charcoal indicated the kind of fuel. Upon the walls hung brass kettles and copper ware, each piece polished till it shone like a mirror. A great earthen jar, shaped like the Greek wine jars we saw at the World's Fair, stood in one corner, and the tables and stone floor were as white as sand and soap could make them.

The wife of our host, the withered old woman who met us on our arrival, seems years the senior of her portly husband and quite his inferior intellectually. The women of Spain mature early and their beauty fades with great rapidity after they reach the age of thirty. They are domestic and know nothing about *advanced* ideas, and yet they seem to be content. I do not believe Señora Carmona knows the meaning of "woman's rights," in the common acceptance of the term. She seems as fond of her husband as he of her, and, so far as I can observe, has pretty much her own way, without apparent friction. While we were her guests she certainly held the purse-strings.

There is a shop on the Alhambra hill where small models of the exquisitely carved doors of the palace are made. Mrs. M. could not resist their attractiveness and purchased one, but, as it was too large and fragile to carry about with her, she was obliged to send it by freight to Chicago. We both tried to make the shopkeeper understand that she wanted a bill of lading, but to no avail. So she must simply have faith in the Spanish way of doing business, as she has nothing to show for the article except the ordinary receipted bill.

This afternoon we took a carriage and with our guide drove all about the city, going first to the Chapel of the Kings, which

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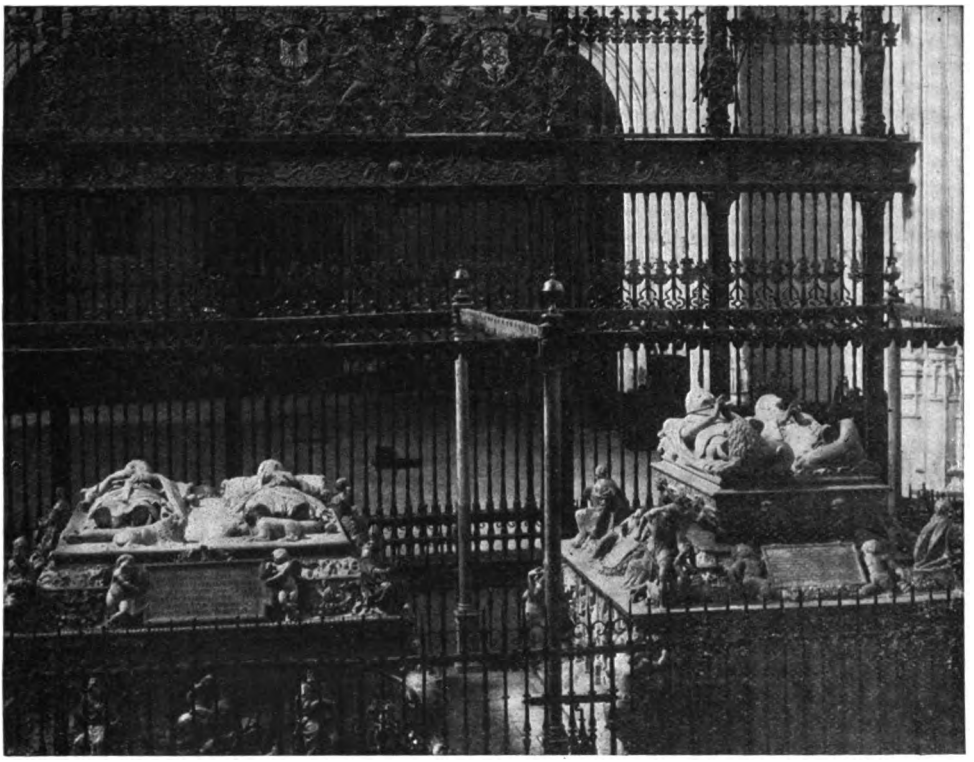
adjoins the cathedral. Upon marble tombs are the reclining effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella and those of Joanna and her husband, Philip of Burgundy. The Sacristan was persuaded to let us go down into the vault beneath, where the royal coffins are. There they were! Those of the sovereigns in the center, the others to



THE ROYAL TOMBS

the right. The outer coverings were of lead, the inner ones, which contain the caskets, of iron. It seemed like desecration when the Sacristan rapped on the covers to show how solid and strong they were. Ever burning candles are placed around them. Joanna carried her husband's coffin about with her for forty-seven years, watching it constantly.

A row of bas-reliefs in the chapel tells the story of the Conquest. In one of them, Isabella is portrayed riding upon a white palfrey, accompanied by Ferdinand, Cardinal Mendoza and courtiers.

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Boabdil advances to meet them, the keys of Granada in his hand, while numbers of unhappy-looking Moors follow him.

In the sacristy is a large cabinet, which, for a consideration, the Sacristan opened. There was the crown which Isabella wore, a simple gold one, without setting of any kind; the very golden casket from which she took her jewels to give to Columbus; her scepter; Ferdinand's sword, and Cardinal Mendoza's crimson robe.

Before we left, a party of tourists tried to bribe the Sacristan to take them down into the vault, but he refused. Señor Carmona informed us that, since he was well known, we were admitted as a special favor, and he added proudly, "*Yo soy Español.*"* He afterward said that the cathedral authorities would not admit ordinary tourists into the vault for fear of their molesting the remains. We are told that European countries have suffered much from the vandalism of relic-hunters, and therefore we do not wonder at such vigilance.

The cathedral and many of the buildings here are enriched with native marbles from the Sierra Nevadas. One kind, of a flame color, shading to a delicate pink, is especially beautiful.

At the Carthusian convent† our carriage was so beset by beggars that it seemed at first as if we would be unable to alight; however, by loosening our purse-strings, we managed to struggle through the crowd of watery-eyed old men and whining women and gain the entrance.

A priest led us into a corridor hung with very badly painted pictures of saints undergoing martyrdom, the sight of which is enough to curdle one's blood. There are saints stretched on grid-irons, wasting over slow fires, and saints being carefully dismembered, while their persecutors look on with apparent enjoyment. To my mind, the only excuse for tolerating such pictures is their antiquity.

On the wall of the refectory a cross is painted so cleverly that it deceives the observer into thinking that it is of wood. The priest affirmed that birds had been seen to fly through the open windows and try to light upon it.

The doors and clothes-presses of the sacristy are gorgeously

* "I am a Spaniard."

† Suppressed in 1836.

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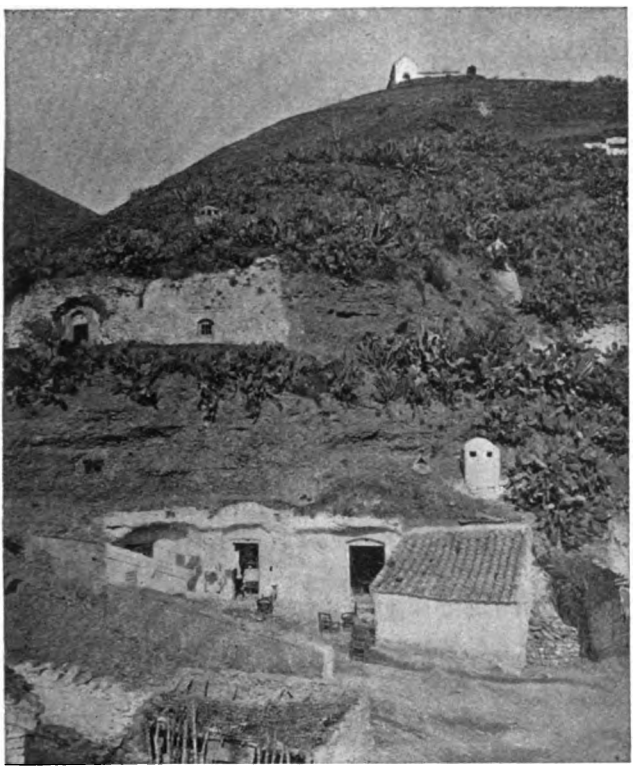
inlaid with tortoise shell, mother of pearl and ivory, though decidedly inartistic. The most precious treasure of the convent is a statuette of St. Bruno by Alonso Cano, a Spanish sculptor. In the face, suffering is depicted with great skill.

As we drove from the convent to the gypsy quarter, my hair stood on end, for the side of the hill was so steep that brakes had to be used to keep the carriage from slipping back. The gypsies burrow like animals in the mountain side. The only air or light comes from the open door. We entered one of their caves and spent a delightful half hour. The first, or main room, is moderately high, with arched openings into other rooms, the ceilings and side walls being whitewashed and the floors of brick; everything spotless. A niche in the wall forms a shrine, holding an image of the Virgin.



GYPSY CAVES AT GRANADA

A young man, in corduroy breeches, round jacket, silk shirt and wide scarlet sash, played on a guitar, while several girls took turns in dancing and singing. The dance consisted of graceful steps and posing, chiefly with the arms, together with movements of the "muscle dance."

On our return we drove along an old road running beside the river Darro, which is spanned by Moorish bridges, some of them fallen into decay. The houses on the opposite side rise abruptly

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from the river bed, forming a sheer wall thirty or forty feet high; their balconies are filled with flowering plants and their weather-beaten sides are almost hidden by green moss. In one of the small parks is a bronze statue of Isabella I., with Columbus kneeling before her and showing her a map.

The moonlight is streaming through our windows; we can hear the swift flow of the river and the splash of one of its tiny tributaries as it pours through the stone wall of the court below. My thoughts dwell upon Washington Irving; upon the many happy months he spent in the Alhambra, upon his legacy to the world.

Tomorrow the iron horse will bear us away from wondrous Granada, where art and architecture have reached such perfection; where the air blows fresh from the mountain peaks, and crystal waters flow from their recesses; where hearts are warm and friendly toward the stranger; where courtesy and contentment abide.

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CHAPTER IX

NAPLES AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

E are gliding through a sea of molten glass, broken here and there with green-clad islands of unutterable beauty. Before us rises a range of volcanic hills, the background of the most populous city in Italy, the inimitable abode of the art-loving, song-loving, light-hearted Neapolitans. The great golden disk of the sun is rising from behind Mt. Vesuvius and tinging the column of smoke pouring out of its crater with varying shades of red and yellow. The shore bends in two crescents, divided by a ridge running from the promontory of Pizzofalcone to the heights where St. Elmo, once a feudal castle, built by the Spaniards in 1535, still stands. The curving bay is dotted with odd fishing smacks, their bright-colored sails set to catch the morning breeze. A rowboat filled with musicians draws close to the steamer. They are singing a gay lilting song accompanied by an accordion, their upturned faces beaming with pleasure as we toss down some coppers in reward for their welcome.

But you will be interested in our passage across the Mediterranean. After a Sunday of rest we bade farewell to English possessions on Spanish shores, taking the steamer Fulda en route for Naples. The Fulda is much smaller than the Kaiser, and inferior in every respect, but the weather has been fine and the moonrise superb.

Prince Bismarck reached his eighty-first birthday while we were on board and we celebrated accordingly. The dining-room at bugle call was a pretty sight. Flags of all nations were displayed everywhere, the German, of course, predominating. On every table was an elaborate centerpiece made of macaroons decorated with little flags and on the top a candy statuette of Germania. The bill of fare was elaborate, and after the word "dessert" we read "transparent ice cream." When it was time to serve this course,

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the waiters suddenly left the dining-room; then out went the electric lights and we were left in total darkness. Presently the band struck up the air, "Fürst Bismarck," and the file of waiters entered, headed by one bearing aloft the German flag. Every man carried in his right hand a slender pole with a Chinese lantern of an odd shape,

MOUNT VESUVIUS AND THE BAY OF NAPLES

and on the left arm a platter with a hollow block of ice, like a miniature ice palace, inclosing a colored light, yellow, pink, or blue. The effect was fairy-like and the company was delighted.

On the second day after leaving Gibraltar, we sailed along the bare and monotonous coast of Sardinia, which seemed deserted; save for a lighthouse here and there, not a sign of human life was seen.

"*Vedi Napoli e poi mori!*"—"See Naples and then die!"—so goes the old saying. We have been in the city several days and,

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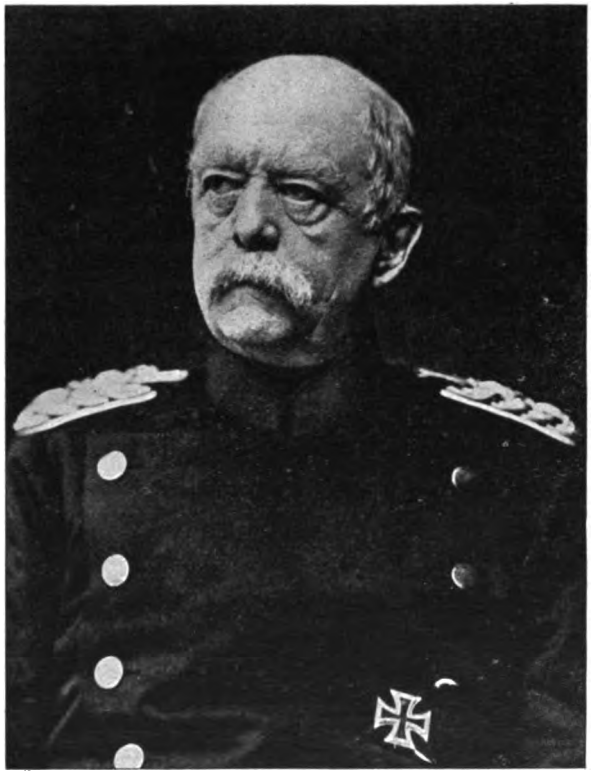
though enchanted with the spot, we are by no means ready to expire. Perhaps our lack of courage is due to the fact that we are frozen solid, so to speak. The icy wind from the Apennines is sweeping across the land, and no matter how much clothing we wear, we still shiver. Nevertheless, it is a comfort to be able to walk without being obliged to incline our bodies to an angle of forty-five degrees in order to keep the center of gravity where it belongs.



PRINCE BISMARCK

A gentleman, who was evidently attracted by the vivacity of my companion while on the Fulda, assisted us to land here, and, owing to his knowledge of the language, had our baggage passed through the custom-house without the least annoyance to us, a piece of good fortune which the others did not share. He then put us into a cab, beat the driver down to the regular fare, which is quite the thing to do, and sent us off rejoicing. After securing a double room, without board, for six lire per day at the Hôtel Britannique, we started for a bank, where we made the acquaintance of the Italian lira, a coin equal to about nineteen cents in our money. Later, we drove to the Toledo, the main street, and, dismissing the carriage, walked to the Museum.

In order to see with our eyes what we had read of in books, we turned off several times from the thoroughfare into the queer little lanes which cross it. They are lined with shops of all kinds and descriptions, while bright-colored awnings stretch from side

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to side. The orange and lemon corners show the fruit with stems and leaves attached. Vegetable stalls, with open hampers spilling out quantities of small red peppers, succulent tomatoes, cucumbers and fat green beans, interlaced with bunches of young onions, carrots and parsley, are arranged with such an eye to harmony of color as to make one hungry to look at them. There are Lilliputian bakeries hung with great strings of twisted rolls and banked with loaves of bread and parti-colored cakes. This wealth of good things is generally presided over by some plump and jolly little woman, her rough hair, guiltless of a comb, knotted carelessly, but artistically, in a big coil at the back of her head, and strings of gay beads decorating her ample bosom. Hawkers with long sticks of sealing wax accost the pedestrian with:—"*Un soldo, Signora!*"* and Punchinellos fastened to rubber cords bob up and down, drawing coppers from the pockets of the urchins.

One day we saw a flock of lambs being driven down the street, their backs and heads decorated, for the Easter festival, with daubs of red paint. Further on was a wagon filled with these little creatures, tied by the four legs and hanging head downward from pegs around the edge of the cart; their feeble bleats were piteous as the owner jerked them from a nail to display their plumpness to the prospective buyer. How I did want to throw something at that cruel peasant! I thought of the late Mrs. B., of Hyde Park, and how she would have made things "hum" if she could have been there.

If you pass a wig-maker's shop, you will find him right in the window plying his trade, a cheap way of advertising. An infinite variety of curious scenes constantly greets the eye. Women bring their washing to the street pump and, placing tubs and boards directly under the spouts, scrub away, while their next-door neighbor, leaning against it, repeats the latest tidbits of gossip. Lines of clothes are strung from doorway to doorway, a remarkable exhibition of legs and sleeves.

We spent a profitable afternoon examining the priceless works of art contained in that treasure-house of Italian antiquities, the

* Only a penny, lady!

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National Museum. The bronzes and mural decorations recovered from the once buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum are to be seen here, their colors in the most marvellous state of preservation. Two masterpieces of Greek art attract the attention at once. They belonged to the noble Farnese family, and are designated as the Farnese Hercules,* and the Farnese Bull. The latter is world-renowned and deserves especial mention.

It is a group illustrating the Greek legend of Dirce, who was changed into a fountain at Thebes. She was the wife of Lycus, the king of Thebes. Antiope, the niece of Lycus, was carried off by the king of Sicyon, who, later, was forced to yield her up. On her way to Thebes, Antiope gave birth to twin sons, who were left with a herdsman on the mountains to be reared. Dirce became jealous of Antiope, who was very beautiful, and concealed the whereabouts of her children until they had grown to manhood. Persecuted by Dirce, Antiope escaped to the mountains. There she was sheltered, unknowingly, by her sons, who were living in a hut. Dirce, following, discovered her hiding-place and ordered the two youths to tie her to the horns of a wild bull to be dragged to death. The Queen's command was about to be obeyed, when the old herdsman entered, recognized Antiope and revealed her identity to her sons. They were so enraged that they inflicted upon Dirce the doom intended for their mother, and she was dragged over the mountains, finally being changed into a fountain. From these waters Hercules is said to have obtained his great strength. The group of marble shows the two sons struggling to hold a bull while they fasten to its horns one end of the rope which is attached to the coils of Dirce's hair. Antiope, the personification of Justice, stands beside them. The modelling of the sturdy youths is excellent.

I wish you could have seen us, Friday night, writing at our little table with two "pinching bugs," as Mrs. M. dubs our candles, in front of us. Our faces were sunburned to the exact hue of the scarlet tablecloth, by a day at Pompeii. Instead of going, as is usual, by train, we drove, in order to see the life of the suburbs. Breakfast, taken in our room, consisted of a cup of tea, rolls and

* The god of strength.

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an orange. The rolls were a special Easter delicacy; they had an egg in the shell baked in their coils and were so hot with pepper as to burn our tongues at every mouthful. After visiting the baker and the grocer, where we bought enough provisions for a lunch, we tucked ourselves up in the carriage robes and prepared to enjoy the drive.

The cabman was evidently proud of us, for, in a loud voice he informed several of his friends that he was going to drive the two "Americane"* to Pompeii, and nearly knocked down and drove over everything on the streets, as he lashed the sturdy little nag to a still faster trot. The route took us through a section where the poor of Naples live and along a country road which passes through out-lying villages.

If you have ever read Italian stories by Ouida, or "Romola" by George Eliot, you will remember descriptions of just such street scenes as we witnessed. Time seems to have wrought no changes, and the people work and trade as in bygone days; the same merry, careless, happy-go-lucky creatures as then.

One sees men and boys pushing barrows, on which are placed boards containing loaves of bread dough, on their way to the bake-house. Old women sit on the corners, with heaps of chestnuts, or melon seeds, a national confection, in front of them, or display squares of painted canvas, sugar lambs and colored eggs, for Easter week. All along the streets, on boxes or planks, are stacks of bread for sale, exposed to the dust, regardless of microbes. Tubs containing dozens of little brown wicker baskets filled with soft creamy cheese stand out in front of the meat markets; and everywhere, on donkeys, in windows and on the sidewalks, is garlic, that detestable article of food the odor of which the tourist never escapes, from the time of leaving the Narrows.

The men of Naples are generally swarthy, with black hair; but brown hair and eyes seem to predominate among the women; though they are so tanned that, at first, they seem like brunettes. Among the better classes, the hair is worn in pompadour style, but among the lower, simply brushed back, if it is brushed at all. Peas-

* American ladies.

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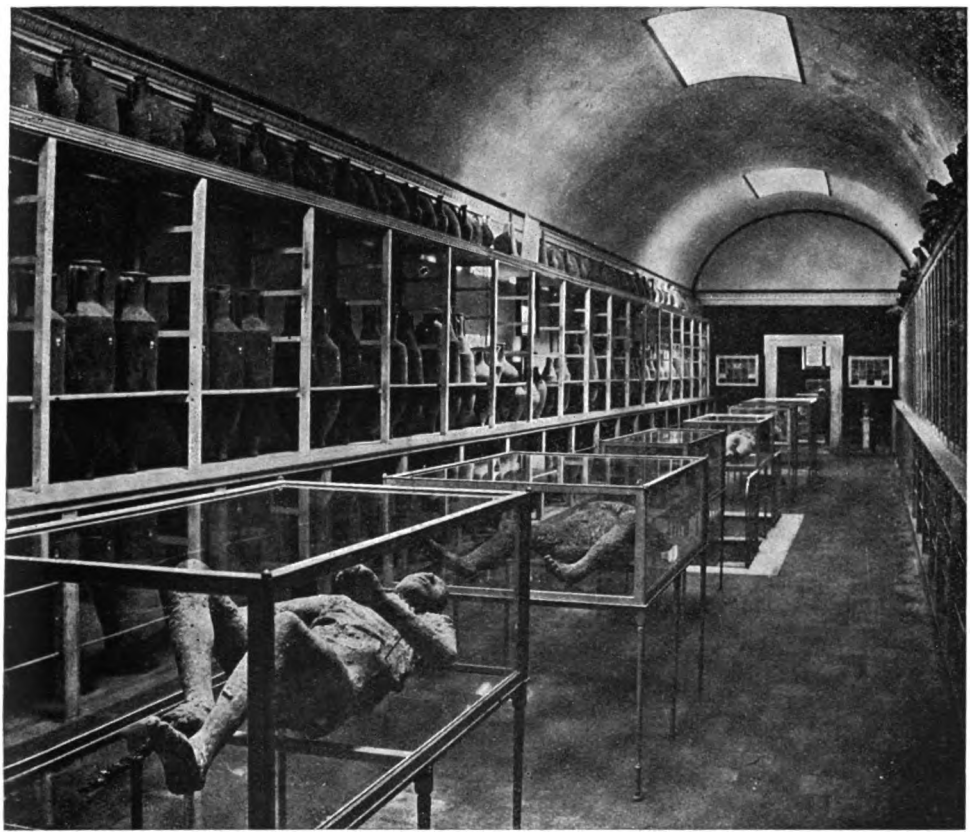
ant women wear no head-covering. As a whole, the people of the poorer classes are not as good-looking or as cleanly as in Spain, though we find fewer beggars.

Everybody seems busy, from the boys, whose clothing scarcely covers their bodies, gathering the manure from the streets into



INTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM AT POMPEII

baskets with their bare hands, to the wrinkled old hag behind her stall of artichokes and onions. The children, half naked, live upon the sidewalks and follow all their inclinations in happy unconsciousness of the proprieties. The street cars run on one side of the street and, in some cases, inside the curb, next to the walk.

Every mile or two, after leaving the city, we saw a plaster image or a painting of the Saviour or the Virgin within a kind of frame, generally with a glass front, elevated on a pole beside the road.

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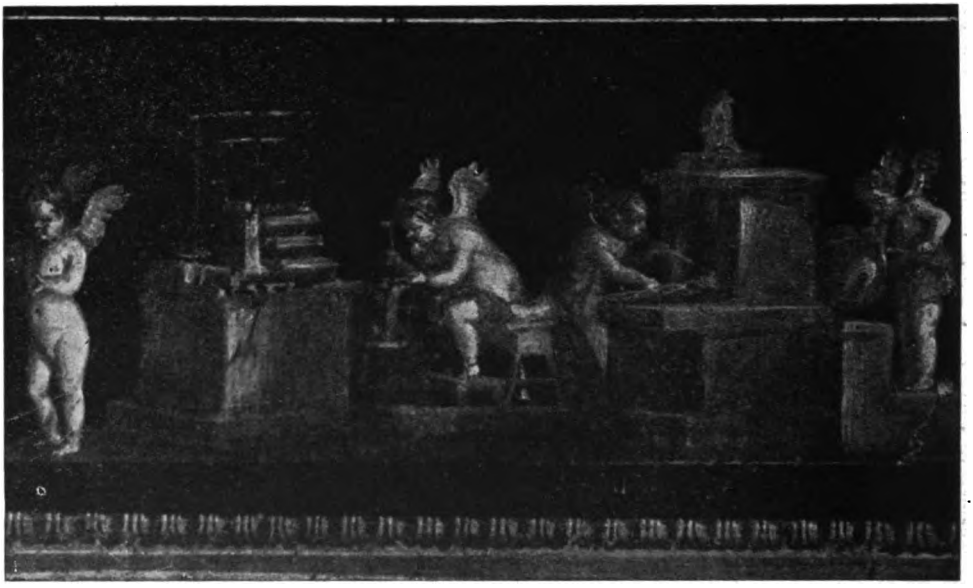
Pompeii, from the exterior, appears like a great reservoir; all that one can see is a high embankment covered with grass. Entering a gateway, we ascended a winding path which led to the museum, which contains casts of the skeletons of human beings, horses and dogs, petrified food, household utensils and wine jars. Nearly all the wall paintings of any merit are now in the museum at Naples.

While excavating the ruins, the workmen often came upon human bodies, which, however, crumbled into dust, the moment they



FRESCO IN THE "NEW HOUSE," POMPEII

were exposed to the air. So the novel idea was hit upon of filling several cavities, thus formed, with soft plaster of Paris, pouring it through a small opening. This was done and it was left to harden. Later, the shell was carefully knocked off and it was found that the plaster had assumed the shape of the body, inclosing the bones. One of these casts represents a young woman, who had fallen on her face, which was hidden in her bent arm.

When we left the museum, we followed the road up the hill for about an eighth of a mile, coming out upon a street leading into the heart of this once buried city.

Its ancient streets are very narrow, and the ruts worn in the

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stones by the heavy wheels of chariots are in some cases four inches deep. Great flat stepping-stones lie in the roadway, far enough apart for wheels to pass between them.

Some of the mosaic floors are still preserved, as are marble tables, basins of fountains and broken pieces of statuary; while the exquisite frescoes, especially those of the ruin termed the "New House," and the stucco reliefs of the public baths, are sources of never-ending delight.

Of the places of amusement, the smaller or Tragic Theater, which dates from 75 B. C., is in the best condition. It seated 1500 persons.

Near the dwelling of Sallust, the noted historian, is a public bakehouse, with extensive ovens and mills for grinding corn.

A fuller's establishment contained four tubs for fulling the cloth which was afterward hung from a gallery to dry.

It would be impossible to describe in a limited space the temples, *Basilica* * and *Forum*†, of which enough remains to give the visitor a fair idea of their former dignity.

In our enthusiasm, we people the empty streets and voiceless dwellings from the pages of Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii." Again there are sounds of revelry about the hospitable board of Glaucus, the Athenian, and Nydia pauses beside a fountain, the lashes of her sightless eyes lying dark against the pallor of her cheek.

On the following Saturday, we were entertained while at dinner in the *Birreria Gambrinus*, a fine restaurant in the city, by the airs of a handsome young officer of the King's Guards. He was attired in pearl gray pantaloons, black coat with velvet collar and cuffs braided with silver, cavalry boots with spurs, heavy sword, black cap and gray military cloak. He evidently recognized that we were foreigners and thought he would show his importance. Finding fault with each dish of the several courses he had ordered, he kept the two waiters racing from table to kitchen in order to find something with which to tempt his appetite. After each outburst

* The law court of the ancients.

† A market place, generally surrounded by public buildings and where orations were delivered to the people.

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he would slyly glance in our direction, but if he caught us looking at him, immediately his large black eyes would stare over our heads as if oblivious of our existence. This specimen of the "gilded youth" of Naples may have been a prince, for all we know, as they are all military men.

After dinner we attended the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, at the *Teatro San Carlo*, where many of the Italian operas were performed for the first time. It is said to have the largest seating capacity of any theater in Europe, though *La Scala** at Milan boasts a stage of greater dimensions. The San Carlo was founded by Charles III. in 1737. There are six tiers of boxes, thirty-two boxes in each tier, running around three sides of the interior. The seats we occupied cost seventy cents in our money, and we paid two cents for the program, for which a separate charge is always made. There are no galleries. The orchestra, of seventy pieces, was exceedingly good and the ballet which followed the opera, amusing. There were about two hundred in the cast of the ballet. They tried to represent the development of the American woman, bloomers and all, and, of course, greatly exaggerated it.

On Easter Sunday we attended service at the church of *San Francesco di Paola*. It has an immense dome, which is supported by thirty Corinthian columns of marble. The high altar, inlaid with jasper and lapis lazuli, is flanked by two pillars supporting candelabra. The pillars are of Egyptian breccia, a very rare substance, composed of angular fragments of minerals cemented together, thus presenting a variety of colors. All the people sat in rush-bottomed chairs placed directly under the dome. The responses of the male choir to the chanting of the priests were fine, but they were accompanied by a wheezy old organ that threatened to bolt at every pressure of the pedal.

The archbishop, who was very imposing in his magnificent white silk robes and miter, celebrated the mass. Once, he walked with a procession of priests around the church, sprinkling holy water

* Named after Beatrice Scala who founded the church which formerly occupied the site.

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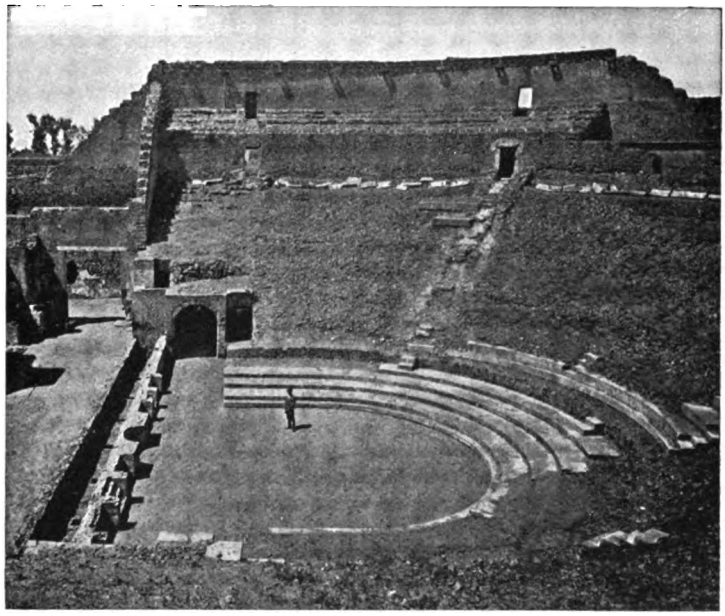
upon the kneeling throng with a brush which he frequently dipped in a silver vessel, swung to and fro by an acolyte.

Before relating our experiences on the trip to Vesuvius, which occupied a day, I will quote substantially Baedeker's excellent description of the volcano:—"The height varies, according to the different effects of the eruptions, from 3,900 to 4,300 feet. * * * The northeast side of the mountain is called Mt. Somma, of which



TRAGIC THEATER

the highest peak is 3,642 feet. The Atrio del Cavallo, a deep sickle-shaped valley, separates Somma from Vesuvius proper, which consists of a cone of ashes with the crater in the center, the 'Forge of Vulcan.'" At present there are two craters, the central one and the new one.

Down to the year 1500, nine eruptions are recorded, and since then, fifty. The most recent period of great activity began in January, 1871, with the emissions of small streams of lava, and culminated in the great eruption, April 24th to 30th, 1872. This time, the lava burst forth on every side, and with such suddenness on April 26th as to overtake and destroy twenty spectators, while others were injured by stones thrown from the summit. The

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torrent descended to Massa and San Sebastiano, which it partly destroyed, and ran to a distance of three miles in twelve hours. At the same time, amidst terrific thundering, the crater poured forth huge volumes of smoke mingled with red-hot stones and lava to a height of 4,000 ft., whilst clouds of ashes, rising to double that height, were carried by the wind in one direction one hundred and forty miles. The lava emitted during this eruption covers an area of two square miles and averages thirteen feet in depth. The damage was estimated at 3,000,000 *francs* ($600,000).

"The cause of these phenomena is still, to some extent, a matter of conjecture. It is highly probable that they are intimately connected with the water of the sea, near which all the principal volcanoes are situated. There is reason to believe that the enormous clouds of steam generated during the eruptions are due to some temporary communication of the water with the burning liquids of the interior of the earth, and that the premonitory earthquakes are occasioned by the vapors and gases as they expand and endeavor to find an outlet."

The red-hot fluids expelled from the volcano are called lava, the stones, *scoriæ*, and the minute portions, ashes. If the sides of the cone are strong enough to resist the lava, it flows out from the top of the crater, otherwise, through the sides. When freed from the pressure of the lava, the vapors rise to a height of 10,000 ft., resembling a pine in form, carrying dense masses of ashes along with them; they are then condensed in the air, and in descending give rise to those formidable streams of mud which proved so disastrous to Herculaneum. The appearance of fire at night in the smoky column is not flame, but the reflection of the molten lava inside the crater on the rising clouds of vapor.

Imagine us on the second seat of Cook and Co.'s four-horse coach, on our way to Vesuvius. The back seat was occupied by a Russian doctor and his wife; the front, by the driver, together with a big, burly, black-bearded German, and a Parisian swell. Quite a mixture, was it not?

Portici is the first town after leaving Naples, of which it seems a continuation. We crossed the court of the palace built there by Charles III., in 1738, in the old park connected with it.

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Resina, the next town, is built on the lava beds that cover ancient Herculaneum. There some little boys, ragged, but happy, ran beside the carriage, two of them playing on sticks, fiddle fashion. One of the sticks was notched and had a nail in it with some disks of tin slung on the nail. These primitive instruments accompanied very prettily the musical voices of the rest of the little troop. I offered the leader a few coppers for his fiddle and he went off with them as gay as a lark. A girl was lowering a basket from a third story balcony to receive some vegetables for which she was bargaining in shrill tones with a street vender below. Women were putting the finishing touches to their morning toilets, on the walks in front of their doorsteps, combing one another's hair, and also removing the inhabitants therefrom, a common sight here. Now and then the open gate of some aristocrat's villa would reveal glimpses of lovely gardens within, filled with fountains, statuary and flowers.

After an hour's drive we reached a road bordered on the left with a wall made of blocks of lava and inclosing vineyards and orchards of olive and almond trees; the latter in blossom and very pretty indeed; but, oh! the view! as we made the steep ascent. The men of our party walked up the steepest inclines to lighten the load for the horses, who were straining every muscle.

Away to the north lie the Apennines, from whose frozen heights a cold wind swept, and penetrated to our very bones; while to the south, in joyous contrast,

> "Calm Capri waits,
> Her sapphire gates
> Beguiling to her bright estates."

The bay of Naples glittered as if set with myriads of precious stones, while village after village appeared, as the landscape lengthened. About us were acres of lava. We imagined that we could see faces, animals and shells in the fantastic formations of this hardened flood.

A short stop was made to rest the horses at a queer little hostelry, where wine, including the celebrated *Lacrimæ Christi*,*

* Tears of Christ.

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was for sale, but only those of the sterner sex indulged. Leaving the carriage at the Meteorological Observatory, situated 2,218 ft. above the level of the sea, we mounted mules and found guides in readiness to conduct us across the new lava to the wire-rope railway, which ascends nearly to the summit of the crater.

The beast that was selected to bear your humble servant had an obstinate disposition and ears that must have been a quarter of a yard long. He persisted in wandering from the straight and narrow path laid out by the company, and once, came so near slipping into a pit of red-hot lava that I gave a squeal, when my guide immediately proceeded to put his arms around me, fearing I was about to faint. Therefore, I concluded, that of two evils I would choose the lesser and keep quiet in the future. How I did envy Mrs. M., who cantered along as easily as if riding in a park, now and then casting a merry glance over her shoulder to see how I was getting along.

After an appetizing dinner at the railway station, we entered the car which was to draw us up the sheer side of the main crater, a distance of 900 yds. The upper end of the railway is 1,300 ft. higher than the lower.

As we rose higher and higher, the peaks below us flattened out, the clouds drew nearer, and Naples became a mere blotch of white on the gray of the earth. At the top station were the mountain guides, with stout leathern straps over their shoulders. We took hold of the loop at one end and began the climb toward the crater. The path in some places was so steep that a second man had to go behind and, placing his palms against our shoulders, push with all his strength, while we ploughed through the soft snow mingled with ashes nearly knee deep. Once, we passed a crevasse, with yawning edges, composed of clear sulphur. Volumes of smoke poured out of it with such intensity that the whole party took to their heels, and, if we had not held wet handkerchiefs over our mouths and nostrils, we should have been overcome by the fumes.

At last, the very edge was reached and, kneeling there, we looked over and down, down, down, into the seemingly bottomless pit. Every now and then an explosion would take place and new

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VILLA NAZIONALE, NAPLES

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volumes of steam and smoke would pour out. After this had cleared away we could see the blackened rock at the bottom of the crater.

Then came another long tramp to the new crater on the side of the Atrio del Cavallo. As one peers over its edge, instead of a rocky cavern, a surging lake of molten lava is seen.

We reached our carriage after the descent, completely worn out, but amply repaid for our fatigue by the grandest sight which we had ever witnessed.

The Italian word for street is *via* or *strada;* the principal thoroughfare is sometimes called the *Corso* and the squares, of which there are many, *piazze*, the plural of *piazza;* Spanish, *plaza;* German, *platz;* French, *place.*

The cab horses here are so decked out in metal-trimmed harness, rosettes, ribbons, feathers and the like, that we feel as if we formed part of a triumphal procession, every time we drive out.

One afternoon we engaged a cabriolet with what my companion calls a "silver-plated pony" and joined the line of swell turn-outs in the Villa Nazionale, the fashionable park of Naples, which lies close to the water's edge. The display of handsome costumes was very interesting, though the features of the wearers were, for the most part, plain; however, the "military" were superb and fully compensated for the lack of beauty in the women.

The population of Naples, the largest city in Italy, is over 500,000 besides the garrison.

The shops are stocked with coral, cameo and tortoise shell ornaments, while the lava from Vesuvius is carved into the most exquisite shapes.

We thought we had seen curious fish at the World's Fair, but those in the Naples Aquarium are far more wonderful. The collection, which occupies a number of rooms and is contained in tanks with glass fronts, is drawn entirely from the Mediterranean. It includes both large and small specimens of the finny tribe, corals, seaweeds and mosses. There were four octopi or devil fish, and, as the keeper is susceptible to a fee, we persuaded him to feed them, that we might see their maneuvers. Accordingly, he placed an enormous live spider on the end of a long reed, and going to

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the second story, where there are openings down into the tanks, held the spider on top of the water. Immediately, the horrible creatures began to swim from the bottom, where they had lain curled up. Their ugly tentacles unfolded, their eyes bulged out, and, in the excitement of the fight which ensued over the capture of the choice morsel, red bunches of what looked like entrails protruded from their sides. These monsters are a common article of diet among the Neapolitans.

There were fish which resembled opalescent glass, some like little red jugs, while others were so exactly the color of the sand in the bottom of the tank that we distinguished them with difficulty. Ocean lettuce of filmy green waved back and forth, and sea lilies opened their dainty petals, as perfect as if grown in the sunshine.

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CHAPTER X

FROM CAPRI TO BRINDISI

THE Bay of Naples was never more enchanting than when we embarked for Capri. Behind us lay the varied landscape, before us the iridescent waters, reflecting a cloudless sky, while the coast to the southward was broken into curves by the harbors of the fishing towns. Past Castellamare, Vico Equense and Sorrento we steamed and, in less than three hours, dropped anchor at Capri, "Bluest of the Isles." Her turreted rocks and smiling vales are girdled by a sea so intense in color that it seems as if some one had emptied into it tons of indigo. The ancient villas of Augustus and Tiberius, and the mediæval castle of Barbarossa are scarcely to be distinguished from the crags on which they were built, so completely have they fallen into decay.

The town of Capri lies between the two highest points of the island, Lo Capo and Mt. Solaro. A winding road, hewn in the rock and as smooth as a marble floor, leads up to the white dwellings of Anacapri on a small plateau, 420 ft. above. Steps cut in the side of the cliffs were formerly the only means of access to the upper village.

Upon arriving at the principal landing-place, we found that the porters from the different hotels were women, who shouldered the baggage of the passengers, even large trunks, with the ease of strong men. The feminine portion of the community does much of the heavy work, including the coaling of vessels. The physique of these women is magnificent.

Most of the streets are mere paths, which are very steep, and often ascend in steps. They are about wide enough to allow three people to walk abreast, and run between high walls, inclosing vineyards and groves of lemon and orange trees. Rills of water

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trickle down the sides of the steps, refreshing the patches of moss in their crevices.

Starry-eyed girls, tall and supple as willows, add a charming bit of life to the picture. The prettiest creature, with a can of milk poised upon her head, stopped and stared at us as we sat

MARINA GRANDE AT CAPRI

resting on a low stone wall. She examined every detail of our dress, with evident enjoyment. How I longed to take her back to America with me! But the beauty of this rose of the rocks would doubtless be lost if transplanted to a foreign soil. Nearly all the women wear long, silver hairpins, ornamented with a hand grasping a lily.

We were up at five o'clock this morning to see the sunrise, and found that Apollo had already sent couriers to announce his coming. Aurora's flaming banners of orange and scarlet could be seen through the purple haze, just lifting from the pale gray sea. Some coral fishers, putting out from the quay, left a trail of silver in the wake of their boat.

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Before breakfast we strolled into a lemon grove connected with the hotel. The branches of the trees are twisted like grape vines, and as they reach the roof of the arbor, upon which they are trained, they spread out like umbrellas, the yellow fruit dangling beneath, within reach of the hand. Near by is an old house. On the doorsteps sat a young girl roasting coffee over a charcoal fire, shaking the green berries in a sheet-iron cylinder. It is needless to say that the coffee was badly scorched. Perhaps this method of preparing it accounts for the disagreeable taste of Italian coffee, which we are unable to drink.

The town of Capri centers in a small *piazza*, surrounded by the public buildings, church, shops and artists' studios. We enjoyed a visit to one of the latter, that of Carlo di Giuseppe, a native of the island, and one of its best artists. He has some charming pictures of the coast, as well as portraits of American girls. His work shows great talent. My companion secured a view of the Marina Grande* and a study of a Venetian girl, which are to be forwarded to London to await our arrival.

On the drive up to Anacapri, we saw a hollow in the cliff about fifteen feet above our heads. It was a shrine, containing a life-size image of the Virgin, before which was suspended a lantern. Beside the figure hung a wooden leg. We learned afterward that it was an offering from a person who had been injured near the spot. It seemed such a long, hard climb to the ruins of the Castle of Barbarossa, that we concluded to take our driver's advice and view its beauties from the outside. It was named after the Turkish corsair who destroyed it, a red-bearded (*barba rossa*) pirate of the 15th century. The most beautiful wild flowers cover the mountains, of which there are nearly eight hundred species.

Of course every one who goes to this "botanists' paradise" visits the Blue Grotto, the most wonderful of the numerous caverns on the coast. The best light can be obtained about noon. Accordingly, before that time, we set out in a small boat rowed by two stalwart islanders, and in three-quarters of an hour had reached the entrance. As the waves recede from the rocks one can see

* Main landing or quay.

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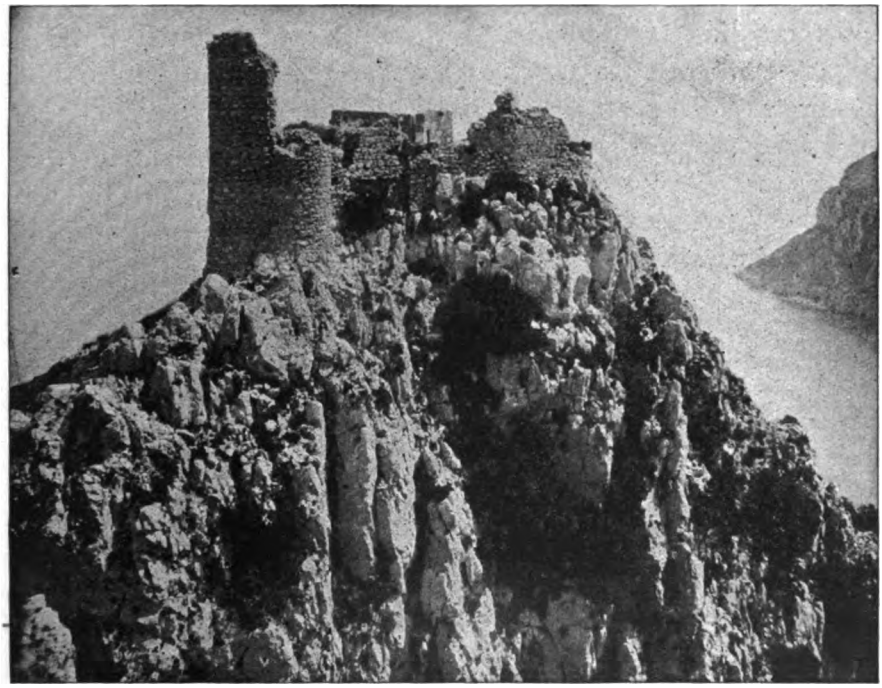
branches of red coral clinging to them like moss. The entrance to the Grotto is very low, scarcely three feet in height, and as we approached it, the men requested us to lie down in the bottom of the boat, to avoid being struck by the overhanging rocks. We obeyed, and with a powerful stroke of the oars, a whoop and a duck of the head, we were pushed through the opening.

The interior is a vaulted chamber, forty-one feet high, seventy-



CASTLE OF BARBAROSSA, CAPRI

five feet long and one hundred feet wide, in the broadest part. The effect of the blue refraction of the light on walls and boats and the intensity of this color in the water is indescribable. The opening through which we entered the Grotto is only the top of a tremendous arch. The rays of the sun are, therefore, transmitted from beneath, colored by the water and reflected upon the walls and roof of the cavern. The water within is so clear that fish can be seen on the sandy bottom. A flat rock, connected at one time with a passage under the mountain, is used as a "jumping-off place" by a small boy. He swims about, to show tourists the

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silvery appearance assumed by all objects in the water. The surface of the sea near the Grotto is covered with star and jelly fish, while delicate seaweeds, mosses and waving anemones are found in great varieties in the depths below.

Women selling coral haunt the quays and hotels. A bunch of ten strings costs only a *lira*. There are about 4,700 inhabitants on the island, employed chiefly in fishing and in cultivating fruit and the vine.

In crossing from Capri to Sorrento, it seems as if one were going to explore a town of cliff-dwellers, the white houses built on the summit of the rocks are so secure from intrusion. Narrow gorges form natural pathways from the sea, inland. The superstitious people believe that the ravines are inhabited by a race of dwarfs. We landed at the foot of the cliffs, and instead of taking the cable tramway, climbed the stone steps to the town above; now and then pausing to catch views of the beautiful island we had just left. A tiny sail close to its shores again suggested lines from T. Buchanan Read's poem:—

> "My wingéd boat,
> A bird afloat,
> Swims round the purple peaks remote:—"

After selecting a delightful room at one of the hotels, shaded by purple wistaria in full bloom, we walked in company with two Boston girls over to the Piazza, where there is a marble statue of Torquato Tasso, the celebrated poet, who was born at Sorrento in 1544. Wood mosaics, the manufacture of which has become an art in this town, fill the shop windows. From the road, little can be seen of the dwellings and luxuriant gardens, as high walls inclose them. The beautiful villa of F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, is situated on a bluff overlooking the sea.

In the evening, at Hotel Victoria, we witnessed the tarantella, the national dance, which became a mania at one time, but is now merely an amusement. It originated at Tarentum, where the venomous tarantula spider is found. The bite of this insect is said to cause madness, and music and dancing are believed to be the only antidotes to the poison.

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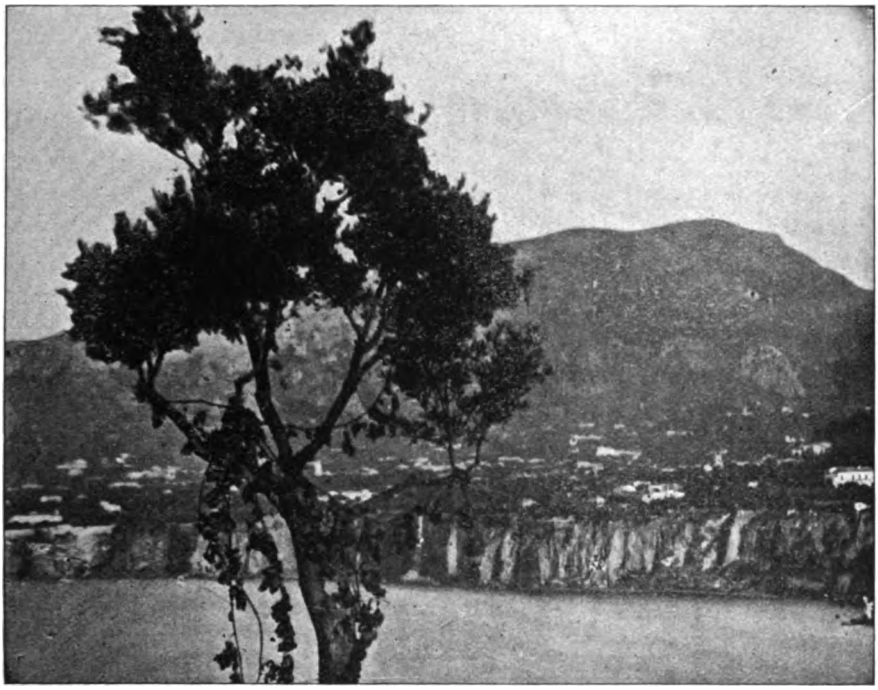
There were about fifty spectators in the ballroom when the company of dancers entered; twelve young men and twelve girls, typical southern Italians, firm of flesh and ruddy of skin. There are a number of figures in the dance, which is as lively as a quadrille, though the posing of the dancers calls to mind the minuet. The men wear red velvet knee breeches, white shirts, green velvet vests, silk sashes with long ends, tasselled caps, colored silk hose and



SORRENTO

low slippers; the girls, light silk skirts and bodices, short bolero jackets, sashes, aprons, fancy stockings and low shoes. During the dance the long sashes were wound and unwound about the swaying figures, producing a very pretty effect.

Sorrento is a favorite winter resort for English and Americans, and, as it is never very hot in summer, is frequented at that season by Italians.

The next morning we took a carriage, shared by the young ladies whom I have mentioned, and drove to Salerno. These girls are travelling through Italy alone, though the eldest is not over

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twenty years old. They tell us that they have had no trouble whatever, and feel as safe as if in their native town, which certainly speaks volumes for the chivalry of Italian men.

Every bend in the coast from Sorrento to Salerno presents a new picture. We rolled along the smooth road cut in the side of the mountain, above the sea, in and out, through tunnels and quaint villages. In many houses there are openings similar to port holes, left, we were told, in the plastered walls by the removal of the scaffolding. Air thus penetrates the woodwork, preventing dry rot. Near one of the towns were some little girls spinning by the wayside. They do not use a wheel, but work with a distaff and spindle carried in the hand. A mountain torrent dashes down a ravine at Arienzo, while towering cliffs jut out, in some places forming canopies over the hard, white drive. The mountains all along the coast are terraced and covered with lemon and olive trees, or fields of grain. Numerous watch-towers point to a barbarous age when pirates infested the seas. The people of this region are, many of them, very poor. Some burrow in the sides of the mountains, as do the gypsies in Spain.

It was high noon before we had our first view of Amalfi, once an important seaport town, which became an independent state under the presidency of a doge. In the 12th century, the sea began to undermine the town, and, after a terrible inundation in the 14th century, its importance declined, the population dwindling from 50,000 to 7,000.

The principal point of interest in Amalfi is the old monastery (now a hotel) which came into the possession of the Capuchins in 1583. It stands in the hollow of a cliff rising from the sea to a height of 230 ft. A large grotto beside it was used as a sort of Calvary, and still contains three wooden crosses. To the arms of the central one are fastened the cup, the nails and the sponge, tokens of Christ's suffering. The rooms of the monastery open upon fine cloisters connected with a chapel.

The remains of St. Andrew are said to rest in the cathedral of that name; but we were unable to go there, on account of a storm, which gathered while we were at dinner. Looking out of the window we could see fishermen taking in the nets spread out

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upon the beach to dry. The waves dashed against the rocks beneath us, breaking into clouds of foam, while the murmur of the sea changed to a low growl, giving evidence of the increasing wrath of old Neptune. After waiting an hour in the vain hope that the weather would clear, we engaged another vehicle and pushed on. A cold north wind accompanied the blinding rain, and by the time we came in sight of Salerno, there were little "nicks" even in the temper of my companion, who is proverbially angelic; while I was

AMALFI

positively vixenish. However, a cup of strong hot tea revived our flagging spirits, and when we boarded the train for Brindisi, on the following morning, we had forgotten past discomforts.

In crossing the Apennine range, the panorama changes constantly. It seemed as if we were scarcely out of one tunnel and had caught a glimpse of a fertile valley where peasant women in short skirts, scarlet bodices and flat white headdresses, were working, when we were again plunged into darkness. Then we would come out upon a marshy plain planted with eucalyptus trees and vineyards surrounded by cactus hedges.

It was nearly dark to-night when the train pulled into Brindisi, the western terminus of several lines of steamers which ply between

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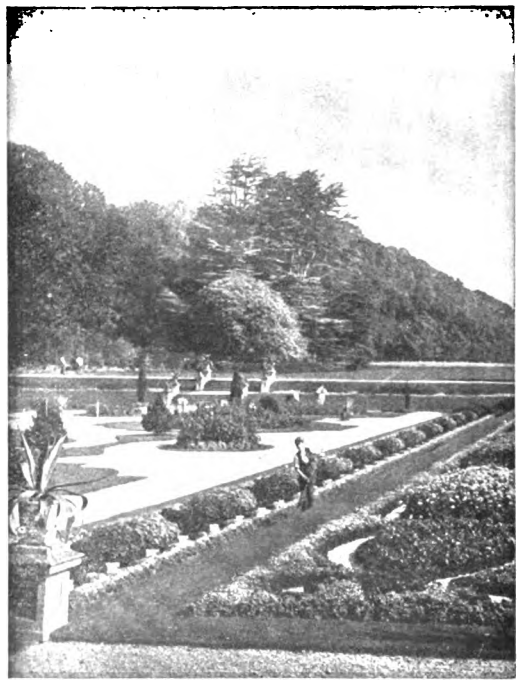
Italy and the East. Brindisi is the Roman Brundisium, meaning stag's head, as its harbor is formed like a pair of antlers. It was a celebrated port even in ancient times, and terminated the Appian Way leading from Rome. Virgil died here in 19 B. C. Here, too, the Crusaders often assembled to embark for the Holy Land.

The steamer Ganges of the Peninsular and Oriental line has just arrived from Port Said, and we have visited her cabins and decks which are luxuriously fitted up.

We are now at the Grand Hotel, awaiting the arrival of the Austrian Lloyd steamship which is to bear us across the Adriatic to the classic shores of Greece.



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CHAPTER XI

THE IONIAN ISLES

THE morning after we left Brindisi was bright and sunny, the sea calm and the passengers on the Achille, companionable. We formed the acquaintance of a delightful family, consisting of Professor A., occupying the chair of Greek at Colgate University, his wife and sister who were on their way to Athens. About eleven o'clock the outlines of Mt. San Salvatore, on the island of Corfu, became visible, and at noon we dropped anchor in the strait.

The Corinthians established a colony at Corfu in 734 B. C., but, in 229 B. C., the island came into the possession of the Romans. When the Byzantine* Empire was divided in 1205, the Venetians received Corfu; subsequently, the French and the English claimed it, but in 1863 it was ceded by England to the Greeks. The town of Corfu is now the capital of a province including the islands of Corfu, Paxos, Antipaxos and Leucas. Corfu is the only island of this province that has a perennial stream, the river Messongi.

Upon landing, the Professor engaged carriages for our party, which two gentlemen from Chicago had joined. As usual, we drove at once to the bank, where we exchanged our English gold for drachmés,† "shinplasters," worth, at present, about twelve cents in our money. The ten drachmé bank note is cut in two and each half is worth five. The two pieces probably never meet again. The coppers, a hundred of which equal a drachmé, are called leptá.

Crossing the square from the bank, we entered the old church of St. Spiridion, a saint greatly revered by the Greeks. He was once Bishop of Cyprus, and was persecuted by Diocletian. His

*716-1205 A. D.; seat, Byzantium, now Constantinople.

†Greek currency.

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body was brought to Corfû in 1489, where it reposes in a silver coffin surrounded by lighted candles, near the high altar of this church. Three times a year, the coffin is borne through the streets with great solemnity.

As we stood before it admiring the embossed silver and exquisite paintings on porcelain which adorn the lid, a peasant woman entered, who, crossing herself three times, knelt on the steps of the platform; then, rising, pressed her lips to each picture in turn. Her hair brought over a large cushion projecting over the left ear, was wound around her head and draped with a thin white veil.

The decorations of the Greek Catholic churches are much simpler and richer than those of the Roman. No "graven images" are permitted; consequently, the absence of statuary or reliefs is marked.

From St. Spiridion, we drove through narrow streets to the Esplanade, where the Royal Palace is situated.

Thence, a fine drive, bordered on one side by gnarled olive trees, led us to the summer villa of the King and Queen of Greece, where we walked through splendid gardens filled with tropical foliage. There were aloes, magnolias, palms and papyri, as well as flowers and statuary. A custodian conducted us through the principal rooms of the palace, furnished with the utmost simplicity, though everything is of the finest quality.

After plucking a few sprigs of the periwinkle that grows in abundance along the paths, we went on to the Canone, or one-gun battery, at the end of the drive, which commands a view of the east coast. Opposite to the entrance of the old Hyllæan harbor, now unused, lies the isle of Ponticonisi, on which is a small chapel. Tradition describes it as the Phæacian* ship that bore Odysseus† to Ithaca, and which was afterward changed into stone by Poseidon, the god of the sea. On the shore, near the brook Cressida, is the place where, according to Homer, the Princess Nausicaa first saw Odysseus. The story runs thus:—

When the hero was wrecked near the island of the Phæacians,

* A mythical people.

† Ulysses.

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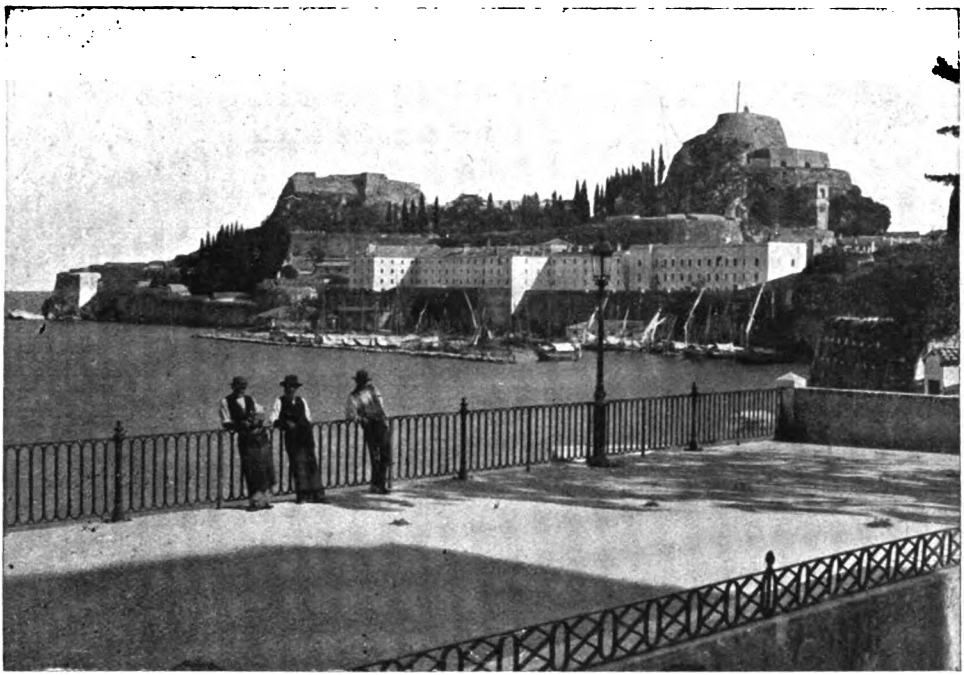

FORTIFICATIONS AT CORFU

he swam ashore, and, being exhausted and naked, made a bed of leaves in a thicket where he fell into a sound sleep. The Princess Nausicaa, with her maidens, came to the brook to wash the linen of the palace and, while it was drying on the beach, engaged in a game of ball. In the midst of their sport, the ball flew into the water. A merry laugh, half a scream, awoke the sleeper, who, covering himself with a leafy bough, rushed in the direction of the sound. At the sight of him the handmaidens fled, but the Princess, true to her royal blood, stood her ground. Odysseus saluted her in these words:—"Is it a goddess or a mortal that I see before me?" The Princess conducted the wanderer to the city, where he was properly clothed, and, later, received by the King, to whom he related his adventures. Subsequently, King Alcinous sent Odysseus to Ithaca in one of his own ships, which, on the return voyage, Poseidon turned into stone.

Before reëmbarking we drank Turkish coffee in front of a café on the quay, tasted sweet lemons which were insipid and bought some specimens of carved wood from the peasants.

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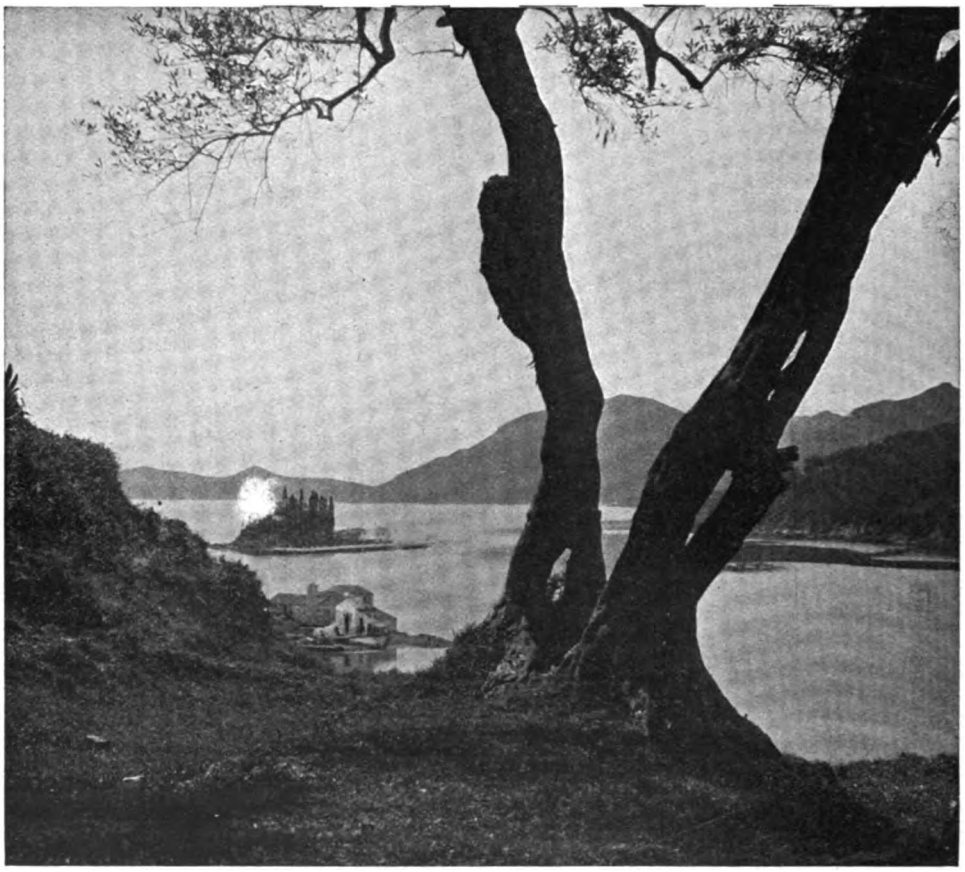
From Corfu we steamed past a number of small islands, nearly all of them inhabited, and in about three hours reached the island of Paxos, said to produce the best oil in western Greece.

A legend runs that at the moment when the Saviour's soul



ISLAND OF PONTICONISI, OFF CORFU

left his body, a group of sailors on this island heard a great cry, "Pan is dead." Pan was the god of Nature, so, Christ's crucifixion, which was followed by the spread of Christianity, meant a deathblow to Paganism.

Near Actium, at the entrance to the Ambracian Gulf, was fought the famous naval battle between Mark Antony and Octavius in 31 B. C. The defeat of Antony was followed by his flight with Cleopatra, his royal mistress, and their tragic death.

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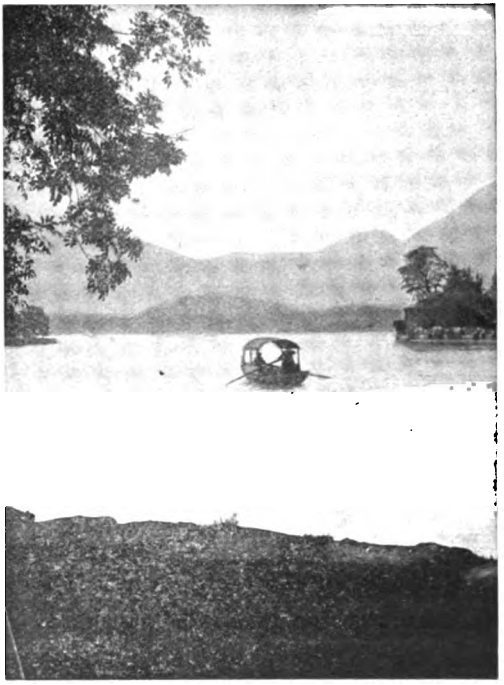
The southern point of Leucas is known as Sappho's Leap, whence the Greek poetess, overcome by unrequited love, is said to have thrown herself into the sea. After passing this point, we came in sight of Ithaca, the island of Odysseus.

At one of the smaller islands a number of horrid-looking Turks came aboard, and, when I saw their evil faces, I could believe all the stories of the Armenian atrocities. They slept on the deck, without extra covering, except what Mother Earth had supplied. Not even the thrilling lines of Byron's Childe Harold, which the Professor read to us, could overcome my repulsion.



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CHAPTER XII

FROM PATRAS TO ATHENS

E were rudely awakened at four o'clock in the morning by the rolling of the chain when we cast anchor at Patras, and we had ravenous appetites by the time breakfast was ready at the hotel. The train left for Athens about eight o'clock, and that hour found us comfortably ensconced in an open, second class compartment. The Professor proved a friend indeed, alternately teaching us Greek sentences, which he thought we might find useful, and explaining points of interest on the way. A Greek friend of his, a physician, had joined us at Patras, and made the most of this opportunity to speak English with Mrs. M. As his vocabulary was limited, there was a halt now and then in the conversation; whereupon, the Professor would translate a Greek word, thus enabling Doctor C. to finish his remarks, and causing no little merriment.

Our route lay along the coast of the Gulf of Corinth. At Aegium, the first important station, we saw adobe houses and fences, the top of the latter covered with grass and mud, making an overhanging ridge which protected the clay bricks from the rain. In the vineyards on this coast of the Peloponnesus,* grow the small grapes which we call currants and use in cakes and mince meat. They are dried by the sun, in the white fields around the numerous villages. The waters of the gulf show three shades of blue,—close to the shore a pale azure, and then, a sapphire deepening to a perfect peacock blue, near the opposite shore. You cannot conceive of the wondrous depth and beauty of this coloring. It far surpasses even that of the Bay of Naples.

The Corinth of to-day (4,100 inhabitants) contains little to

* Island of Pelops.

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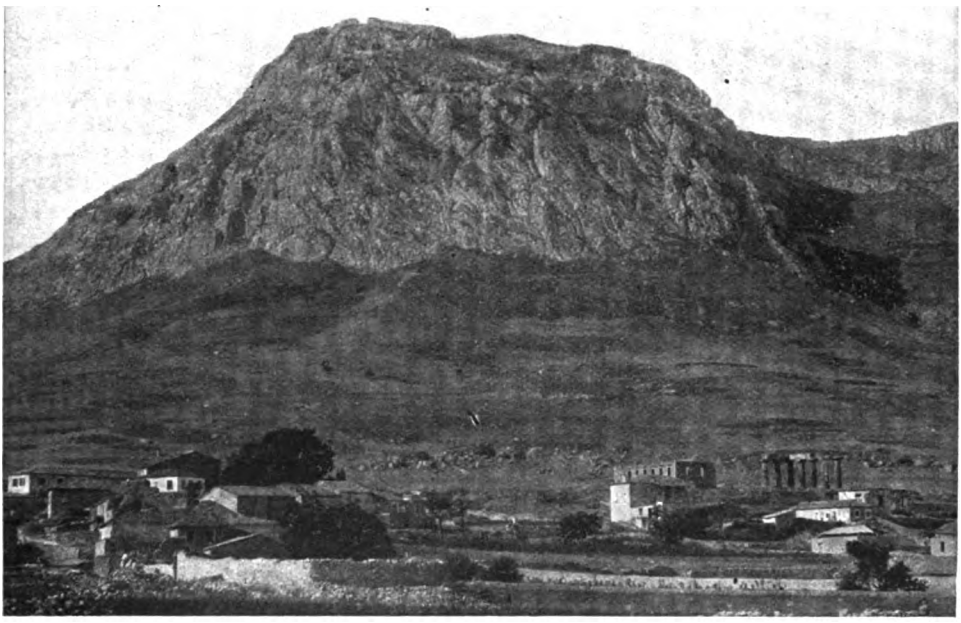
interest the traveller, unless it may be the delicious marmalade and little cakes which are a specialty at the station. Old Corinth, three and a half miles to the southwest, could be seen plainly from the train, as well as Acro-Corinth, the citadel which towers above it. Until the Persian wars it was a famous city, almost unrivalled as a center of trade, and celebrated for the manufacture of purple dye and woolen stuffs. In 46 B. C. the Romans founded a civil



ACRO-CORINTH

colony on the site of the town that had been razed to the ground by their ancestors, and it immediately became prosperous. This was the Corinth where St. Paul preached and to which he directed his Epistles,—a wealthy commercial city, where luxury and immorality held full sway. Later, Corinth fell into the hands of the Turks, but finally was restored to the Greeks. The summit of the rock called Acro-Corinth is 1,886 ft. above the level of the sea. There, are the remains of mediæval fortifications, a Turkish oratory and the ruins of a temple of Aphrodite.* The view, which em-

* Venus.

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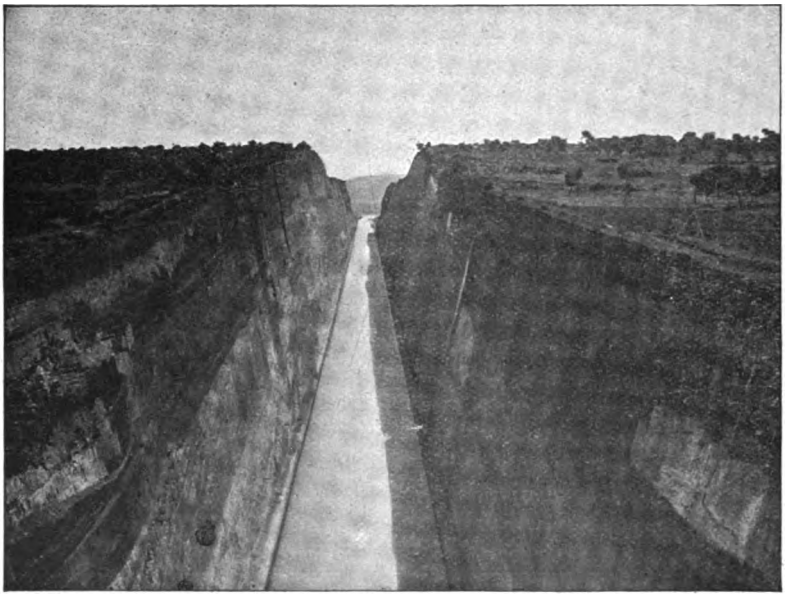
braces the mountainous districts on both sides of the gulf, is superb. On the east side of the height is a clear spring, which, according to an ancient legend, gushed forth at a stroke of the hoof of the winged horse, Pegasus.

How my heart leaped when, a little later, I gazed for the first time upon Mt. Parnassus, sacred to the Oracle of Delphi.* It looked like some sleeping creature, in the bend of whose neck lay Delphi, but, alas! on the opposite side from us.

Delphi was once the principal seat of the worship of Apollo, but its glorious marble temple, theater and stadium have long since



CORINTH CANAL

crumbled into dust. It is said that the grandeur of the mountain scenery, the cold springs, and especially a natural fissure, whence rose a narcotic vapor, led to the erection of a temple to Apollo. Hither, thousands came yearly to consult the Oracle, who could only be interviewed in the Delphic month, corresponding to our February and March. Her prophecies were interpreted to the people by the priests, who alone understood them. The Oracle, whose advice was sought in all affairs of importance, sat on a

* A priestess supposed to voice Apollo's replies to queries.

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golden tripod, placed across the fissure over which the temple was built. The most distinguished philosophers and poets were among the pilgrims to this shrine. According to tradition, Delphi was formerly the lair of the dragon, Pytho, slain by Apollo. The Romans looted the temple many times, Nero alone carrying off more than 500 brazen images. The famous stone called Omphalus, or navel stone, supposed to mark the center of the earth, was kept with the sacred fire in the cella or inner sanctuary of the temple.

The canal through the Isthmus of Corinth was opened, August 6th, 1893. The idea of cutting such a passage was entertained by Nero, who even began the work. The present canal was begun by a French company, who, in 1889, left it to be completed by the Greeks. There are two breakwaters, each 785 ft. long, and two lighthouses to protect the western entrance. The channel is 100 ft. wide, three and a half miles long and twenty-six feet deep; for a distance of one mile it is cut through solid rock.

As we neared Athens, we could see the quarries of Pentelicus, which yielded the marble of which the ancient temples are built. These quarries are still worked and there is no sign of their becoming exhausted. Soon we were on our feet, with eyes straining forward and the lines of Byron ringing in our ears:—

> "Fair Greece, sad relic of departed worth,
> Immortal, though no more, though fallen, great."

There, outlined against the blue of heaven stood the Acropolis,* for centuries the mighty throne of that perfect work of man's chisel and compass,—the Parthenon. We involuntarily offered our homage to the man to whose wisdom and perseverance the world owes this treasure,—the statesman, Pericles.

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* The citadel.

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CHAPTER XIII

ATHENS

N our arrival at Athens at four o'clock in the afternoon, we went at once to the Hotel Minerva. Minerva is the Roman name for Athena, the patron goddess of the city. Mythology relates that during the reign of Cecrops, a dispute arose between Athena, goddess of war, and Poseidon as to the possession of Athens. A council of the gods decreed that the city should belong to the one who offered the best gift to men. Poseidon struck the ground with his trident and a salt spring welled up; Athena touched the earth with her spear and immediately an olive tree came forth; whereupon, Athena secured the prize.

After dining, we took a walk about the Place de la Constitution, and then hung out of our window facing on Stadium Street, one of the thoroughfares, to watch the torchlight procession. This is the month, as you know, when Greece celebrates the Olympian games,—a revival of an ancient custom,—and we feel that we are fortunate to be here, even at the close of the festival. The city is as gay as arches, evergreens, flags and strings of pennants can make it. The arches span the main streets at intervals of half a block, and are brilliantly illuminated in the evening, thus forming an avenue of light. The Greek flag, blue and white stripes with a white cross, is seen everywhere, but those of other nations are not forgotten. The Place de la Constitution, upon which the royal palace faces, is like a section of Paris. In the center are tables occupied by merry groups drinking *loukoúmi*,* *masticha*,† or Turkish coffee; every one seems happy. Though the streets are crowded, there is not a shrill voice, nor a loud laugh to be heard. The

* Sweetened gum and rose water.

† A liquor distilled from the gum of the mastic tree.

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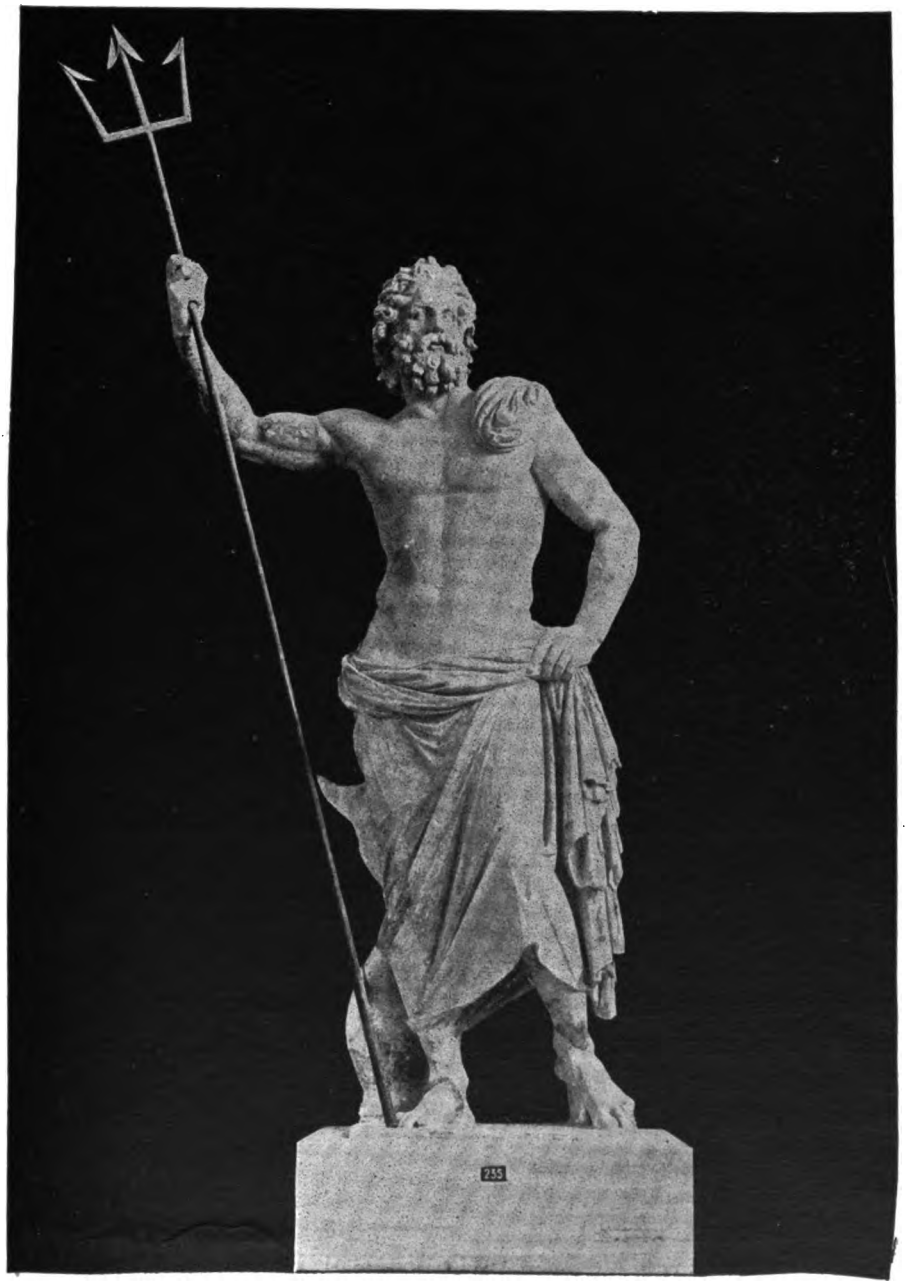

POSEIDON

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throngs are as decorous as those on the main grounds of our World's Fair.

The architecture of the city, in general, is simple. The houses on the principal streets are of marble or stone, sometimes both. When of stone, they are plastered over and painted in shades of cream, chocolate or strawberry, the general effect being light. University Boulevard, where a number of important buildings and costly homes are situated, is a veritable avenue of marble, from the quarries of Hymettus or Pentelicus. The sidewalks, treble the width of an ordinary American walk, are composed

THE UNIVERSITY, ATHENS

of solid blocks of stone. The most important of the public buildings are the University, the Academy of Science and the Hospital. Of these, the Academy deserves special mention. It was constructed from the classic Greek designs of the celebrated architect, Hansen of Vienna, at the expense of Baron Sina, and is the most beautiful modern building I ever expect to see. It is of white Pentelic marble. Its Ionic colonnades and sculptured pediments are combined with painting and gilding in the most effective manner. The student is thus enabled to study the effect of color on marble, a kind of decoration frequently employed by the ancients, the traces of which have now almost entirely disappeared. Colossal sitting figures of Plato and Socrates are placed on either side of the flight

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ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, ATHENS

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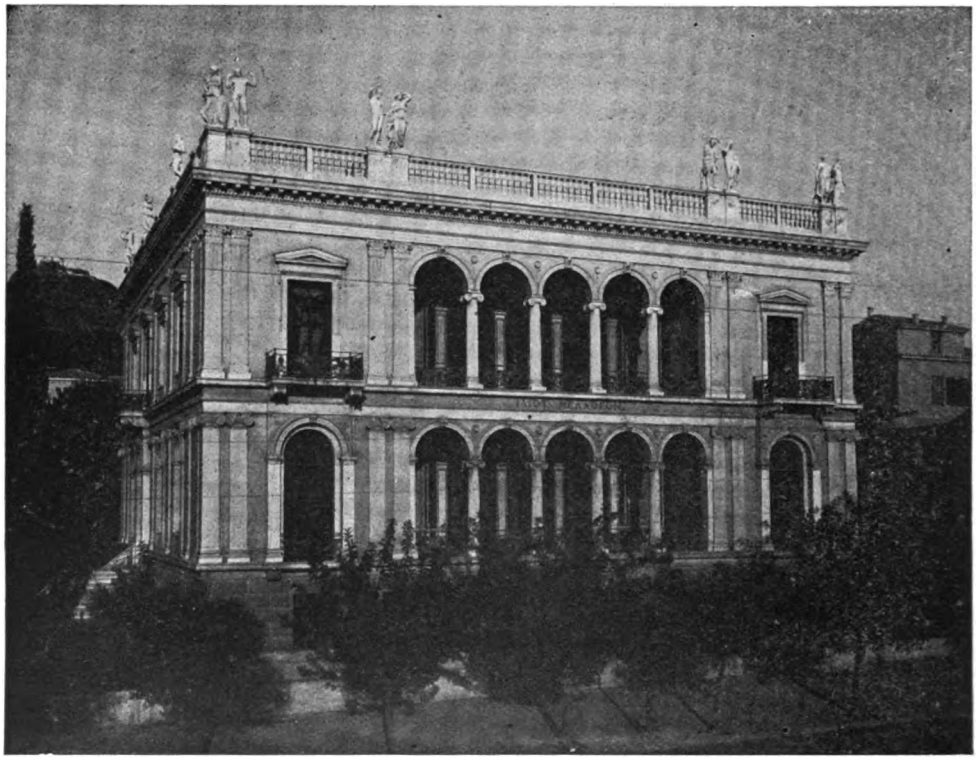
of steps leading to the entrance. Athena in full armor, and Apollo with his lyre, crown two detached columns in front.

Of the private residences, that of the late Dr. Schliemann, the great German excavator of Troy and ancient Greek cities, is the finest. Between the columns of the loggia are Pompeian decorations, and above the façade is the inscription:—"Palace of Ilium,"*



RESIDENCE OF DR. SCHLIEMANN, ATHENS

in Greek, while surmounting the building is a row of gods and goddesses, their marble forms gleaming in the twilight, like a procession of ghosts.

In studying Greek temples, it is interesting to remember the origin of the various columns and the difference between them. The Doric,† seen in the Parthenon and Theseum, is a fluted shaft

* Greek name for Troy.

† Derived from Doris, founder of the Dorians, one of the four great divisions of the Greek race.

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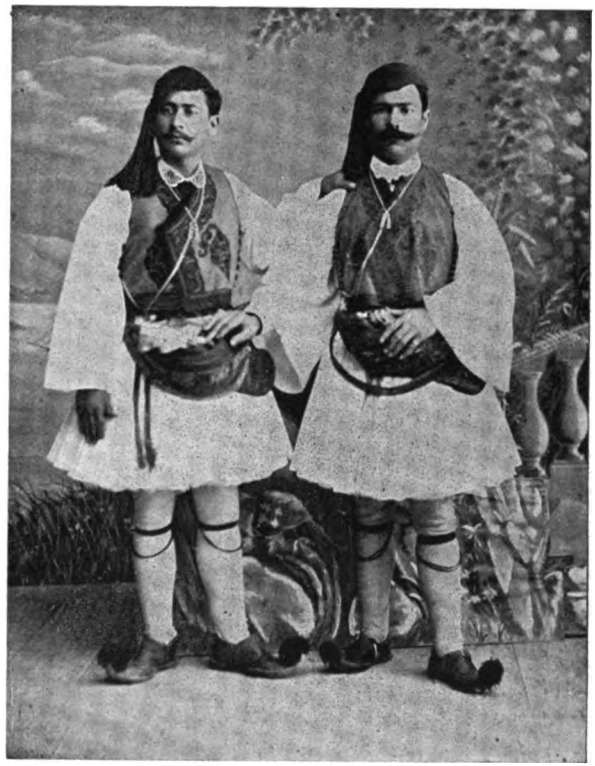
diminishing in size from the foot toward the top. The shaft has no base, but rests directly on the platform. The capital is composed of two rather thin blocks, the lower one round with oval edge, the upper one square. The Doric column was intended by the Greeks to embody the dignity, strength and simplicity of the male form; the Ionic,* seen in the Academy of Science, the delicacy and grace of the female; so, to the latter, was added a horizontally curved base representing the sandals worn by women, and it was crowned by a scroll or volute to suggest hair. Corinthian† columns, used in the Arch of Hadrian, represented the beauty of a maiden bearing a basket on her head. The Corinthian shaft is elaborately fluted, with a decorated capital composed of the leaves of water plants headed by those of the acanthus and the tendrils and flowers of the honeysuckle.



GREEK MOUNTAINEERS

The morning after our arrival, we engaged an English-speaking guide and set out for Phalerum, twenty minutes' ride by rail from Athens, where the regatta, the final contest of the Olympian games, was to take place. Phalerum is the next station to the Piræus, or port of Athens, and is quite a seaside resort. Many wealthy people own villas along the shore, where are also a large

* Derived from Ion, forefather of the Ionians, another division of the Greek race.

† Originating at Corinth.

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hotel, an open-air theater and a fine pier. The bathing and boating in summer are excellent.

There were many interesting sights on the beach, including peep-shows, and stands where *loukoúmi* and a variety of little cakes were sold. Men walked about, each with a tripod on a pole hung with colored beads and return-balls made of leather, or with a long stick strung with tempting crullers fresh from the bake-shop. Mountaineers with their wives and babies had come down for the day. The costume of the men consisted of a short accordion-pleated skirt of white cloth, worn over tights, long leggings of coarse cloth, cut out under the knee, to allow free movement of the limbs, a short sleeveless jacket of some colored stuff, a leather pouch and belt for the heavy-handled pistol and knife, and a close red cap with a long blue tassel. The women wore skirts and coats of coarse white homespun, braided in black, and yellow handkerchiefs tied over their heads in the most ungraceful fashion. In striking contrast were some rich peasant women from Megara. One had a white satin skirt, yellow bodice and a necklace composed of sequins reaching from her throat to the hem of her gown. Our guide estimated the cost of the costume to be $600, which he said represented the fortune of her family.

Rows of seats, in the usual grand-stand fashion, were on either side of the long pier, and at the end, the royal box. But, alas! though the Crown Prince and his suite bustled about and looked important, and the boats set their sails and cruised up and down the course, the sea grew higher every moment. By eleven o'clock the wind was blowing a perfect gale; the committees were forced to call the regatta off, to "fold up their tents, like the Arabs and silently steal away," with disgust plainly written upon each home-turned face.

Having taken our guide for the day, we concluded that it was best to make the most of his valuable services, so we repaired to the Acropolis, a crystalline limestone plateau 200 ft. in height, and, in spite of the fierce wind, we enjoyed intensely our first afternoon around and upon that historic ground.

After looking at the ruins of the Theater of Dionysus, at the base of the Acropolis, where the masterpieces of Æschylus, Soph-

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ocles, Euripides and Aristophanes were first represented, we visited the Odēum of Herodes Atticus, a wealthy Roman, who built this theater as a memorial to his wife. It was constructed for dramatic and musical performances, and accommodated 6000 people. As in the Theater of Dionysus, the tiers of seats were built on the rocky slope of the Acropolis. Ascending the road to the plateau, we passed through the Beulé Gate, named after the Frenchman who discovered it under the Turkish bastions, where it had long been concealed.

WOMEN FROM MEGARA

The Propylæa, or gateway of the Acropolis, which lies in a direct line a little above the Beulé gate, is entirely of Pentelic marble and considered the most important secular work in Athens. It was begun by the architect, Mnesicles, in 437 B. C., and finished in five years. It extends across the west side of the Acropolis, and consists of a central gateway and two wings. The gateway proper is pierced with five openings, before which, on either side, are Doric colonnades, giving to the whole the name, Propylæa, "that which lies before the gates." Each of these colonnades has six columns in front and was surmounted by a row of three-grooved blocks called triglyphs, between sculptured metopes,* the whole crowned by a pediment.† The central part of the Propylæa was

* The slabs between the triglyphs.

† Triangular, ornamental facing of a portico.

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bounded on the north and south by massive walls. The north wing, the best preserved, contains a hall called the Pinacotheca from its use as a receptacle for votive paintings. During the 13th century, the Franks converted this wing into government offices. The Turkish pashas afterward resided there, until the central structure was destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder in 1687.

Passing through the east portico of the Propylæa, we found ourselves within the precincts of the Acropolis, with the perfect outlines of the Parthenon in full view. The erection of this massive pile of Pentelic marble was, as I have said, due mainly to Pericles, whose executive ability was unparalleled. He secured the necessary funds and placed the construction of the building in the hands of two clever architects, Ictinus and Callicrates, entrusting the ornamentation to his friend, Phidias, who proved to be the greatest sculptor of the age. The work was finished in 438 B. C. Surely no pen could exaggerate the nobility and the dignity which clothe this matchless structure. All traces of its many-colored decorations have disappeared; only a few fragments of its sculptures remain; but the massive Doric columns, and architrave,* the symmetrical metopes and pediments are combined with such masterly knowledge of construction and harmony that the effect is soul-satisfying. All the columns swell in the center and lean a trifle toward the interior, producing an impression of elasticity, most attractive to the eye. Forty-six of these pillars form the portico of the temple and surround the wall of the cella. Along the top of the wall, within the portico, ran a magnificent sculptured frieze. It portrayed the citizens of Athens on their way to the temple, to present to the goddess Athena a saffron-colored robe woven by Athenian virgins; a ceremony performed every four years. The east portico contained the sacred vessels and votive offerings, while a small room back of the cella served as a storehouse for the national treasure.

At one end of the cella, and facing the door into the pronaos,† stood the splendid statue of the goddess Athena by Phidias. It was thirty-nine feet in height and made of wood, covered with some plastic material. Plates of ivory represented the flesh, and the

* The part resting immediately on the columns.

† A porch of a temple.

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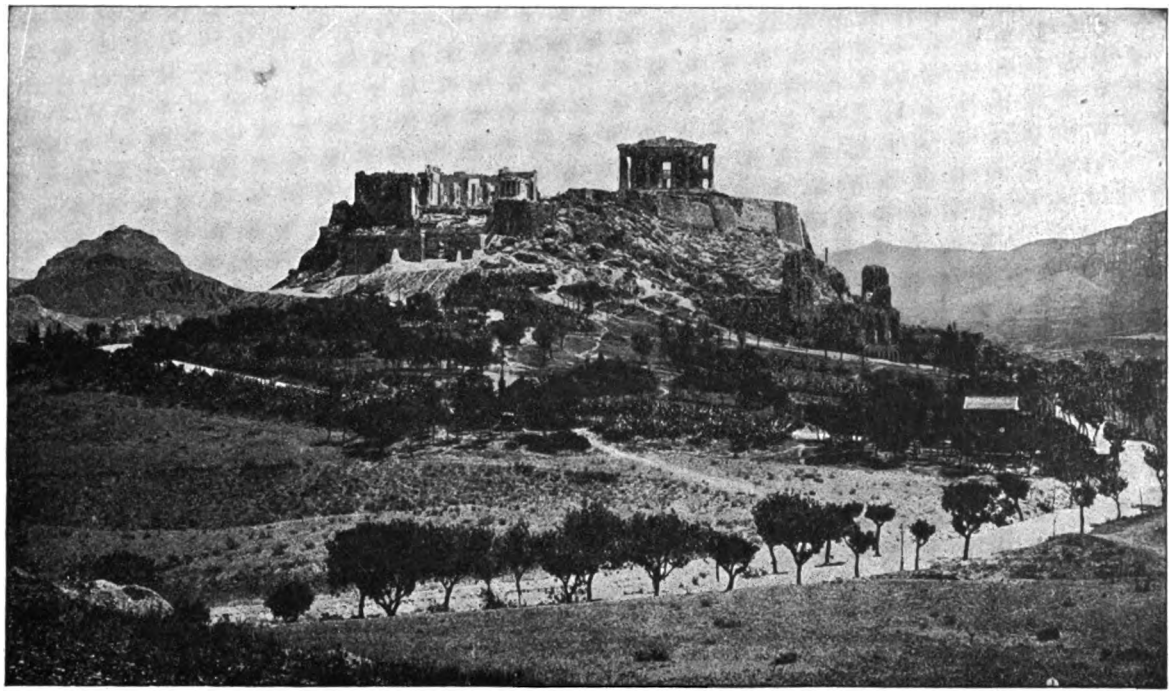

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

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draperies were of solid gold. The eyes of the figure were of marble, painted to look as natural as possible. The value of the metal used was estimated at forty-four talents* of gold. In times of war the gold was removed and used, but when prosperity returned, it was replaced. One hand supported a statue of Victory, six feet high, while the other rested on a shield. The square of dark-colored stone on which the pedestal rested can still be seen. Michaelis, in his work on the Parthenon, mentions a raised platform in front of this statue, on which the victors in the Panathenæan contests mounted to receive the prizes, generally golden chaplets and vases of olive oil, from the hand of the goddess, as it were.

In 1801, Lord Elgin, the British embassador to Greece, secured from the government a permit to remove "a few blocks of stone with inscriptions and figures." With this flimsy authority, he quietly, but effectually, secured the pediments, some of the metopes and the greater part of the Parthenon frieze and took them to England. It is said that Lord Elgin vindicated himself of the charge of vandalism, in a pamphlet published in 1810. However, England finally paid the Greek government £36,000 for the marbles and they are now treasured in the British Museum.

Near the north edge of the Acropolis are the ruins of the Erechtheum, on the site of the ancient temple of Erechtheus. It was built upon the sacred spot where Athena and Poseidon strove for the possession of the city. The olive tree which the goddess caused to spring up, and the cleft made by the trident of the god in producing the salt spring were shown to worshipers in the ancient temple. The chamber entered from the east portico was especially dedicated to Athena, the guardian of the city; the Parthenon, to the virgin Athena. The aforesaid chamber contained a wooden figure of the goddess, said to have fallen from heaven. Before this figure a golden lamp always burned. The most interesting part of the Erechtheum is the Portico of the Caryatides. The roof is supported by the graceful forms of six maidens bearing baskets upon their heads. They are said to represent the maidens taken captive from their father, the king of Caryæ, in Arcadia, be-

* £150,000.

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ATHENA
Supposed copy of the original by Phidias

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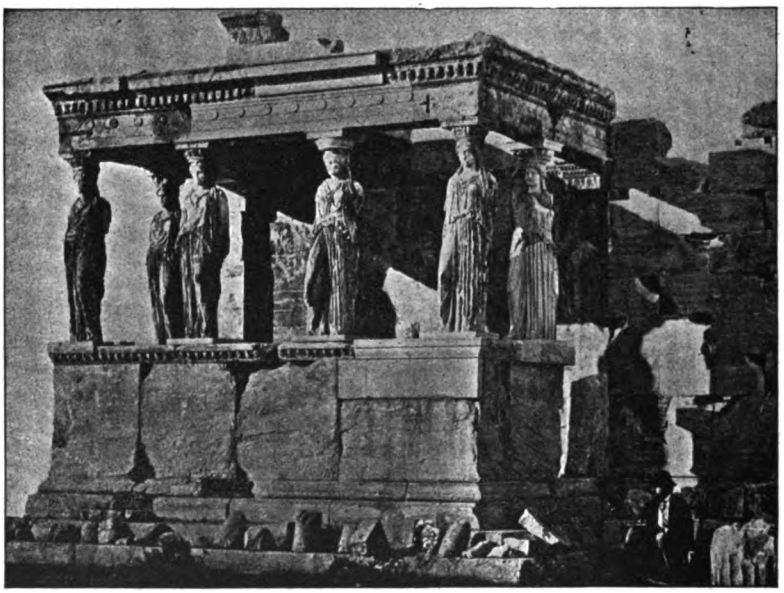
cause he sided with the Persians. The virgins themselves were bound as slaves to Athena.

A short distance from the Erechtheum is the stone platform on which probably stood the colossal bronze statue of Athena, fighter in the van, made by Phidias, from the spoils of the battle of Marathon. The figure, in full armor, was seventy feet in height, including the pedestal, and towered above the Parthenon, the glittering helmet and lance serving as a guide to ships approaching Athens.

Turning toward the Propylæa, we stood upon the steps of the



PORTICO OF THE CARYATIDES

Temple of the Wingless Victory, a beautiful little structure, restored in 1835. Thence we looked back upon the works of men dead two thousand years, creations of such strength and splendor that they are well-nigh imperishable. The scarlet and gold on their sculptures has long since faded, but the triumph of the chisel remains, imprisoning the giant will of Pericles; the artistic feeling of Phidias. Facing again the entrance to the Acropolis, one obtains a glorious view of the surrounding country. To the southwest lies the Saronic gulf laving the shores of the island of Ægina, where it is said that the first European coin was struck, and where large

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quantities of sponges are obtained. There, is also the island of Salamis, off whose coast Themistocles won the great naval battle, in 480 B. C., freeing Greece forever from the Persian yoke.

In the evening, we attended a concert given by an amateur orchestra, and a professional band from Cephalonia, an island west of the gulf of Patras. The élite of Athens were present and we noticed a number of pretty Greek girls, their dark eyes sparkling beneath the brims of Parisian hats. When the orchestra appeared, it would have been easy to imagine ourselves at home, for the lawyers, doctors and literary men who composed it, looked in their full evening dress, so like Americans that we were startled. I have not seen a stupid-looking Greek.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE

The doctor, who accompanied us, said that the country suffers because of the over-education of the masses; there are so few farmers, and so many professional men, unemployed. It seems to be the ambition of every youth to graduate from the University,

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and Athens boasts excellent schools. This thirst for knowledge often induces young men to study all day, and then work half the night to earn enough to support themselves. Many peasants in the mountainous districts devote all their savings to the furtherance of public education. The Greeks are singularly loyal, and, even after having settled in foreign countries, make bequests to promote building or educational schemes in their native land.

A striking instance is the recent effort to restore the ancient Stadium, the oblong amphitheater where the Panathenæan contests once took place, which was destroyed by the Turks. It is situated in the hollow of a hill and the tiers of seats accommodate 60,000 persons. Its partial restoration was accomplished through the generosity of M. Averoff, a wealthy Greek residing in Alexandria. It is rumored that before many years he will complete the interior, making every seat of Pentelic marble, as in the past. So far, only the first four rows have been thus restored. Stadium is the Greek word for mile, and the race course within the enclosure is 582 ft. long.

The sight of the Stadium on April 15th, when the victors in the recent Olympian games were crowned, was alone worth the trip to Greece. Every one of the seats was taken that morning, and many youthful citizens were hanging over the rear wall. Three large bands were stationed at different parts of the arena, the one from Cephalonia being at the main entrance. When the royal carriages drew up before the gates, the multitudes rose to their feet and cheered heartily. The royal family consisting of the King, the Princesses Sophie and Marie, the Princes Constantine, George and two younger brothers, walked the entire length of the interior, followed by the royal guests and the members of the court. The King has a fine face and martial bearing. His generosity and uniform courtesy have won him many new admirers among the foreigners now in Athens. Princess Sophie, wife of the Crown Prince Constantine, represented the Queen at the ceremonies of the day, as the latter was kept away by a slight illness. She was gowned in a dark material and wore a small dress bonnet and a short velvet cape; she carried a bouquet tied with the Greek colors.

When the King received the victors, the scene was inspiring.

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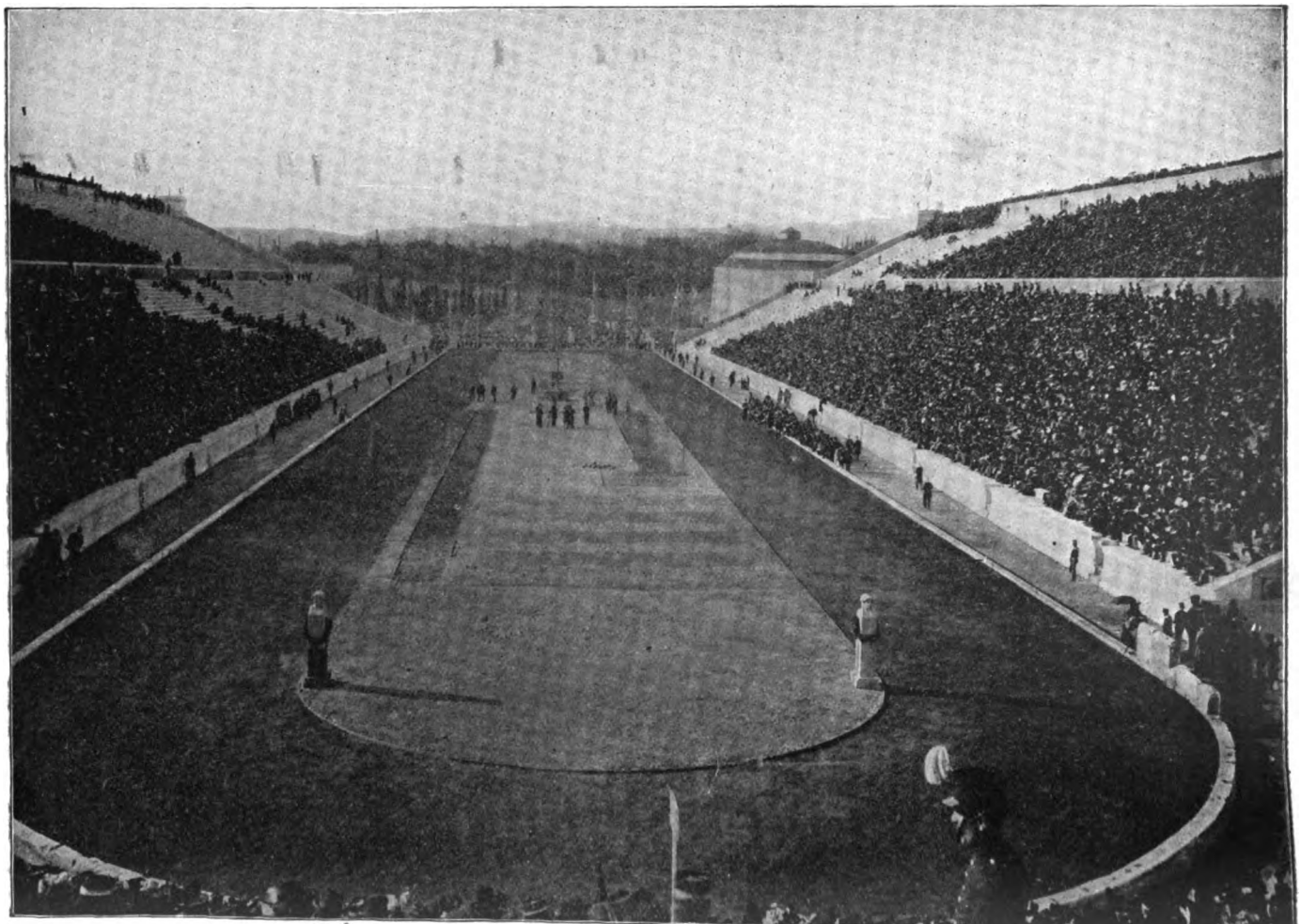

STADIUM AT THE CROWNING OF THE VICTORS

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As the name of each was announced by the herald, the flag of his country was run up to the top of the flagstaff near the entrance of the stadium, and greeted by a round of applause from the winner's friends and compatriots. I can assure you that, at the eleventh appearance of our glorious stars and stripes, the enthusiasm was most gratifying, Greeks vying with Americans in loud demonstrations of delight. Each man walked up the steps of the throne, and after shaking hands with the King, who spoke a word of congratulation, received a diploma, a medal and a branch of the sacred olive tree from Olympia. We were overjoyed to see every one of the Americans back down the steps easily and gracefully, and much amused at the awkwardness of some of the foreigners, who, born and brought up in kingdoms, should have been familiar with court etiquette. The medals were of silver, with the Acropolis engraved upon one side, and, on the other, the head of Olympian Zeus. After the presentation was over, the King made a speech, and the Crown Prince, whom the King publicly embraced, followed with another. The success of the games was due mainly to the energy, good judgment and clever management of the Prince. Then came the procession of the victors. They marched about the stadium, headed by the Greek who won the Marathon race. How we cheered our boys who followed him! How glad we were that it was a Greek who won the race commemorating that great achievement which once saved Athens from destruction! I will repeat the story as it was related to me.

There were 100,000 Persians and only 10,000 Greeks on the plain of Marathon, at the great battle of August 12th, 490 B. C. The Greeks, in order to make their line as long as that of the Persians, were obliged to weaken the center, but the sides were strengthened. They stood so close together that their shields formed a solid wall. When a favorable moment arrived, Miltiades, commander of the Greeks, ordered them to charge the barbarians, at a run. The Persians gained at first, as some of them forced their way through the center of their opponents, and drove them back to the mountains, but the wings, where were stationed the Athenians and their allies, closed about the remainder and utterly vanquished them. Above the Athenians slain that day, a

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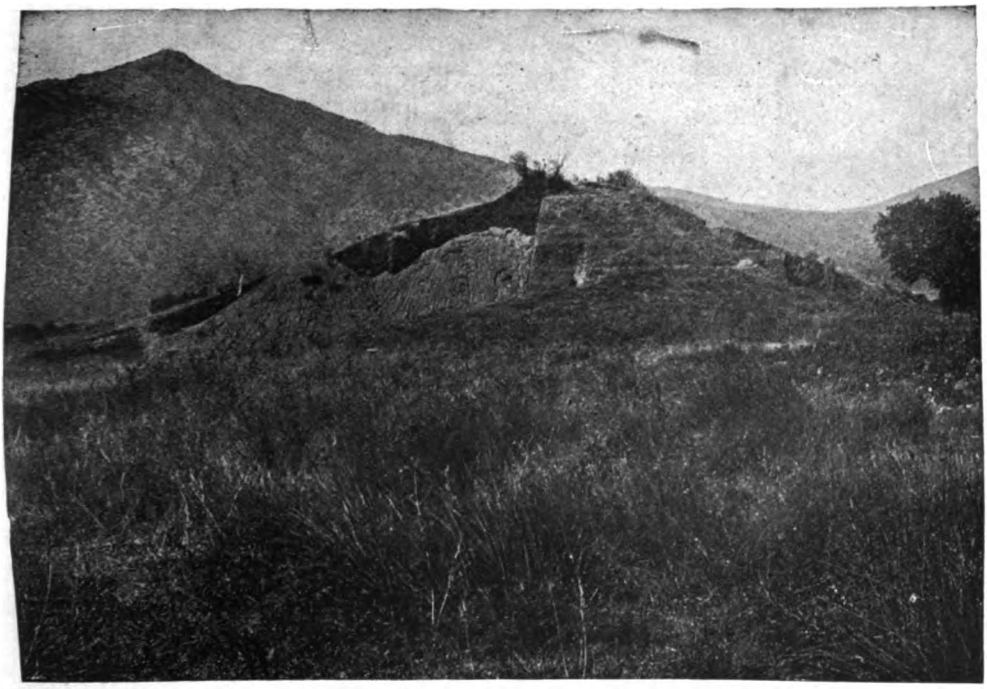
mound of earth was raised which still exists, a monument to their memory.

Miltiades had told the Athenians left to guard the city that, if they did not hear from him by a certain hour of a certain day, they might conclude that he had been defeated and must at once take to their ships, after setting fire to the temples and dwellings,



MOUND AT MARATHON

to prevent the enemy from coming into possession of them. When he found that he had won the battle, he was aghast to discover that little more than two hours remained in which to send a message to save the city, twenty-six miles away. He at once appealed to his men for a volunteer messenger. One stalwart Athenian, though fatigued by the battle, responded, knowing well that the attempt meant almost certain death. His offer was accepted and he reached Athens just in time, barely able to utter the word, "Níke!"* before he fell dead from exhaustion. Fastened to his garments was a

* Victory.

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sprig of olive, which would have conveyed the message, had he been unable to speak. The battle of Marathon is considered one of the thirteen decisive battles of the world, and probably saved Europe from being overrun by Asiatics.

The Greek who won the Marathon race last week was a young peasant from the mountains, named Spiro Louës; untrained, and unknown among athletes. He accomplished the run in less time than his famous predecessor, but the latter was already spent with the battle, while Louës was perfectly fresh. He might now be a rich man, had he accepted the costly gifts offered him as a reward for his feat, but he refused them all, saying that he strove for the honor of his country, and not for money. Such is the inherent nobility of the Greek. Some humorous incidents occurred at the finish of the race. It is said that a French lady tore off a costly watch and chain, and offered them to Louës; that a barber wished to shave him, free of charge, for the rest of his life, and that the keeper of a restaurant presented him with several hundred meal tickets.

The Greeks seem restless under a monarchical system of government, and look forward with hope to a republic. All classes take a keen interest in politics, which they discuss in every public place, with the greatest animation.

It is maintained that, owing to the lack of interest in agriculture and manufactures, Greece would starve were it not for her tremendous commerce with other nations. Among her chief exports are figs and oranges of a fine quality and the superior oil of Attica.

The names of the streets and public buildings, and the signs, are perplexing to the average tourist, because of the peculiar Greek letters. The cabmen are unable to speak any language save their own; the calendar is twelve days behind ours, and, altogether, we feel at every turn as if we ought to study the Greek alphabet, at least, in order to see things intelligently.

The Greek Church exerts great influence. Its supreme authority in Greece is the Synod,* meeting at Athens. There are

* A council of priests to consult on church matters.

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said to be more places of worship in this country, in proportion to its size, than in any other. The site of a church, chapel or shrine is always sacred; the name of the saint, to whom it was dedicated, clings to the spot, even after the shrine has fallen into ruin, and, on the saint's day, a priest generally conducts a service there, while a lamp or small wooden cross reminds the wayfarer that it was once a house of God. The ordinary priests are allowed to marry once, but marriage is forbidden to the bishops. If they are married at the time of their elevation to the bishopric, they are obliged to put their wives away. Immorality among the Greeks is rare, and as divorces are only granted on Bible grounds, they are comparatively few.

GREEK PRIEST

We have noticed that many of the men carry strings of wooden beads, which they move back and forth while talking or thinking. Upon inquiry, we find that they are not rosaries, but supply an occupation for the hands. We remember the people who twiddle their watch chains and twirl their thumbs. The introduction of Greek beads into America would supply a long-felt want.

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The third day after our arrival, Dr. C. called for us, and we went with him to the shops where antiques are sold. Before we returned to the hotel, he asked us if we would not like to taste *masticha*, a favorite beverage of the Greeks. On our assenting, we were conducted to a large café, and soon, two goblets half full of water were placed before us, and two small glasses containing something which appeared to me like white varnish and which smelled about as fragrant. This we were bidden to empty into the water and drink. They say *masticha* is an appetizer, generally taken before luncheon or dinner; as for our enjoyment of it,—one sip was enough.

ANCIENT GREEK TOMBSTONE

Afterwards, we spent three profitable hours, in the National Museum, gazing at the rare collection of archaic objects found by Dr. Schliemann at the ancient citadels of Mycenæ and other cities, in 1876-7. The rooms containing this special collection are beautifully decorated, and the articles are in handsome cases. They are principally the contents of graves, including pottery, household utensils and articles of personal adornment, such as combs, gold pins shaped like the old-fashioned safety pin, scarabs,* intaglios,† buttons, wreaths of gold, breastplates, anklets and bracelets. There are exquisite gold cups,

* Seals in the shape of beetles.

† Seals in which figures are cut, forming depressions.

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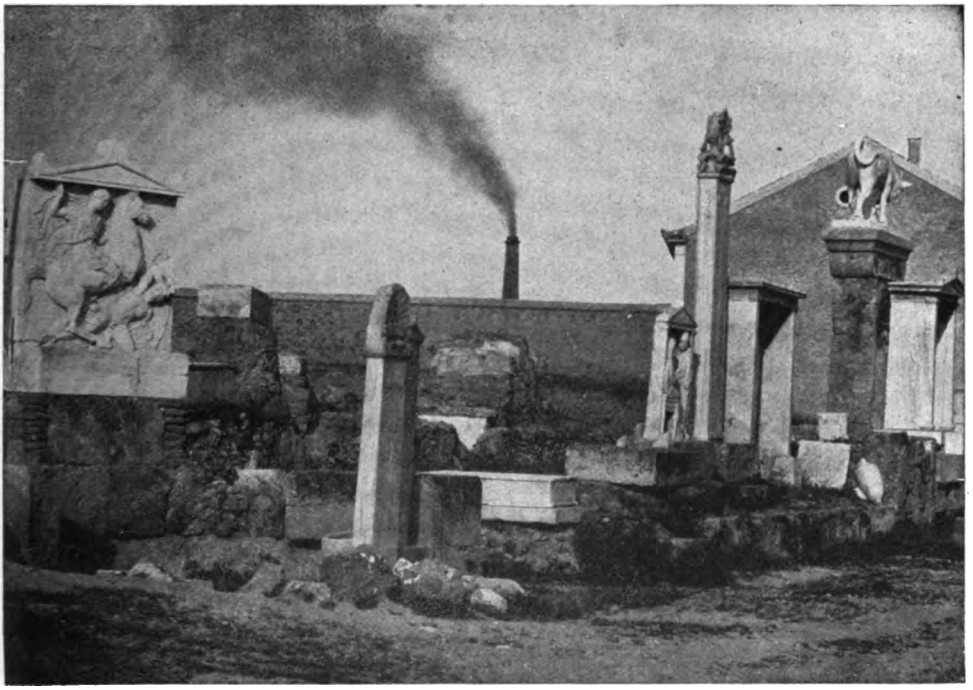
with heavy carvings, and one especially beautiful vase of marble with three ornate handles, like a loving-cup. Curious steles or memorial slabs, brought from the highway on either side of which the ancient Greeks buried their dead, occupy several rooms. The favorite designs carved upon them are parting scenes, where the



STREET OF THE TOMBS

deceased is portrayed bidding farewell to his family; there are also tomb reliefs, where the departed is shown reclining on a couch at a banquet, attended by slaves.

The treasures of the Museum whetted our curiosity to explore this street of tombs, so we went at once to the spot. There are many interesting monuments still standing (one dating from the 3rd century B. C.) amid hillocks of stony ground and a tangle of weeds outside the Dipylon, the gate of the old city.

Before dinner, we passed a pleasant hour in the studio of a prominent sculptor, where my companion selected a marble copy of the famous statue of Hermes by Praxiteles, the original of which is in Olympia.

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One evening, we went to the Grand Theater where Sophocles' tragedy of Antigone was finely presented by a company made up of members of the faculties of the University and the Conservatory of Music. This was their third performance since the opening of the games. There has been no previous attempt to present the classic drama at Athens since it was given in ancient times on the stage of the Theater of Dionysus, at the foot of the Acropolis. No time, labor or money was spared to make this play a success. The ancient customs, dress and manners were faithfully reproduced. People from many countries occupied the boxes and chairs, following the action of the play with marked attention. The works of Sophocles have always been models for students of dramatic art. As a poet, Sophocles is universally admitted to have brought the drama to its highest perfection.

We enjoy wandering around alone in the ancient quarters of the city. On Æolus Street one can see tailors, tinkers and shoemakers out in front of their shops, as busy as bees. In the same section is the quaint old church constructed out of the fragments of ancient buildings, by the Empress Irene, in 775 A. D. Beside the church, there is a slab of gray marble about seven feet long, bearing a Greek inscription:—"This is the stone from Cana of Galilee, where Jesus Christ our Lord turned the water into wine." This slab was discovered among the ruins at Elatea, and is thought to have actually been brought from Cana. It was used as the altar at the marriage of the present Crown Prince with the Princess Sophie of Prussia, in 1889.

About five o'clock on Thursday, we loaded a carriage with our bags and started for No. — Scufa Street, where our Greek guide had secured a parlor and bedroom for us in a private house. We had hoped to have the comforts enjoyed at Granada, but after a two days' trial, we were obliged to change again. The walk up to the house, which was situated on a hill, was too fatiguing after we had been tramping about all day. The rooms were so stuffed with furniture, vases, paper flowers, and even the actual toilet articles and clothes of the family, that the air was unwholesome. Still, we might have been able to endure all that, if it had not been for a shrine in our bedroom, consisting of a large glass case filled with

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icons,* beads and bottles of holy water. Before it hung a shallow vessel filled with olive oil containing a lighted taper. It would have been sacrilege to extinguish it, so we tried to sleep with its glare in our eyes, our heads, in the meantime, resting on pillows that were stuffed with rags instead of feathers. The landlady was very kind and attentive, but we were obliged to put consideration for her in the background and make our escape as gracefully as possible. We are now settled at the Hôtel d'Athènes, and have persuaded the proprietor that ten francs a day will compensate him for satisfying our robust appetites.

OLGA, QUEEN OF GREECE

The monuments on the Acropolis were illuminated, several evenings, but it jarred upon my feelings to see the Parthenon lighted up like a pavilion with red and green fires, and I wanted to fly across the intervening space and put them out. It seems to me that this edifice should be kept sacred; that no modern invention should ever come near it.

* Painted images, generally of the Madonna and child.

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One enters the simple, but dignified Royal Palace through an Ionic colonnade. Facing the door is a grand staircase, used only by the family. To the left, beyond an arch, is a flight of marble steps covered by a scarlet velvet carpet with a black Grecian key border. This leads to the state apartments on the second floor. The first of the suite, the Room of Battles, is hung with flags used or captured in war. Among them are the ancient Persian trophies. From the gilded throne-room we saw an ante chamber encircled by a frieze of medallion portraits of noted Greek ministers. The ballroom was filled with small tables, on which were the remains of a state luncheon given the day before by the King to the victors and committees of the games.

The Princess Marie, daughter of the King, is betrothed to the Russian Grand Duke George, in deference to the wishes of her mother (according to gossip in Athens), who is a Russian and in every way endeavors to promote friendship between the two nations. We are told that this engagement is a great disappointment to the people, who would prefer the King of Servia, a suitor whom the girl had favored and who rules a nation which is on the best of terms with Greece. As we were returning from the palace, a number of the royal carriages, with footmen and coachmen in Greek dress, passed us. It looked very strange to see a man in ballet skirts holding the reins over a pair of spirited horses, while the occupants of the carriage wore Parisian costumes.

The wife of the American consul has invited us to tea on Thursday next, but as we must leave Athens before that time, we are forced to forego the pleasure.

It has been cold for the last two days, and we have been uncomfortable. There is no way of heating our room except by a brazier, a cylindrical iron affair like a bowl on legs, filled with live coals, upon which sizzles a lemon cut in two. We wonder whether it is there for ornament, or to absorb the gases which so fill the room, that we are obliged to leave the door open, thus admitting more cold air. The "chambermaids" are all men, and it has been rather trying to have strapping young fellows tidy our bedroom. But they are more obliging than half the maids, and actually hang our dresses up by the loops!

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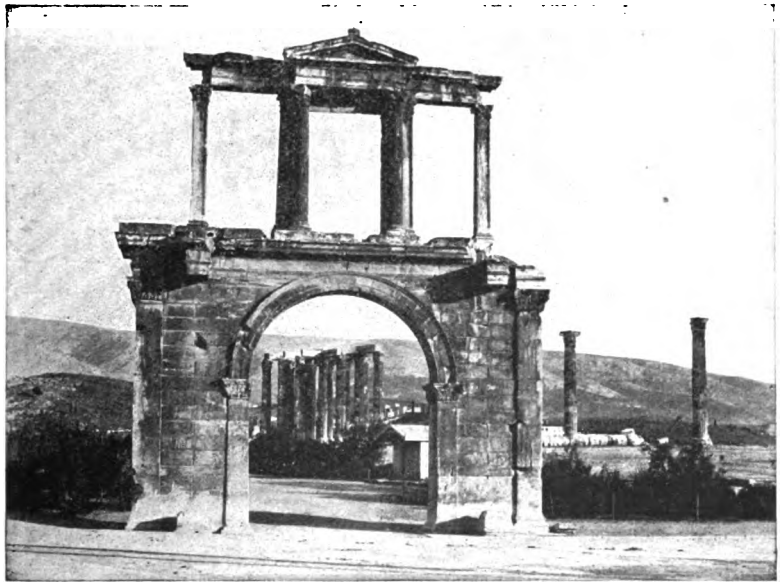
We are becoming so fond of the Hymettus honey, which has been eaten by the Greeks from time immemorial, that we intend to take a few jars away with us, for the benefit of home friends. It is gathered by the bees from the wild white thyme that grows on Mt. Hymettus, and has its peculiar, delicate flavor.

On Sunday we attended early mass at St. Irene's. On a little table beside the entrance there was a tray of coins; behind it, a priest holding a crucifix in one hand and a sprig of sacred olive in the other. As the faithful passed him, they dropped their coins



ARCH OF HADRIAN AND TEMPLE OF ZEUS

upon the tray, while he held the crucifix to their lips and touched the olive branch to their brows. We also made an offering, and entered. Just inside the door candles of all sizes were sold; some were two feet long. Each worshiper bought a candle of whatever size he wished, and, passing through the vestibule into the body of the church, stepped up to a silver candelabrum before an icon, lighted his candle and placed it in one of the cups, which were of various sizes.

The apse in all Greek churches is shut off from the body of the church by a partition called the *templon.* In this are three narrow doors. The high priest and king, only, are permitted to enter

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the central door, which, when open, discloses the Holy Table on which are placed the gospels, paintings of saints and service book. Assistant priests use the two side doors. During the service, the liturgy was chanted by an assistant and a fine boy choir. There were no artificial flowers, no little lambrequins of cheap lace, no harrowing crucifixions or entombments. All things breathed reverence, peace and quiet dignity.

Although we were pleased with St. Irene's, we were charmed with the Russian church, near the palace, where the Queen attends service, and whither we went about half past ten. The interior is sumptuously decorated and furnished in the Greek colors, blue and white. It is so small, that one can almost shake hands, as soon as he enters, with the assistant priest chanting the service before the *templon.* There are no seats except within two side alcoves, where the royal family were worshiping. The high priest, looking like a patriarch, with flowing hair and beard of snowy white, was arrayed in a full robe of heavy blue and white silk bordered and decorated in silver. Upon his head was a turban or tall hat, set with miniatures of saints surrounded by brilliants, and the spaces between were embroidered in gold and pearls. The whole structure was stiff, and seemed very heavy, as at different points in the service, it was removed and replaced.

The ancient city of Athens was divided by Hadrian from the new quarters by an arch, a part of which is still standing. An inscription upon one side, translated, reads, "This is Athens, the old city of Theseus;" that upon the other, "This is the city of Hadrian, and not of Theseus." The arch formed the entrance, also, to the quarter where there was a great temple dedicated to Zeus, "father of gods and king of men." Sixteen of the huge Corinthian columns yet remain to emphasize the general destruction. Legend relates that from this spot the last waters of the Deluge disappeared.

The Theseum, Temple of Theseus, a mythical king of Athens, is the best preserved edifice in all Greece. After having braved the storms of two thousand years, it shows only a few signs of decay; the drums of some of the columns have been shifted a trifle by earthquake shocks. This temple is supposed to have been erected to commemorate the battle of Marathon.

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Since the first two days of our visit to Athens, we have not employed a guide, but with the assistance of our Greek friend, Dr. C., and relying upon Bædeker, we have managed to see a great deal of the city. There is an exhibition of Greek industries, in the

THE THESEUM

beautiful structure called the "Zappeion," which includes some pretty tissues and fancy silk weaves, embroideries, carvings in marble and wood and quantities of perfumes and soaps.

Yesterday morning we took a carriage and drove to Colonus where Sophocles lived. From there, we looked down upon the plot of ground dedicated to Athena, and named after Academus, the first owner. The word "academy" is taken from the name of this classic spot. It was under the shade of the olive trees in this garden, that Plato spent many years with his pupils.

Our horses' heads were then turned toward Eleusis, and we travelled along the Sacred Way as far as the Convent of Daphne, about half way to the Temple of the Mysteries dedicated to Demeter.

The Sacred Way is the road over which the Eleusinian torch-

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light procession passed from Athens to the temple during the great festival celebrating the legend of Demeter, who, while in search of her daughter, Persephone, abducted by Hades, was hospitably received by the King of Eleusis, and in return taught his people how to till the soil. This fine road is bordered by a hedge of century plants and shaded by poplars; wild flowers, especially poppies, carpet the spaces between. About a mile beyond the modern Botanical Gardens, is a grove of hoary olive trees, their twisted trunks and boughs looking like masses of boa constrictors. One special tree, whose age and size seem fully to justify the name, is called "Plato's olive tree," and many believe that he sat and taught beneath it. All the bark is gone, and only a few weather-beaten branches show signs of life. Traces of aqueducts and of the tombstones which once lined the road are still visible.

We met some interesting country folk coming into town, and itinerant cobblers, with sticks across their shoulders loaded with low shoes, the toe turned up and finished with a pompon. Donkeys were plodding along under great four-pocketed panniers filled with lemons and oranges.

The convent, which we reached after a two-hours' drive, dates from 1263 and contains a fine Byzantine mosaic of Christ. The Sacristan was very attentive, and before we departed, broke a couple of stalks from a little pot of flowers on the wall and presented to us the only bit of brightness within the cloister.

I can assure you that we did justice to the delicious fried fish, artichokes and spinach awaiting us on our return to the hotel at one o'clock. The spinach is beaten almost to a powder and mixed with cream, a combination which is very light and palatable.

After a short siesta, we walked to the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, so called from the myth that Ares was tried here for murder. It was the open-air court of the ancient Athenians, where aged citizens of high standing exercised supreme jurisdiction in cases of life and death. It is said that the tribunals were held at night, so that no glance of the eye or motion of the hand might influence the judges for or against the accused. From this hill, St. Paul probably delivered his sermon, found in the seventeenth chapter of Acts.

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After gathering some wild flowers, we descended to the site of the old city, at the foot of Mars Hill, where remains of cisterns, conduits, mosaic floors and traces of streets and marble thresholds are to be found. Near Mars Hill is the Hill of the Nymphs. At

PRISON OF SOCRATES

the southeast corner is a spot made smooth by women, who in past times believed that sliding down its steep incline would cure sterility.

On the Hill of the Pnyx is the ruin of one of the earliest structures of Athens, an immense platform 395 ft. long by 212 ft. wide. Here the people held their political assemblies. The Bema or orators' stage was located at the base of a rock, where sockets cut for supports are still to be seen. The votive tablets, formerly occupying niches in the supporting wall, are now in the British Museum. Three doorways cut in the side of the neighboring hill lead to the so-called prison of Socrates, who is said to have been confined in this rocky cavern for thirty days, before drinking the cup of hemlock by which he was condemned to die.

The people still keep up certain curious old customs, notably that of carrying their dead through the streets with the face exposed to the rays of the sun.

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To-day we have bidden farewell to the Acropolis, and have made our last purchases, for, to-morrow, we return to Patras, whence we shall go to Olympia, my heart's desire, in the Peloponnesus. The more we see of the Greeks, the better we like them, for they are intellectual, dignified and kind-hearted.

"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon."

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CHAPTER XIV

FROM OLYMPIA TO ROME

HEN we left the train at Patras, the sun was slowly sinking behind the mountains of Epirus across the gulf, bathing them in such liquid colors that the peaks seemed to lose all connection with earth and float like clouds in mid-air. Below this range lies Missolonghi, where Lord Byron lived for some time while zealously assisting the Greeks in their struggle with the Turks. He was appointed commander of an expedition against Lepanto, and was making ready, when he was attacked by a fever, induced, no doubt, by privation and overwork, and died April 19th, 1824. His body was sent back to England, but his heart is buried at Missolonghi, where a monument was erected to him, in 1881. Byron's memory is greatly revered by the Greeks, and squares and streets are named after him, in the principal cities.

Although the different parties on the train from Patras to Olympia seemed to be provided with guides, we went alone. Our journey took us along the coast as far as Achaia, when we struck southward. As we whirled past the farms of this fertile district, we could see the peasants in their queer costumes, digging about the roots of the vines to keep the soil soft and yielding. The wheat seemed no further advanced than it would be in Illinois at this time of the year, and winter clothing was still comfortable. When we began the descent to the plains of the Alpheus river, an Arcadian valley lay before us. Surely the ancients thought to please the gods when they selected this spot for their sacred precinct. Encircled by a low range of hills and at the junction of two crystal streams, a glorious abode was prepared for their pagan

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deities. But Mother Earth became angry with Olympia, and, refusing longer to bear her marvels of architecture, trembled, and their columns were laid low. Mt. Cronius shook from its mighty side clay and rocks that buried the splendid treasure-houses. In after years the rivers, Alpheus and Cladeus, as if pitying the stricken one, rose and spread a soft mantle of sand over the broken forms of the temples and later Christian churches.

As early as the first part of this century, prominent archæologists discussed and even attempted to uncover Olympia, but nothing of any importance was accomplished until 1874. In that year, a party of Germans headed by Ernst Curtius secured the right to excavate. In six winters they succeeded in freeing nearly the entire district from the sand and clay, which in some places was twenty feet deep. The most important find was the Hermes of Praxiteles, but other valuable discoveries were made; for Olympia is second only to Pompeii in interest, from an archæological point of view.

Our hotel overlooked the ruins, and after dining, we took guide-book and map and for five hours tramped, climbed and crawled over stones and brush, crushing delicate wild flowers under our relic-hunting feet. What a pathetic sight the broken columns, dismembered capitals and moss-grown pavements, but how full of majesty each separate stone!

The temple erected in honor of Zeus, king of the gods, was the most important edifice at Olympia; built in the Doric style and 210¼ ft. long. The columns, now lying in sections, just as the earthquake threw them from their bases, were thirty-four and a fifth feet high and seven and a third feet in diameter. They were quarried in the neighborhood out of porous stone, a mass of shell, clay and charcoal that is very brittle, now, from long exposure to the air. The nave of the cella was paved with black limestone and Pentelic marble and contained a gold and ivory statue of Zeus, forty feet high, by Phidias, and said to have been his best work. This statue was taken to Constantinople by the Turks, but fragments of its pedestal are still scattered about. Close by, is the triangular base of the statue of "Níke," by Pæonius, a Thracian sculptor who lived about 435 B. C.

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OLYMPIA

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The Heræum, erected to Hera, is next in importance, and the oldest known temple in Greece. The base that probably upheld the statues of the goddess and her consort Zeus still remains in the cella; also that of the famous Hermes.

While exploring the ruins, we met an aristocratic-looking lady, accompanied by a stately young woman, who, like ourselves, was hunting for the lead pipe used to carry off rain water from a mansion built and used by Nero. At last, we found it in almost perfect condition.

When Œnomaus, king of Pisa,* desired to marry off his daughter Hippodamia, he amused himself by challenging her suitors to a chariot race, putting to death all those whom he succeeded in vanquishing. Pelops, an athletic young warrior, laid him low, and thus secured the hand of the charming "Hippy," so, ever since, Pelops has been the prototype of the victor, and was held in great reverence at Olympia. Very little remains of the inclosure sacred to him. The cella of the Bouleuterion† once contained the statue of Zeus, the protector of oaths, with a thunderbolt in each hand. Here, those who were about to compete in the Olympian games took an oath that they had finished the ten months' training prescribed for all who wished to enter the contests, and that they would also obey all the rules and regulations. Although the origin of these games goes back to prehistoric times, no regular chronicle was kept until 776 B. C. At the beginning of the sacred month when the games were to take place, heralds were sent all over Greece to proclaim universal peace during the period of the festival, which lasted for five days. During this time, the priests made solemn sacrifices to the gods. These were accompanied by athletic contests of all descriptions. The prizes awarded were simply branches from the sacred olive tree. It was inspiring to stand upon the historic ground where fully 1500 years ago the last Olympian festival was held, and gratifying to know that we have witnessed the revival of the ancient games at Athens.

Only a small portion of the Stadium at Olympia has been excavated. The seats were cut in the hillsides and the course was

* City in the Peloponnesus.

† Courthouse.

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a straight one, so that the runners did not return to the starting point, as at Athens; it was exactly one Olympic mile in length. The main gymnasium was more than a stadium long. Here the athletes were obliged to practice under the direction of trainers for a month previous to the contests, while those who so desired were permitted to practice there the entire ten months. The court used by the wrestlers is paved with a material corrugated like fire brick.

But I shall weary you if I give further details, so we will leave the temples and go across the bridge to the Museum where the precious marbles are now carefully housed. The broken pieces of the sculptured pediments of the temple of Zeus are fastened to the wall of a large room in their exact relative position and small models, showing the pediments restored, are near by. One represents centaurs at a marriage festival, attempting to abduct the maidens. Fourteen thousand small bronzes, as well as larger marbles, have been found in the ruins. We also noticed a bronze discus or quoit, thick in the center and thin at the edge. According to the inscription, it was used in the 225th Olympiad.* In a room especially designed for it stands the Hermes of Praxiteles, to me, the most beautiful statue in the world. The smile of the mobile mouth is as gentle, the curling locks as crisp, as when the master sculptor gave the finishing touch to his labors. The gathered mold of a thousand years has stained the perfect oval of the cheek and throat, but we forget that, when under the spell of such beauty. Several years ago, I heard Professor Thomas Davidson, of New York, lecture on the discovery of this figure in 1878. He said that, as the statue was unearthed and lay at full length on the ground, he knelt down to study the features, in order to determine whether or not it was the Hermes so eagerly sought. Gazing intently upon it, he suddenly felt the warm blood rush to his face, and experienced a feeling of mortification. Rising, he questioned himself as to the cause of the emotion. It seemed that the spirit of the sculptor had so inspired the speechless marble as to make him feel that he had been impertinently staring into the face of the living.

Hermes, the favorite son and winged messenger of Zeus, was

* A period of four years.

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the god of reproduction, the gentle shepherd who protected the newly born lamb, and the conductor of departing souls. He is represented standing; one arm supports his infant brother Dionysus, while the other is raised aloft; the hand probably held a bunch of grapes temptingly before the eyes of the babe. A deep line furrows the brow of the Hermes, making it double, and passes about the head, signifying that he was a direct descendant of Zeus. As is usual in ancient statues of divinities, the absence of the organs of digestion is noticeable in the anatomy of the form. One foot is restored; the other still shows traces of color in the exquisite carving of the sandal, a thread of scarlet, a touch, here and there, of gold. The visitors to the hall of Hermes walk about on tiptoe and dream over the marvellous sweetness of the face. To see it is to love it, and, although modelled by a pagan hand, the divine essence of a soul truly great has penetrated the stone and will breathe forth, forever.

When we came out from the museum, we saw a party of fifty archæologists, returning from a visit to Tripolitza, the only town of any size in Arcadia.* They were mounted on mules, and were the most bedraggled, worn-out-looking mortals imaginable. They stopped at another hotel, the only one besides ours; it is considered inferior by tourists. We wondered how they fared, for the best was bad enough.

When we looked out of the window that evening, at twilight, the prettiest pastoral scene greeted our eyes. On one of the hillsides was a circular hedge, and a couple of shepherds, aided by the liveliest little dog you ever saw, were gathering the sheep into the rustic fold. The flock huddled together in the center of the inclosure, and soon lay down to sleep, the mites of lambs cuddling up to their woolly mammas. The little dog scurried about the outside of the hedge, poking his nose under each projecting bush, as if the responsibility for stray lambs rested entirely upon his diminutive shoulders. At last, all became quiet, and his dogship rested on his haunches, with panting sides and lolling tongue, while the shepherds leaned on their crooks in front of a simple hut and gazed pensively off across the valley.

* An inland province of the Peloponnesus.

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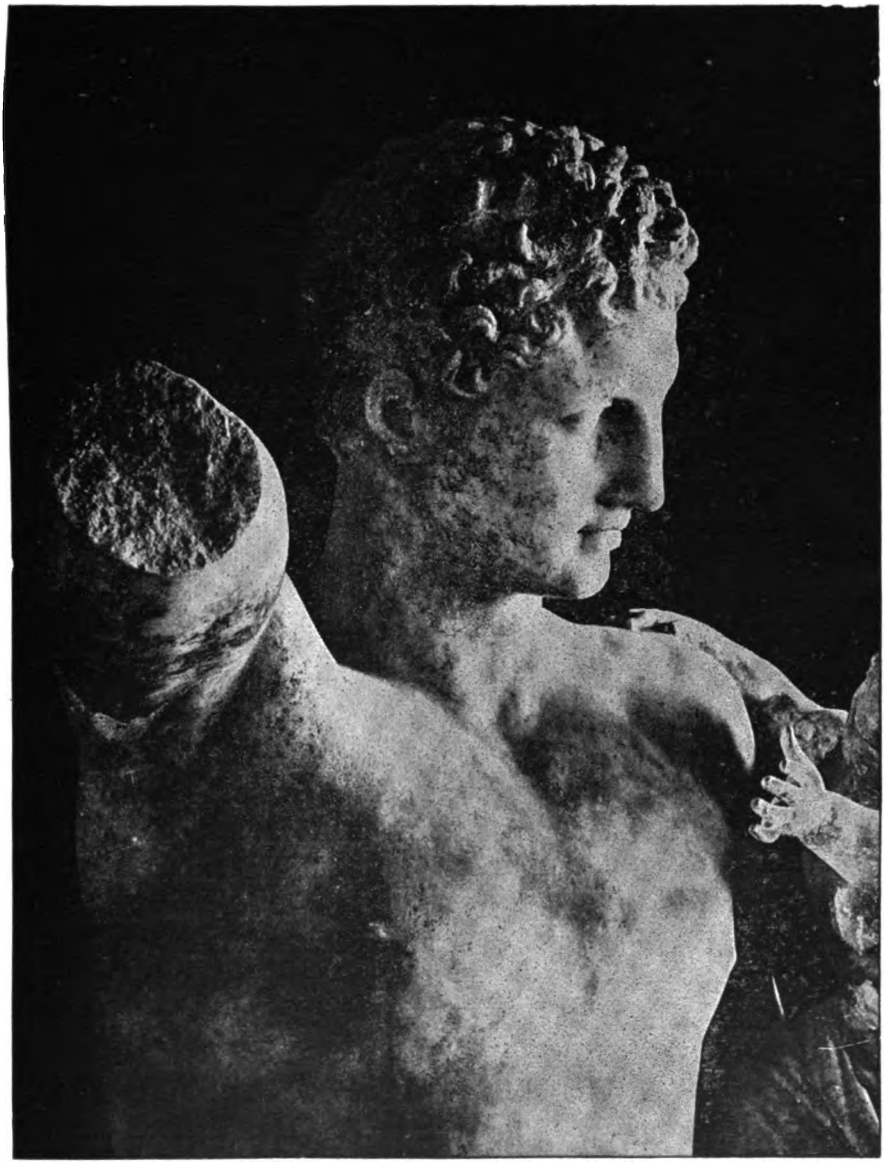

THE HERMES, BY PRAXITELES

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On our second trip to the ruins, the next morning, we saw women washing linen by the river Cladaus, so we went out of our way to call upon them. They seemed delighted, and offered us some wine out of a bottle that was not very inviting. They beat their linen with a broad paddle, on a flat stone. The garment is first soaped, and then hot water is poured over it from a tin dish. A gypsy kettle, swung above some fagots, supplied the water. About eleven o'clock, we climbed a short distance up Cronius Hill and sat down under a tree. Below, on our right, were the ruins of the treasure-houses; on our left, the country road leading to Pyrgos. Settling ourselves in a comfortable position, we took out our notebooks and prepared to write, but the people toiling up the hill were so interesting that we gave up our work and passed an hour, all too short, in making several acquaintances. A little girl presented my companion with a lovely nosegay, and when she returned the compliment with some pieces of *loukoúmi*, the child did not know what to do with them. Mrs. M. ate a piece, as an illustration, and then put one to the girl's mouth, which at last opened to receive it. A look of supreme satisfaction came into her large brown eyes as the sweet morsel touched her tongue; doubtless, she had never tasted candy before. Later, two young peasant women stopped and spoke to us, and how we wished we could understand them. The younger had a bright-colored woolen bag over her shoulder. Immediately, I coveted that bag, for I knew it was homespun and dyed, and I had long been wanting a specimen of Greek weaving. So I opened my purse and took out one coin after another, gently pulling on the bag all the time; at last she understood me, and when a number of drachmés lay on her palm, she emptied the contents of the bag,—raw potatoes, large green beans, a bottle of water and an old rusty knife—into her uplifted dress skirt, and gave it to me. Her companion offered me one of the beans, which the peasants consider a dainty and eat as we do celery. The whole transaction seemed a joke to the two women and we could hear their merry laughter after they had passed out of sight. Of course, the girl made a sharp bargain, but three times the amount paid would not buy a Greek bag in America, and so I am content. Just then a queer procession appeared, evidently a

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family, moving. The father led the way, driving a number of cattle and sheep, and a drove of pigs with sharp noses like the wild boars in picture-books; he was assisted by a couple of boys with crooks. The grandmother and youngest child came next seated on a pile of bedding, on the back of a superannuated horse; the old woman was leading a mule loaded with household goods, on top of which were four chickens tied down by the legs, squawking and cackling. The grandfather, with the wife and the other children, plodded along behind.

After eating a luncheon of hard-boiled eggs, Hymettus honey and dry bread, we started for the little station. While trudging beside the Cladaus, a peasant, who was standing with his wife in the door of a cottage on a hill, spied us, and immediately came down, inviting us to visit his house and have some *masticha*. We were sorry to decline, as even our cordial "evcharistó"* did not drive away the cloud of disappointment from his brow. The country people are very hospitable, and it is almost an affront to refuse their invitations, but we were pressed for time and had not the courage to try *masticha* again. There was an eccentric-looking German in our car, going back to Patras; he wore huge gold rings on both forefingers and looked so wise that we put him down as an archæologist at once.

Imagine our delight, when, upon boarding the steamer for Brindisi, we found the Professor and his party on board. It was quite a reunion, and Doctor C., who had come to see us off, seemed quite despondent when the steamer moved away from the dock and left him behind. We were equally sorry to say farewell, for he had proved a kind friend in assisting us to understand his country. The lady and her daughter, with whom we had talked among the ruins at Olympia, were among the passengers; the mother is an Austrian baroness.

Again, we experienced the sensations of nausea, until the sight of water, even in a tumbler, made us ill. We supposed our tortures were over when the steward aroused us, at one o'clock on the second morning, announcing that the ship was nearing port; but,

* Thank you.

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not so. We were quarantined for two hours, while an Italian doctor marshalled us upon deck and down again, counting us twice; then, finding that the number of shivering, sulky individuals did not correspond with the ship's register, he ordered us all on deck again, while the ship was searched. The poor baroness was the missing one. She had been very ill and, as she was going on to Trieste, thought it unnecessary to rise. Nevertheless, she was forced to dress and appear on deck, that the authorities might be assured that she did not have any contagious disease. I can see her now, with her face flushed, hat awry, and clothing simply thrown on, presenting a comical contrast to her former dignified self.

ITALIAN CHILDREN

Tarentum, or, as the Italians call it, Taranto, our first stopping-place after leaving Brindisi, was once the most important city of Magna Græcia.* It was founded on the borders of the Gulf of Tarentum, by a colony of Spartans, in 707 B. C., and noted for agriculture, sheep farming and the manufacture of a purple dye extracted from mussel shells; this dye furnished the color used for the mantles of royalty. In the 4th century, art in coinage had reached a high plane, and it is said that the gold coins of Tarentum were the finest ever struck by the Greeks. The fishermen, there, speak a dialect so mixed with the mother tongue as to be hardly intelligible to the Italians among whom they dwell. The

* Great Greece.

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town is built on a rock dividing an inlet into the "Large Sea" and the "Small Sea." A great variety of fish, and fine oysters are caught in the Small Sea; stakes here and there mark off the oyster beds. Along the shores are fishermen's huts.

We engaged a carriage and drove through the town, past the extensive arsenal and naval buildings, to the Villa Beaumont-Bonelli. It was Sunday, market-day in Tarentum, and the peasants from the neighboring farms were in town, with herds of cattle, sheep and goats. There was a fine display of harness in a part of the piazza called the harness market; it seems to be a specialty of the place. The gardens of the Villa Beaumont-Bonelli are charming with cypress and rose walks, summer-houses and arbors; vines are trained from tree to tree, forming a perfect veil of green.

We had selected the Europa Hotel from the list in our guide-book, as the best in Tarentum, and instructed our driver to take us there, after leaving the villa. We have been travelling so many weeks among people who do not understand English, that we have acquired a careless habit of talking freely to each other, before any one. So, when our carriage stopped in front of what appeared to be a third-class hostelry, regardless of a portly gentleman who was standing in the doorway, I exclaimed to my companion:—"For goodness' sake, don't let us stop at this horrid-looking place! I am sure we shall not get a thing fit to eat, and I am simply famished!" To my dismay, before she could reply, the gentleman stepped to the carriage and with an amused smile on his face, said, in our mother tongue, that he was quite sure we could get "a very good dinner at the Europa;" he was a guest of the house himself and knew all about it. He was right. There was a neat table with a center-piece of raw vegetables cut in the shape of flowers, and our hunger was appeased with some delicious sweetbreads, macaroni and preserves; all for two lire. Before going to the station, we gathered some mussel shells on the beach; they are about eighteen inches long, and exquisitely tinted with pink and yellow.

As we approached Naples, the country became more and more picturesque. Hamlets are clustered on the terraced mountain sides, far up deep glens; not an inch of soil is unused, even when the slopes are nearly perpendicular. At towns along the road, soldiers,

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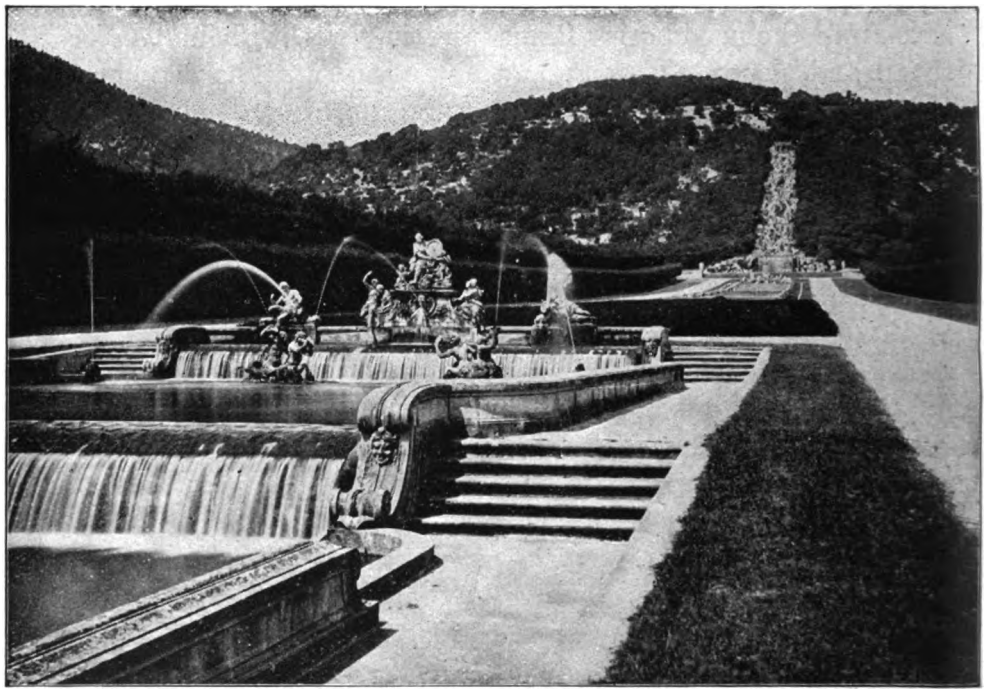
most of them mere boys, boarded the train. They were evidently peasants, newly drafted for the war in Africa, bidding good-bye to their wretchedly poor families. The women and children in clothing scarcely better than rags, stood on the platform, weeping and sobbing, clasping in their earth-stained hands those of the beloved husband or son whom their country called. It was pitiful! There



CASCADE IN GARDENS AT CASERTA

is always something inspiring in defending one's fatherland, but for these men, the prospect of the long journey, torrid climate and barbarous foes was gloomy indeed, as their pallid and drawn faces indicated.

We stayed over night in Naples and left the next morning for Caserta, where we arrived at nine o'clock. Caserta is noted especially for the royal palace, built by Charles III. This is probably the largest and most richly decorated palace in Italy; it forms a rectangle, and contains two hundred and fifty rooms, including a theater. A marble staircase of superb proportions, flanked by lions, leads to the second story. We could not even guess at the height

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of the ceilings in the state apartments; they were covered with splendid frescoes and hung with chandeliers of Venetian glass. Colossal gilded figures stand forth in relief from the panels of the side walls; tables of lapis lazuli and petrified wood, basins of alabaster and vases of porcelain rest upon mosaic floors. Passing through the king's dressing-room, we glanced in a mirror and saw reflected such tanned and sunburned faces that we retired, "immejit."

The gardens are so extensive that it takes several hours to give them even a cursory glance; the terrace below the cascade is fully two miles from the palace. Groups of statuary break the fall of the waters, and splendid fountains toss their spray into the air, which is fragrant with roses and lilies.

The road to Santa Maria di Capua Vetere would delight a bicycler's heart; it is perfect. Beyond the shade trees, on either side, lie farms, which look as though they had been laid out by a landscape gardener, so symmetrical are the rows of grain, the vineyards and the orchards. The customhouse officers at Capua did not quite like to permit us to enter the town without opening our baggage, which was piled up in the carriage. However, as I assured them that we would take the train to Rome, immediately after visiting the amphitheater, they reluctantly allowed us to proceed.

At one time, Capua was the largest city in Italy, except Rome. It was founded by the Etruscans, a race now extinct. The amphitheater, dating from the first century B. C., is of travertine,* and said to be second in size to the Colosseum, only. But two of the eighty entrance arches are standing. Beneath the arena measuring eighty-three by forty-nine yards is a network of underground passages, galleries for the use of gladiators and dens for wild beasts. Tunnels led from the latter to cages, which were hoisted by pulleys to the arena above. We made out the name, "Cæsar," in an inscription upon a broken block of marble lying on the ground.

A long wait at the station gave us ample time to re-read a packet of precious letters from the dear ones at home, and to make entries in our neglected notebooks.

* A white semi-crystalline limestone.

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CHAPTER XV

ROME

E are within the walls of the "Eternal City;" already her magic spell is upon us and she is mistress of our thoughts, as once she was mistress of the world. There is something fascinating about the very name, "Rome," suggesting, as it does, the triumphs of Cæsar, the cruelty of Nero and the ambition of Leo X. The architecture of the ancients is so grand and solemn that it seems to rebuke modern attempts to make the capital a commercial center; attempts which have meant bankruptcy to thousands of people.

As we entered the city, on the evening of April 28th, we were dreaming of the Alban mountains, the deserted Campagna and the ruins on the tufa hills beneath the twinkling lights of myriad stars. Suddenly, we were awakened with a start; the door was flung open and the usual rush of porters began. After a prolonged wrestle with the pompous customhouse officer, who always suspects one of carrying merchandise, and the cabman, who demands ten cents more than one will pay, we started for the Piazza di Spagna, in the center of the city. The small cab creaked under the combined weight of ourselves, four telescopes, shawl straps, lunch basket, bundle of canes, umbrellas and shepherd's crooks, and last, but not least, the marble Hermes which we have dubbed the "Baby."

Rome is as "clean as a whistle." The streets are paved with square stones laid in diamond pattern, with a border along the narrow sidewalks. These paving stones are very thick, and sharpened on one side to a point which is driven into the earth. On such pavements the cabs roll as smoothly as on asphalt.

Our hotel is rated as a second-class house, but what care we,

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ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND THE VATICAN

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if aristocratic travellers do not stop here, so long as our rooms are airy, the linen fresh and the rent, for each person, only two and a half lire per day? We have found several good restaurants near by, and, with our little home teas, we are delightfully cozy and

FOUNTAIN OF TREVI, ROME

comfortable. The first dinner cost us forty-seven cents each, and we had beefsteak, potatoes, peas and a pudding; everything well cooked and well served.

As surely as the burnished dome of St. Peter's first attracts the eye, just so surely does the tourist direct his steps toward this, the largest church in the world, as soon as he is settled in Rome. The vast piazza in front of St. Peter's is partly inclosed by semicircular colonnades, and the famous obelisk brought from Heliopolis is in the center. The façade is so constructed that it

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hides the proportions of the dome from one who is approaching. Nevertheless, the general effect is astonishingly good, when one considers how many architects with different ideas had a hand in the stupendous work. Michael Angelo partially restored the plan of Bramante, a Lombard architect, who had designed the church in the form of a Greek cross* to be surmounted by a gigantic dome. After the death of Michael Angelo in 1564, the nave was altered by Carlo Maderna, so that the church might assume the shape of a Latin cross.† He also added the unsuitable façade. St. Peter's was consecrated by Pope Urban VIII. on November 18th, 1626. The cost of the structure when finished amounted to 47,000,000 scudi.‡ Its area is 18,000 sq. yds. There are five great doors; the Porta Santa at the extreme right is used only at jubilees, which are supposed to be celebrated once in twenty-five years.

STATUE OF ST PETER

Within the brazen double doors at the end of the great nave, is a slab of porphyry whereon many of the emperors were crowned. A short distance from the high altar, is the seated bronze statue of St. Peter. Our attention was attracted to the lines of worshipers,

* A cross with arms equal in length.

† A cross with one arm longer than the others.

‡ Scudi, plural of scudo, equal to one dollar.

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who paused to kiss the right foot of the statue. One woman, with a sense of cleanliness, wiped it with her handkerchief before pressing her lips to its surface. The toes of this foot are worn away by the religious fervor of successive generations.

In the transepts and side aisles are the elaborate monuments of many popes and other notabilities, which, with few exceptions, are inartistic.

From the high altar the view of the interior is striking, commanding the tremendous height of the dome, which is 403 ft. from pavement to lantern, and the splendid sweep of the vaulted aisles. Notwithstanding its immensity, the dome, brilliant with the purple and gold of mosaics, is wonderfully light and graceful. Beneath it is the high altar, where the pope alone officiates. In front of this altar a double flight of marble steps leads to the crypt; the balustrade is surmounted by eighty-nine ever-burning lamps. The tomb said to contain a portion of the remains of St. Peter is in the crypt. Before the bronze doors kneels the marble figure of Pope Pius VI., who established the Vatican museum. We made an attempt to climb to the top of the dome, but, half way up, our strength gave out, and we were forced to be content with a view from the great gallery, whence the people below seemed like midgets.

In the afternoon, we dressed in such purple and fine linen as our limited wardrobes afforded, and drove to the Villino* Aurora, to call upon Hermon MacNeil, the sculptor, who, last year, won the "*Prix de Rome*"† of America. The Villino Aurora is part of the Ludovisi estate, which occupies the site of the magnificent gardens of Sallust, the historian. It is situated on a low hill, reached by a flight of steps cut in the rock and overgrown with mosses and flowers. On the ceiling of the entrance hall is a fresco by Guercino.‡ It looked to me like a very black and ugly Aurora disporting on some heavy clouds.

We were taken into a large, airy studio connected with a pretty suite of living rooms. A tall screen divides the room into

* A small villa.

† Prize covering the expenses of four years' study in Rome.

‡ Giovanni Barbieri, an Italian artist of the 16th century, surnamed Guercino, on account of a squint.

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two parts. In one, the artist models his red men, and in the other, his wife, who is also a sculptor, molds her lifelike portrait busts. Several finished statuettes were shown, as well as some in progress. A splendid specimen of an Indian snake-dancer running at full speed, his hair and the fringes of his moccasins flying in the wind, suggests as a title, "An American Mercury." Another, not less powerful in execution, is called "Primitive Music," and represents a warrior, half kneeling, half seated, making music with his lips through his crooked elbow, while two chubby Indian children are enjoying the weird melody. A clay model of a chafing dish, to be cast in bronze, the work of Mrs. MacNeil, is a delight to the eye. The rim, intended to support the kettle, or pan, is upheld by three supple female forms, their toes pressed together, their bodies bent backward apparently to avoid the fire beneath, and their heads turned to one side, as if the heat of the kettle were too great. It was so natural, so Pompeian in conception, that I gave a cry of satisfaction at the cleverness which combined such a classic design with utility. After gathering a bunch of roses from the garden, we returned to our little room to rest and think over our pleasant day and the happiness of meeting friends so far from home.

It requires a stretch of imagination to believe that the Vatican is the largest and most beautiful palace in the world, for, as one views it from the piazza of St. Peter's, its appearance is that of a succession of yellow barracks. Nevertheless, the magnificence of the interior amply compensates for the ugly exterior. Entering the colonnade on the right, we found ourselves before an entrance patrolled by Swiss guards in gorgeous costumes of red, yellow and black. There, we caught a glimpse of a marble staircase of vast proportions. After procuring from an officer a permit to visit the picture galleries, we mounted the stairs and proceeded at once to the Sistine Chapel, world-renowned because of Michael Angelo's stupendous frescoes of the "Creation," upon the ceiling, and the "Last Judgment," upon the altar wall.

This man of genius was born March 6th, 1475, in the town of Caprese, Italy. In spite of many vicissitudes, he became the greatest sculptor since the days of Phidias. When Pope Julius II. commissioned him to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, he

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refused, saying that he had had little training in color, and that sculpture, not painting, was his vocation. But the Pope was determined, and at last succeeded in overcoming his obstinacy. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for his persistence. For four long years Michael Angelo shut himself up in the chapel, like a hermit in his cave, and with a candle fastened to his paper helmet, much of the time lying flat on his back on a scaffolding, pursued his labors. He was his own mason, his own assistant. Fresco, in those days, meant painting on fresh plaster, the colors drying and fixing as the mortar hardened. They were used either pure or mixed with a little water. The artist was obliged to determine, in advance, just how much surface he could cover in a certain number of hours, and then lay on the requisite amount of plaster. The next day, he would add a fresh section of plaster, continue painting, and blend the lines of connection as deftly as possible. As the distance from the beholder was generally great, the joinings were not visible.

SWISS GUARDS OF THE VATICAN

My first impression of the chapel was that of a long, narrow room with one corner divided off by a marble screen, Over the altar at the farther end of the room the hand of a majestic figure was raised in judgment, while a cloud of angels, with faces aflame,

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CEILING OF SISTINE CHAPEL

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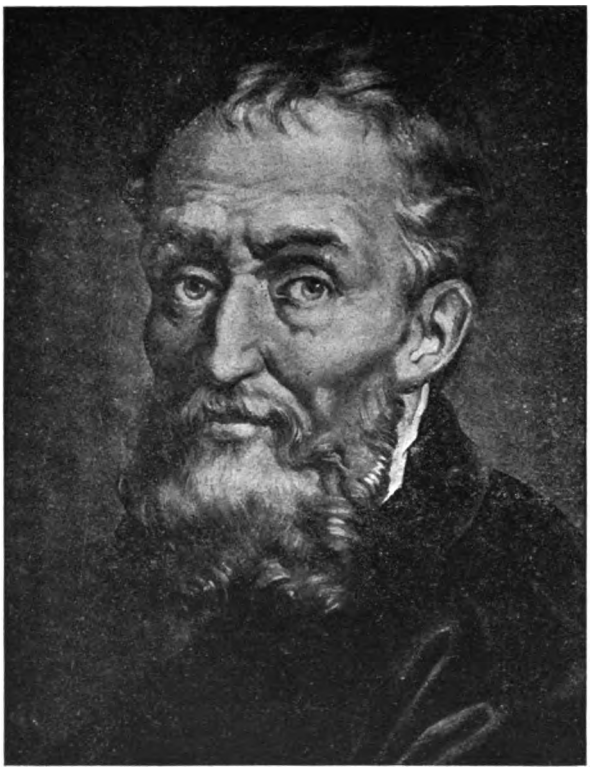
were hurling a rising mass of the condemned back into Hades. Above, the vaulted ceiling seemed alive with breathing humanity. Sitting or standing, those massive figures seemed to think, speak and move. About them were sculptured arches and columns, a perfect maze of architecture, and yet it was all paint; only the impressions of a mighty brain flung on to the plaster by a skillful hand.



MICHAEL ANGELO

Leaving the Sistine Chapel, we visited the apartments containing the famous frescoes of Raphael Sanzio, born at Urbino, Italy, in 1483, and justly named the "Prince of Painters." Pope Julius II. had given the decorations into the hands of Perugino, once Raphael's master, and an artist from Siena, called Sodoma; but the creations of Raphael, who assisted them, were so much admired that the direction of the entire work was soon committed to him. Four rooms were at last decorated by Raphael and his pupils, while, at the same time, Michael Angelo was completing his task alone, not far away, in the same palace. Of the frescoes of Raphael, I like the "Incendio del Borgo,"* best. It was executed solely by the master, and represents a miracle supposed to have been performed by Pope Leo IV., who, by making the sign of the cross, suppressed a fire which had broken out in the Borgo, a section of the city surrounding St. Peter's. The ancient church

* Conflagration in the Borgo.

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the fork. He then wound on the fork enough of the macaroni for a mouthful, and, cutting off the hanging coils with the sharp edge of the spoon, conveyed the portion to his mouth.

To return to the Vatican,—it would be folly to attempt to describe its galleries, which, besides pictures and statuary, contain vases, sarcophagi, candelabra and priceless mosaics. One might spend days, merely passing through the rooms without examining the treasures singly. Nevertheless, I cannot resist mentioning some of our favorites. Although many consider the "Transfiguration" by Raphael the greatest painting in the world, I was disappointed in it, and, personally, find much more to admire in the "Doubting Thomas" by Guercino.

One gallery is hung with 16th century tapestries made in Brussels, after designs by Raphael. They make one forget all other tapestries, so skillfully are the threads of wool, silk and gold woven into faces, figures and draperies, where the minutest details are carefully brought out. They were intended to cover the lower part of the walls in the Sistine Chapel, but were stolen during the sacking of Rome in 1527. Later, they were restored to the Vatican. The one called "Feed my Lambs" is especially fine as regards the treatment of the drapery. In passing through some of the galleries, to reach the library, I noticed the figure of a satyr, in green basalt, a rare, beautiful stone with a polish like that of majolica.

The library, contained in twenty-five rooms, not including the Great Hall, boasts 26,000 MSS. in different languages, besides 50,000 printed books. The librarian is a cardinal, who is assisted by an under librarian and custodians. No one is permitted to enter the rooms unaccompanied and, as visitors are taken through them as rapidly as possible, there is little time to examine anything. We would advise tourists to study their French with a strong Italian accent, if they expect to understand the guides, who, moreover, fire their sentences as if from a cannon. We saw an old book delightfully illustrated in water colors by Raphael; presumably, a Natural History.

The Great Hall is gorgeous with gilding and modern frescoes portraying scenes in the lives of the popes. Upon heavily carved

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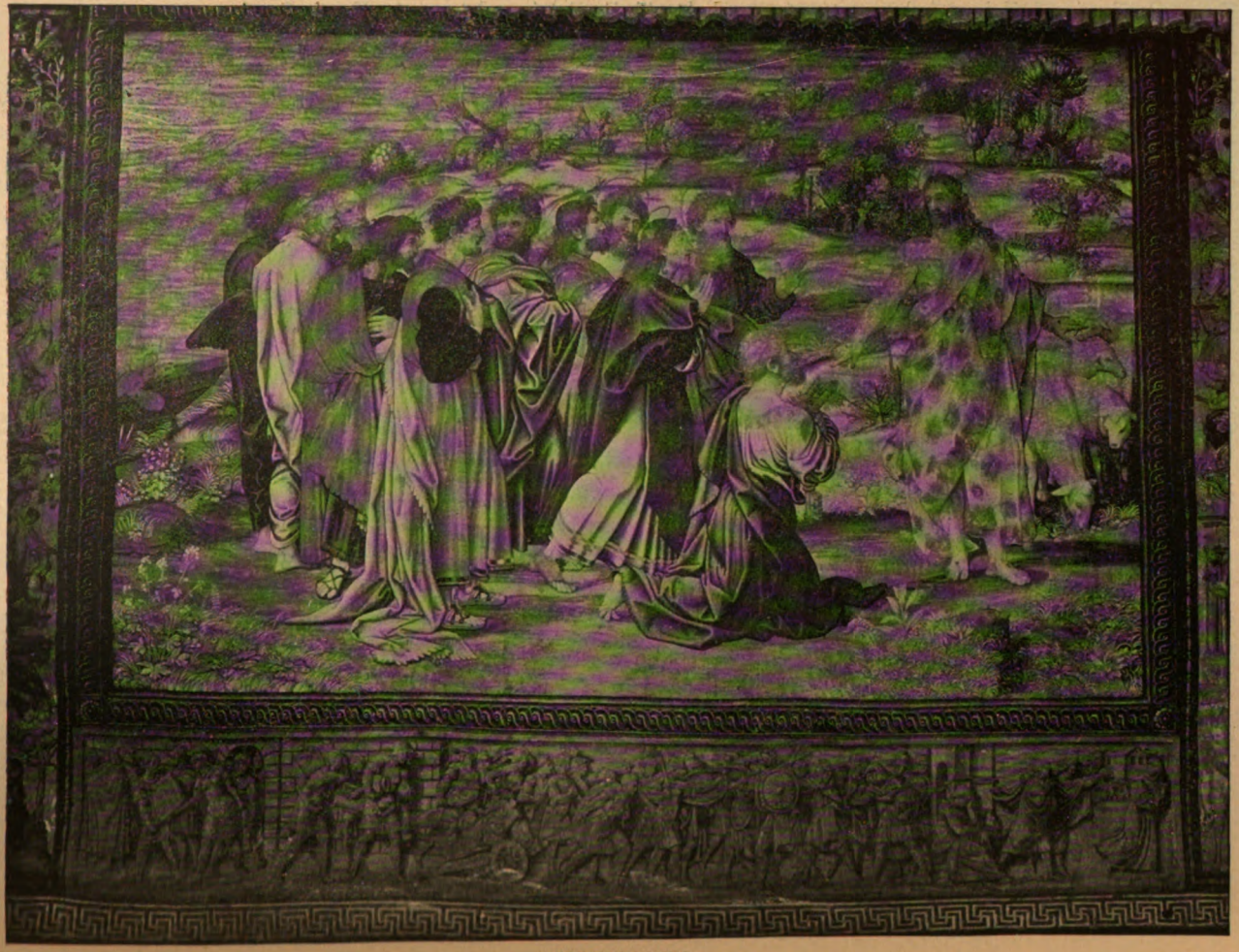

FEED MY LAMBS

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tables, with tops of precious marble or mosaics, are costly gifts presented by the crowned heads of Europe to different popes. Among the most important are two Sèvres* vases, one showing a charming background of the peculiar blue that no other manufactory has ever been able to imitate; a pair of mammoth inkstands made of solid blocks of rock crystal; urns of alabaster and a superb lamp of beautifully veined malachite upheld by a group of gilt figures. The glass cases ranged about the room contain articles such as seals, bottles, gems, and ivory diptychs,† taken from the catacombs and other tombs.

APOLLO BELVEDERE

At an open window of the library, we paused to look out for a moment upon the extensive gardens of the Vatican. In the distance among the trees is a pretty little casino, where the Pope spends some time daily, in recreation. Although he is eighty-six years old, he is a hard worker and lives frugally. The greater part of his income is derived from the voluntary contributions of Roman Catholics throughout the world. It is said that he keeps his money in strong boxes in his private apartments, and that no one knows the amount that he has

* Porcelain made at Sèvres, near Paris.

† A folded writing-tablet with two leaves.

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LEO XIII

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hoarded, not for his own use, but for the advancement of the interests of the Church, after his death. He is very fragile; his face resembles a piece of old ivory, and only the brilliant eyes betray the fire of the soul within. His demise may be expected at any time, on account of his advanced age, and there is much speculation as to his successor in office.

A curious ceremony, says a well-known writer, takes place at the deathbed of a pope. As soon as the breath has left the body, the chamberlain, always one of the cardinals, taps three times upon the forehead with a silver hammer, and, at each blow, calls loudly upon the name of the pope. If, at the third call, there is no response, the announcement is made to the household, and then to the world, that the pope is dead.

It is a well-known fact that the Vatican contains the finest collection of sculpture extant, arranged in thirteen galleries, each in itself a casket of jewels. The principal statues occupy separate alcoves or small rooms, and the light is excellent. A gem in marble stands in the Belvedere* of the Vatican; it is the "Apollo Belvedere," said to have been discovered near Porto d' Anzio, the ancient Antium. The god is represented standing erect; the left hand originally held the ægis, a shield with the head of Medusa† in the center, with which he is supposed to be striking terror into the Gauls who have attacked his sanctuary at Delphi. The expression of the face indicates that Apollo is fully conscious of his superiority to mortals; the lips are curved proudly, and the nostrils dilated with passion. The "Discobolus"‡ by Myron, the Greek sculptor, though badly restored, commands immediate attention and admiration. This figure, that of a lithe young Greek throwing the disc, is the embodiment of physical grace. His toes, pressed firmly into the earth, display the tension of the muscles as he leans lightly forward; the right arm swings backward, and the hand holding the disc of bronze is beautifully modelled. The famous group of the Laocoön was executed by three Rhodian artists. Laocoön, a

* A small building or part of a building from which a fine view can be obtained.

† A myth who had the power of turning all who looked upon her into stone.

‡ Disc or quoit thrower.

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priest sworn to celibacy, was, with his two sons, condemned by Apollo to be strangled by serpents, near the altar that he had desecrated by a secret marriage. In his own death agony the father seems to have forgotten the peril of his children, who cry in vain for succor, their slender bodies encircled by the coils of the reptiles whose poisoned fangs are fastened in their quivering flesh. The sufferings of all three are represented with terrible realism. Casts of these marbles are to be found in almost every art museum in America.

The Vatican is connected by an underground passage with the Castle of St. Angelo, built as a family mausoleum, in 136 A. D., by Hadrian. The Bridge of St. Angelo spans the yellow waters of the Tiber, joining the Borgo, as the Vatican quarter is called, with the main part of the city. This mausoleum, a cylinder of travertine eighty yards in diameter, was once incrusted with marble. For several centuries it was used as a fortress; a portion of it now serves as a prison, and it is necessary to obtain a permit from the military commander, in order to visit it. Our guide led us through narrow, damp corridors, up staircases and down, until we had not the remotest idea whether we were on a level with the ground or far above it, as the light is admitted only through narrow slits high up in the walls. The vault where the Roman emperors were interred is shown, but the sarcophagi and urns have long since disappeared. Several large rooms were fitted up, in the past, for the popes, who, availing themselves of the secret passage from the Vatican, took refuge in the castle, when necessary. We entered the damp, loathsome cell where the beautiful, high-born, but ill-fated, Beatrice Cenci is said to have been incarcerated; the torture chamber; and, lastly, the place where the old drawbridge used to swing out across the moat. The torture chamber is a large, square room without windows. From the four walls, about twelve feet from the floor, protrude heavy iron bars, each with a bunch of tow on the end. Similar bunches soaked in oil and ignited furnished the only light. The victims were bound, and strung up by a cord to the bars, while the torturers burned their feet with red-hot irons. Here, Beatrice confessed that she had been an accomplice in the murder of the unnatural father who blighted her life.

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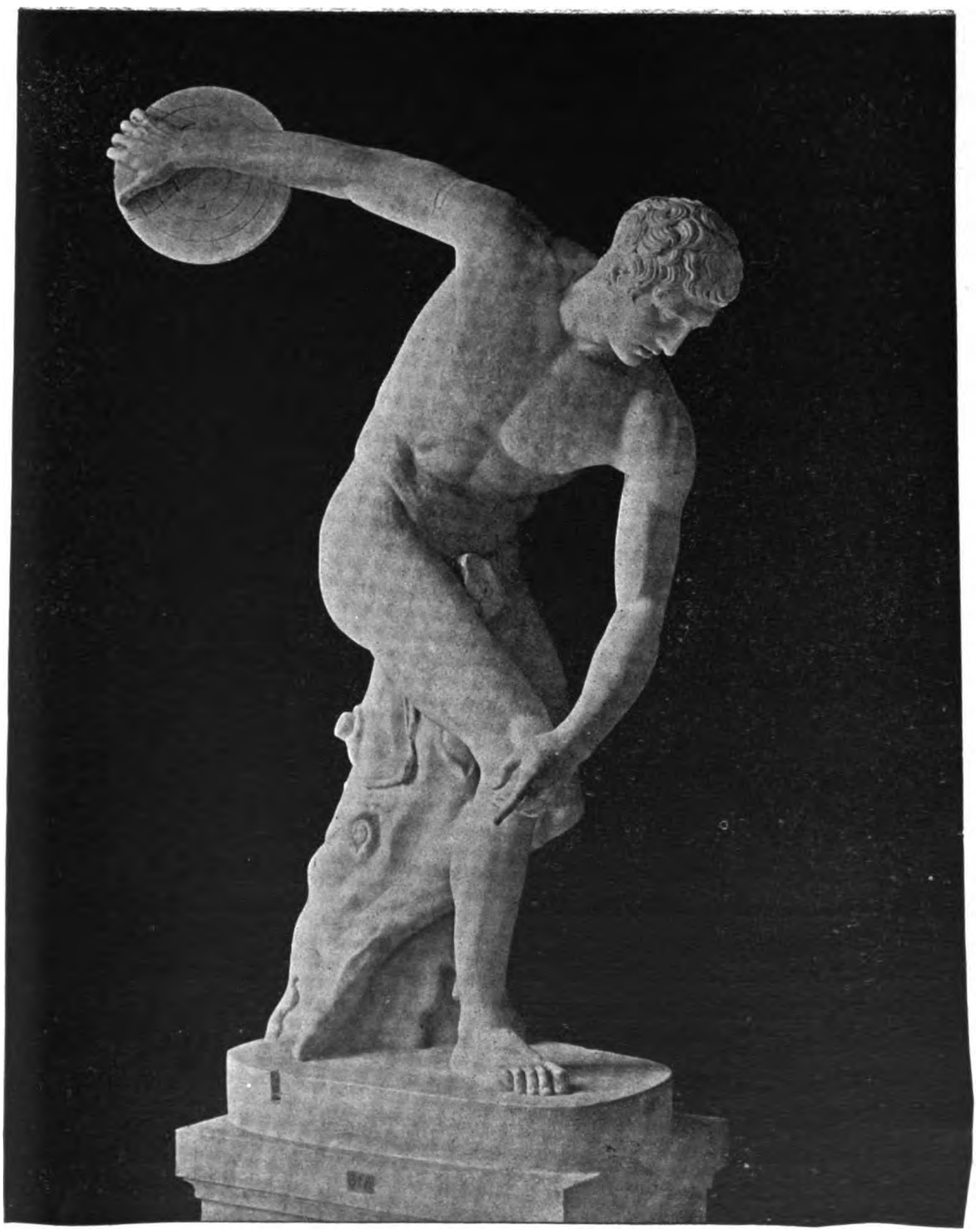

DISCOBOLUS

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In the Barberini Palace there is a portrait of this young martyr, painted by Guido Reni. The face is full of pathos and the large, sad eyes haunt one with an appeal for sympathy.

But let us turn to brighter scenes. You will be glad to go for a little stroll down a street of the Borgo and see the shops.

BEATRICE CENCI

Here, are sold the striped Roman scarfs and silken caps. In windows and on sidewalks are offered reputed antiques of every description. There are fascinating bakeshops with cakes of all sizes, shapes and colors to suit the means of the hungry pedestrian. So many mosaics are displayed on the counters and peddled on the streets that one feels as if, some day, all Rome would have to be paved with these bits of color in order to consume the stock.

The Borgo has changed since the good old days when socialistic meetings were few. Then, a cobbler was proud of his calling and

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THE LAOCOÖN

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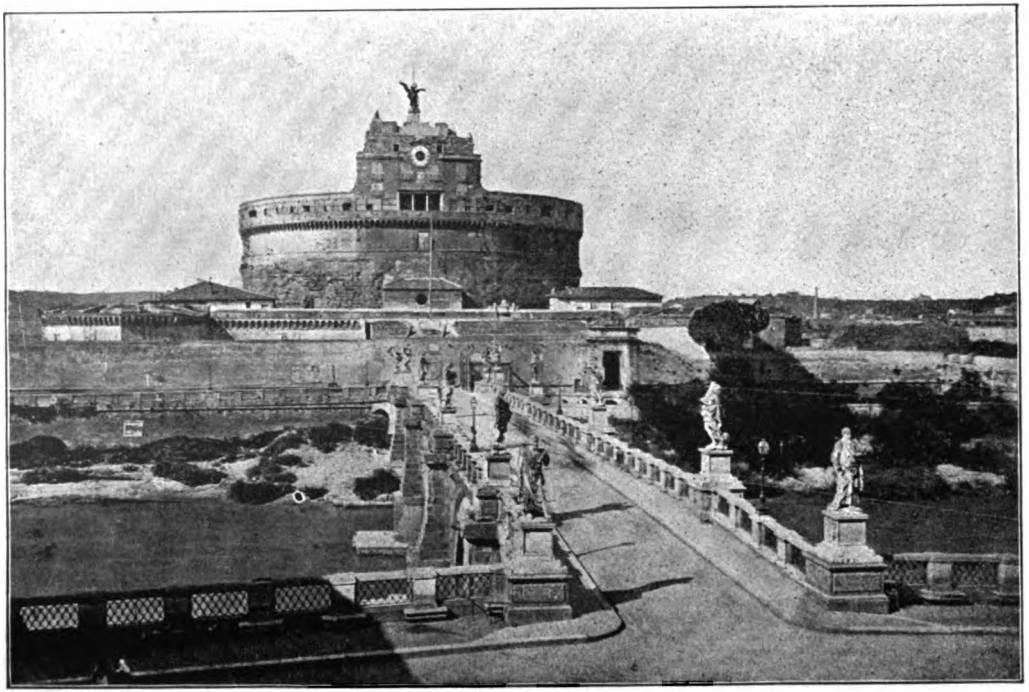

CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME

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trained his sons to follow it, that successive generations working at the same trade might develop artisans that should be a credit to the city. Then, a woman was content to spin, weave and cook, by day, and, in the evening, fasten a rose in the folds of her neckerchief, to win a smile from husband or sweetheart.

When we are disposed to criticise the popes or other dignitaries for taxing the people in order to rear enduring monuments of architecture, it is well to remember the vast number of persons thus furnished with work, which is the salvation of the poor. They do not want the charity of the powerful or rich, but opportunities for honest labor. If the rich could realize this, and would spend their gains, instead of hoarding them for heirs to squabble over, we should have no bankrupt countries, no hard times, and our cities would increase in beauty as well as in size. Large sums of money are necessary for the development of art, and one cause of its decadence is the small demand for *true* works of art. Once, people sought out and encouraged men of genius. Had it not been for their rich patrons, we should probably never have heard of Michael Angelo or Raphael.

No city in the world is so rich as Rome in places of historic interest, and nowhere is the fact more apparent than in the Roman Forum. It was once the principal meeting-place of the people, adorned with temples, triumphal arches and columns, and surrounded by shops. Councils of state were held in its basilicas, and orations delivered from its rostra. Processions wound along the sacred way which crossed it near the round temple where vestal virgins fed the flame on the altar of their goddess. A blue-coated official guards the entrance to the Forum, and for a lira grants the privilege of visiting the ruins so well known to every student of Roman history.

After passing the three remaining columns of the temple of the twin gods, Castor and Pollux, we stepped upon the pavement of the Basilica Julia, named for Cæsar's daughter. The central part, where tribunals were held, is of African and Phrygian * marbles. On close examination, circles can be seen, cut into the now

* From Phrygia in Asia Minor.

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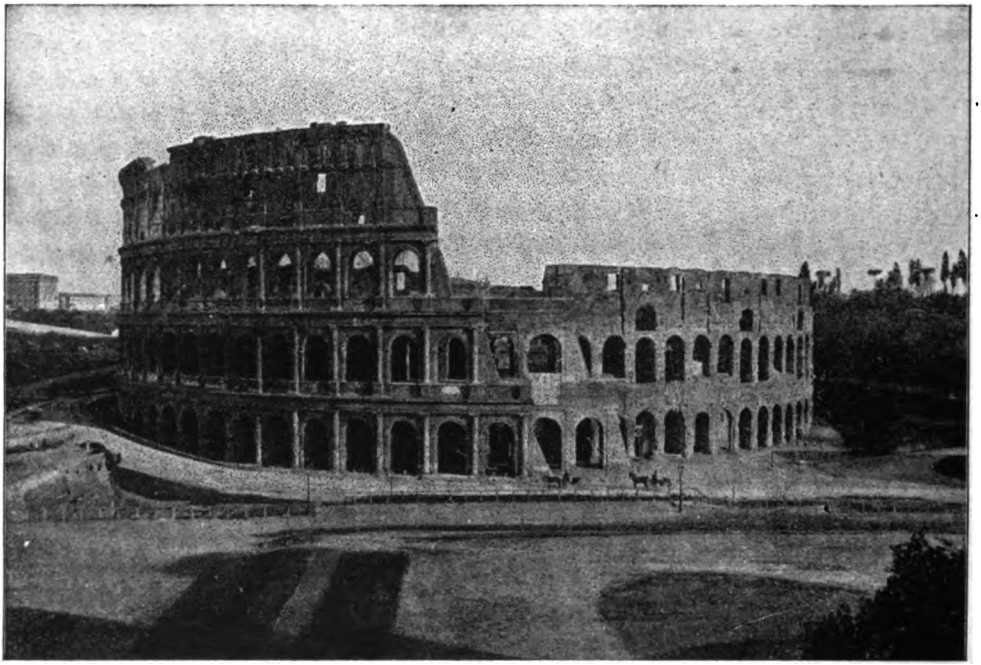
blackened pavement of the side aisles; here, the Romans amused themselves with a game similar to draughts. Beneath one end of the Basilica runs the Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer dating from the time of the kings. At this point it is uncovered.

Near by, is the old rostrum which took its name from the rostra, the beaks of ships captured in war and fastened to its base.



THE COLOSSEUM

From this rostrum Cicero delivered his orations, and to it his head was subsequently affixed; while from the one near the center of the Forum, Mark Antony delivered his famous oration over the body of Julius Cæsar.

The great Arch of Septimius Severus is full of interest, and so is the House of the Vestals, the virgins who played such a prominent part in the religious and political life of ancient Rome. At one end of the central court is a square cistern lined with marble; inside, are three narrow steps which the maidens descended to fill their jars, when the water was low. It is interesting to know that they were permitted to use only the water which fell directly from the clouds into reservoirs set apart for their use.

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THE ROMAN FORUM

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Until I saw the Basilica of Constantine, I hardly appreciated what the Roman architects of the past were capable of doing. The span of the central hall is 80 ft.; the height, 112 ft.; so grand is the vaulted roof that it seems the work of more than human hands.

The view of the Palatine Hill from this point is charming. Just beyond the ruins, on the crest of the hill, stands a modern yellow house; a fountain, embowered in trailing vines, plays in a niche in its façade, tumbling in a cascade to a stone basin beneath; the remnants of a garden balustrade decorated with potted plants, and the crumbling walls of several ancient structures below, complete the picture.

We walked down the Sacred Way to the exit and then over to the Colosseum, which occupies the site of an artificial lake in the gardens of Nero. Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus, 80 A. D., it is the largest amphitheater in the world, and takes its present name from the colossal statue of Nero, as god of the sun, which formerly stood near. Its completion was inaugurated by gladiatorial combats in which many thousand wild animals were killed. The external circumference measures 576 yds.; the long diameter, 205 yds., the shorter, 170 yds., and the height, 156 ft. Seats for 87,000 spectators rose in tiers from the arena and were reached by arcades and numerous flights of steps. The front row of seats was reserved for the emperor, his court and the vestal virgins. The Christian Emperor Honorius, in 405 A. D., abolished gladiatorial contests, though fights between beasts were permitted. It was not until the 15th century that the people began to regard the Colosseum as a kind of quarry; from that time on, its columns and decorations were removed and used in the construction of other buildings. In the 18th century, Benedict XIV. consecrated it to the blood of the martyrs that had been shed there, thus putting a stop to the destruction

South of the Colosseum is the great Arch of Constantine, erected to commemorate his victory over Maxentius, and his conversion to Christianity.

We were greatly interested in the small portion of the Golden House of Nero which was excavated in 1813. No act of this

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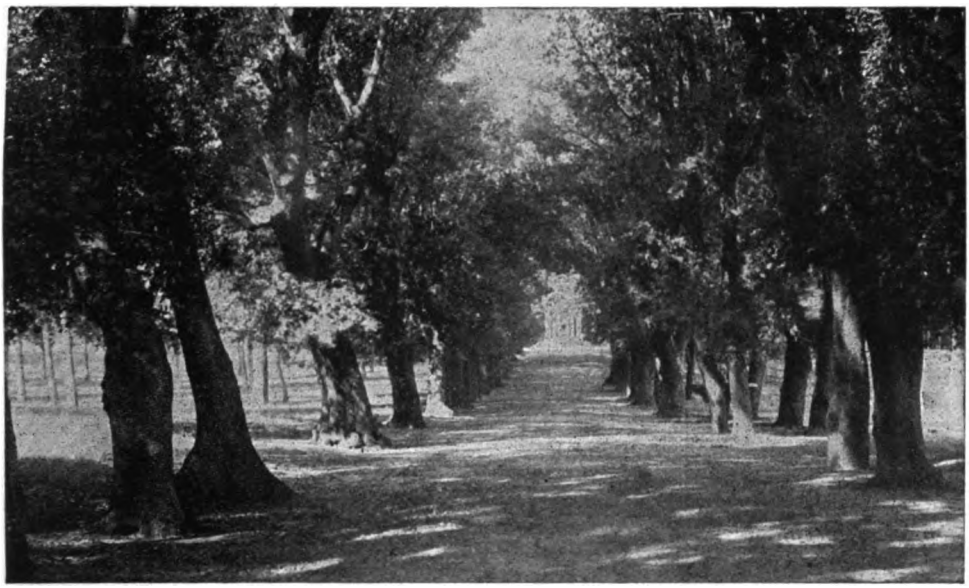
profligate and brutal emperor so offended the people as the building of this extensive palace which blocked up many important thoroughfares. The passages and rooms are damp and unwholesome; delicate ferns grow between the broken stones of the walls, which are covered with green mold. In an apartment designated as a dining-room is a large fountain-basin, and in the pavement,



VILLA BORGHESE, ROME

the head of a Roman lady, in mosaic. The frescoes in one of the passages were copied by Raphael.

One sunny afternoon our artist friends called for us, and we started for the Villa Borghese. The Borghesi were among the most powerful of the Roman nobility. Camillo Borghese assumed the title of Paul V., when he became pope in 1605. The celebrated Borghese collection of pictures and statuary has been removed from the old palace in the city to the Casino of the villa, in the suburbs. It seems a pity that this estate should be in the hands of a receiver, but such is the melancholy fact. The public, for a trifling fee, can now enjoy the beautiful park, where once noble dames and cavaliers walked in seclusion. Within the gates is a narrow track, and on it a funny little go-cart in the shape of a car holding eight people, besides the driver, and drawn by a

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donkey. When this Lilliputian vehicle begins to move, it seems as if one were playing at street car. A short ride brought us to the center of the grounds, dotted with summerhouses representing ruined temples. There are pretty lakes where swans and ducks swim about or rest in the shade of giant trees whose twisted roots extend into the water. We had an *al fresco* * lunch of fresh milk

PAULINE BORGHESE

and sweet biscuit at a dairy, and then walked through groves of magnificent evergreen oaks to the Casino.

The antiques in this museum are only copies of the originals now in the Louvre gallery in Paris. The first object that arrests the attention is the beautiful statue of Pauline, sister of Napoleon I., and wife of Prince Camillo Lodovico Borghese. She is represented as Venus, and surely the goddess herself could not have possessed greater charms. In the room beyond, is a charming piece of statuary by Bernini, entitled Apollo and Daphne. The nymph, pursued by Apollo, is just changing into a laurel tree.

* Open air.

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APOLLO AND DAPHNE

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We saw two famous pictures by Titian, one of the greatest painters of the 15th century. He was born at Cadore, Italy, and began to paint when a mere child, using, at first, the juices extracted from flowers. During the ninety-nine years of his life he is said to have painted more than seven hundred pictures, and, from his knowledge of pigments, he was styled the "master of color." The coloring of the two paintings in the Borghese collection is superb; only a man born with a rainbow in his soul could have created them.

An attractive study is the head of a woman, done in silver point by Leonardo da Vinci.* Silver point is a very old and unique manner of drawing on a piece of prepared gray paper with a sharp-pointed instrument of silver. A gentle pressure of the silver point makes a light line, and a heavier stroke, a dark one. The effect produced is peculiarly delicate.

From the Villa Borghese it is but a short drive to the Villa Medici, formerly owned by the powerful Medici family of Florence. Since 1801 it has been occupied by the French Academy of Art. The "Prix de Rome," which is periodically offered by France, enables the winner to study four years in this academy. Many architects, sculptors and painters are at work in the studios scattered about the grounds. Some of them are mere inclosures formed by trees and hedges; here, the artist can study the human form in bright sunlight. As the student has so short a time in which to show his mother country what he can do, he is not apt to waste it. The exhibition now open at the villa shows the work of this year, and some of the productions are certainly very clever.

One painter exhibits a large canvas entitled "Magdalen sees Christ for the first time." The principal figure, draped in white, with upturned face all aglow, stands on the landing of steps leading up to a gloomy stone house of many stories. It is so close to its neighbors as to leave only a narrow strip of sky, about twelve inches long, at the very top of the big picture; but it is like real sky, so natural that it makes one wonder if there is not a slit in the canvas. Another, the "Marriage of Flora," is in the impressionist

* Italian painter, 1452-1519.

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style. Nude figures are disporting in a garden gay with many-hued blossoms. A winged god descends to claim the Queen of Flowers, from whose blushing face a zephyr half lifts a veil. The whole scene is quivering under the blazing sun of midday.

Of the sculpture, I considered "Pour le Drapeau"* the strongest piece of work. A soldier, mortally wounded, still upholds the shattered flagstaff.

The plans in the architectural exhibit are executed with delicacy and neatness, the subjects being Greek temples or ruins.

The chief pleasure of the afternoon, however, was a walk through the gardens. We called at one of the studios, and our friends presented us to M. Lefebvre, a fourth-year "Prix de Rome" man, engaged upon a colossal group of "Niobe† and her Children." This modern Niobe is of massive build,—such a figure as could have borne fourteen children,—and not the girlish goddess of the ancient sculptor. The last two of her boasted treasures lie dead before her, the arrows of Apollo piercing their tender flesh. In agony of mind she has sunk on one knee, and with her right hand has torn from her childless breast the drapery, unconsciously holding it like a shield above the sweet, dead faces of the little ones, while her head falls back and tears gush forth from eyes destined to weep forever.

A chubby little five-year-old boy,—one of the models,—lay asleep on some cushions where he had thrown himself after posing; his rosy cheeks and rounded limbs betokened the best of health, although he is a professional and spends most of his days in a state of nature.

Lefebvre is a little fellow with a dark face and bright, restless eyes. As he moved about his creation, telling us of the vexations and the difficulties he had experienced in arranging the figures in a satisfactory and symmetrical group, it was evident that his whole soul was in his art.

Naturally, our visit to this villa of the Medici recalled to mind the Cardinal Giovanni, who took the name of Leo X. when he became pope in 1513, and who was one of the greatest patrons of

* For the flag.

† Apollo slew the fourteen children of Niobe, who scoffed at his mother because she had only two.

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VILLA MEDICI

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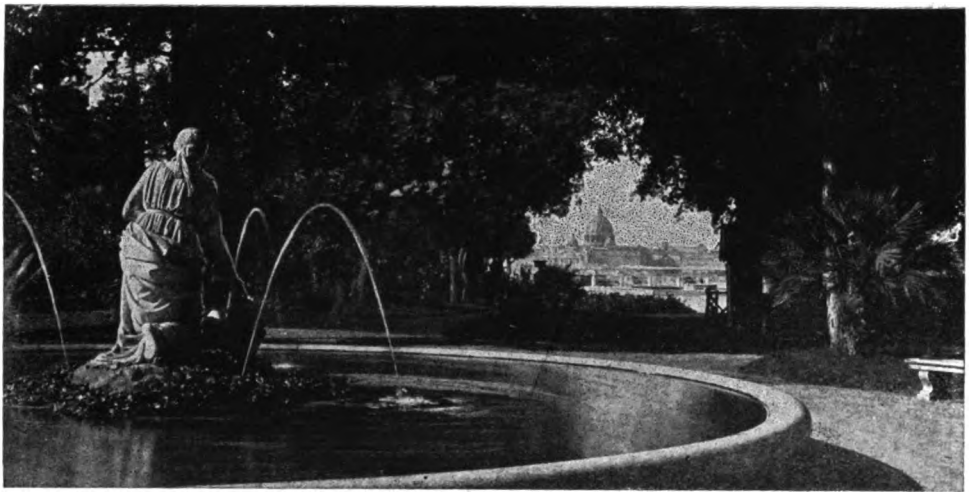
art and literature Rome ever knew. To him Raphael owed much of his success. By the sale of indulgences,* in the year 1517, Leo brought about his head that mighty storm which cleared the air for so many thinking minds,—the storm of the Reformation, a term almost synonymous with the orator and preacher, Martin Luther.

A century later, Rome was governed by that crafty old pontiff, Innocent X., whose wonderful portrait by the Spanish master, Velasquez, is in the Doria Palace. This artist is considered by many to be the greatest portrait painter who has ever lived. It



ST. PETER'S FROM THE PINCIAN HILL

would be difficult to imagine anything more magnificent than the treatment of the pope's white-robed figure against the crimson velvet of the chair, placed in front of a curtain of the same texture and hue. Searching, twinkling eyes light up the shrewd face; a thin veil of chin whiskers shows the florid skin beneath. The flexible, tapering fingers of the delicate hands tell their own tale of diplomacy and hypocrisy. By the way, it is an interesting fact, that in the portraits of persons of noble descent the fingers are always represented as tapering; an indication of generations of men and women who have performed no manual labor.

For centuries it has been the custom of fashionable Romans

* Absolution from the penances of the church.

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to drive to the Pincian and down the Corso, from four to seven o'clock on pleasant afternoons. The Pincian Hill takes its name from the palace of the Pincii family, which once stood on its summit. In the early part of the first century B. C., it was covered with the splendid gardens of the Roman general, Lucullus. Fine drives wind under the trees, past fountains and between long rows of marble pedestals crowned by the busts of noble Romans. Some of the faces have been mutilated in times of war, but their dilapidated appearance does not detract from the fascination of the place. The most enchanting views are to be obtained from this height, especially at sunset; then, the dome of St. Peter's looks like a great golden bowl, inverted, and all the surrounding hills are bathed in glory. A military band gives a concert several times a week, during the driving hours, when one may often see King Umberto and Queen Margherita.

UMBERTO, KING OF ITALY

We had the privilege of passing the royal carriages, with their

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scarlet liveries, twice the first evening we were on the Pincian. Since the time of the attempt upon the King's life, several years ago, the sovereigns have not driven together. The King is a handsome man of large frame, though not very tall, and has piercing eyes, snow-white hair and heavy, long mustaches curled up at the corners. He is always accompanied by an officer of his household, and, wherever he goes, is greeted with cheers and uncovered heads. These salutations he returns in the most cordial manner. It is beautiful to see the Queen when she passes the King on the afternoon drive. As the equipage of the King approaches, Margherita rises from her seat slowly and steadily and gravely bends her graceful form, and then, as slowly, resumes her place.

MARGHERITA, QUEEN OF ITALY

They are said to detest pomp and display of any kind; both are industrious and charitable, and, above all, devoted to each other. The hour before dinner they spend together, and whoever happens to come then, on business or pleasure, to see the King, must wait.

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Their only child, Vittorio Emanuele, Prince of Naples, is not robust physically, and some think him mentally inferior to his parents.

Great bitterness exists in Rome between the church and the state, Pope Leo XIII. not acknowledging the supremacy of the King in temporal affairs. The city seems on the eve of a financial crisis, so much of her wealth having been exhausted in extensive speculations which have turned out badly. The poor grow yearly

DRIVE ON THE PINCIAN, ROME

more and more helpless. The pride of the papal party will never bend, and when the crash comes, it will be found, like Charlemagne in his tomb, robed in state and with scepter in hand.

The royal palace is on the Quirinal Hill and has been the residence of the King since the taking of Rome in 1870. The grand drawing-room is hung with Gobelin tapestries of unusual size and beauty. A full length portrait of Vittorio Emanuele II., father of the present King, faces the crimson-canopied throne in one of

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the state apartments. The walls of the suites of rooms are covered with satin damask in different colors, shading from light to dark, with furniture to match. An oil painting of the Queen, in full court costume and wearing her famous necklace of pearls, hangs in one of the reception rooms. She is very fond of these gems, as "Margherita" means a pearl, and, each year, her husband adds to the necklace, which is so long, now, that the lower strand reaches below her waist.

After our drive on the Pincian, we joined the procession on the Corso, thus named from the races that once took place there during the Carnival. This thoroughfare is very narrow, and here the horses slacken their pace and the occupants of carriages exchange greetings and the latest gossip, or draw up to the Caffè di Roma, or Peroni's, for an ice. Little tables seating four are placed in front of the *caffe*, where the most delicious creams and ices are served. At Peroni's there is a long counter covered with fancy cakes; each person takes a plate, makes his own selection and carries it to his table. After the refreshments are finished, the waiter asks how many cakes one has eaten, and the bill is settled accordingly. Speaking of tables, reminds me of home, and how hungry I am for an American dish; positively, a baked potato and some creamed codfish, plebeian as they are, would seem food "fit for the gods."

Though it was raining "cats and dogs," we went to three churches the first Sunday after our arrival. It is pleasant to attend service, and examine the building, later. Early mass found us at Santa Maria Maggiore, so called as it is the largest of the eighty Roman churches dedicated to the Virgin. The high altar is a great sarcophagus of porphyry, which the Romans say contains the remains of St. Matthew, but, as the cathedral at Salerno also claims them, one is torn between conflicting opinions.

A drive of one and a half miles brought us to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, one of the seven pilgrimage churches, erected by St. Helena, who is said to have discovered the true cross. The relics of the cross are kept here and exhibited annually, on May 3rd. I wish you could have seen the faith in the rapt faces of the people, when the relics were held aloft by the bishop! You would have been apt to think, What does it matter, whether these frag-

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ments of wood be true or false, so long as the souls of the masses are lifted above the dead level of everyday life and they are made to feel something of the Divine Spirit within? The ceremony was impressive. The procession of priests headed by the bishop left the high altar, filed through a side door, and a few moments later appeared in the gallery half way up to the roof. As each relic, inclosed in a case of glass and gold, was handed to the bishop, he reverently kissed it and passed it to the priest next in rank, when it was again saluted; the choir, meanwhile, chanting its glory.

A group of peasants from the Campagna were a picture as they knelt together. The oldest, a man probably seventy years of age, wore a sleeveless coat of white lambskin over his home-spun suit; a younger man, presumably his son, with a fine Italian countenance reminding me of the portraits of Garibaldi, held a dear little boy about six years of age, by the hand. The little fellow was clothed in velveteen trousers and round jacket, his little shirt open at the throat and a soft Alpine hat in his fat fingers. He had the round eyes and curly dark hair often seen in the children playing about the Piazza di Spagna, while waiting for engagements to pose as models for artists. The mother, lugging a sleeping baby, had found, apparently, neither time nor inclination to deck herself in holiday garb; even the handkerchief tied under her chin was old and faded.

Would you like to know what we had for our Sunday dinner? Well, there was a genuine Italian dish called "Cervello d'oro,"* which is calves' brains made up in little yellow balls and fried in oil; this, with chops, potatoes, peas, rolls and a fruit salad, cost just forty cents apiece in our money. Not bad, was it? The water seems to be healthful, though it tastes a little of lime, and we drink it in preference to the native wines, which are generally used.

The church of St. John Lateran, the principal one in Rome after the time of Constantine the Great, and before the prominence of St. Peter's, belongs, with the Vatican, to the Pope. A most enchanting spot is the cloister of the old Benedictine monastery connected with the church. The court is filled with beautiful flow-

* Brains of gold.

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ers and in the center is a sculptured well-curb, which the sacristan affirms was the one on which the Saviour sat while talking with the woman of Samaria. Slender columns of marble beautifully veined form the colonnade surrounding the court; some of them show what used to be called Cosmato* work, the flutings of the columns being filled with mosaic patterns of richly stained glass and minute pieces of precious marbles and minerals.

The Lateran Palace was the usual residence for those occupying the papal throne, before the seat of the pontifical government was removed to Avignon, France, in 1309. After Gregory XI. returned to Italy in 1377, the Pope made the Vatican his headquarters. Pope Gregory XVI. in 1843 set aside the Lateran Palace for a museum of antiquities.

The most magnificent palace that we have yet seen is that of the ancient family of the Colonna, a name derived from the same Latin word as our column. It has been degraded by some unworthy descendants, one of whom not long ago married a wealthy American girl, and treated her so badly that she was obliged to sue for a divorce. When you remember that Pope Martin V. began this palace in 1417, on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, and that in 1620 it was rebuilt and transformed into a stronghold, you will not wonder at the pride which the Romans feel in the noble structure. The design of the column is everywhere introduced. In the center is a great circular court; large windows admit plenty of light to the spacious halls with their costly inlaid floors. A passage supported by arches spanning the street connects the second floor with a garden, where roses and azalias run riot.

Imbedded in one of the steps leading from the lower part of the Grand Gallery to the upper there is a cannon ball, a relic of the bombardment of 1849. Upon the ceiling a fresco of the "Battle of Lepanto" shows the hero Marcantonio Colonna, who distinguished himself in the conflict. The walls are faced with mirrors decorated with genii and exquisite garlands of flowers, while, upon the elaborately gilded woodwork, figures are carved in high relief.

There is a portrait of Vittoria Colonna in the palace. She

* A name derived from two members of a family privileged to make it.

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MOSES

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was the noble woman that Michael Angelo so loved and revered. We wonder, as we look on the placid, uninteresting face, what qualities she could have possessed, to inspire such a passion in the breast of a man who could create so sublime a work as the statue of Moses.

In the room used on the occasion of papal visits, a fine portrait of the present pontiff, Leo XIII., hangs over the throne which is turned to the wall, signifying that it is intended for his exclusive use.

The Palatine is the hill whereon Romulus and Remus† were found by the shepherd Faustulus. The ancient city of Roma Quadrata† was built here, and fragments of its walls have been discovered. During the Republican period, private dwellings graced its slopes, and later it was the seat of the emperors. Augustus was born here, and, after the battle of Actium, nearly covered the hill with his magnificent palace. He was reigning at the time of the birth of Christ. Tiberius built an extensive mansion opposite to that of his predecessor, but the extravagant Nero found this hill of the kings altogether too small for him, and so built his Golden House upon the Esquiline, whence the gardens extended to the Palatine.

As we mounted the hill, to the right we found a flight of wooden steps leading to a grove of fine oaks, on the site of the Palace of Tiberius, beyond which are the remains of the house of Livia. She was a Roman lady who divorced her first husband, the father of Tiberius, in order to marry Augustus. The walls are decorated with garlands of flowers and fruit still in good condition.

The most interesting part of the ruins is the palace of the Flavian emperors. The *tablinum* used as a throne-room is 39 by 49 yds. in dimensions, and contains, besides the alcove where the throne stood, six side niches with huge pedestals, once supporting statues. Beyond is the peristyle, a large garden, once surrounded by a colonnade; upon this opened the triclinium, where the diners reclined on couches running around a table, often arranged in the

* Reputed founders of Rome.

† Square Rome.

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form of a hollow square, minus one side; here we could see a large part of the porphyry pavement. Brick stamps bearing the name of Theodoric have been found here, and this reminds me that in many of the ancient houses, pieces of terra cotta and tiles formerly used in pavements bear stamps and trade-marks which plainly show that some one had a monopoly in the business.

FORUM OF TRAJAN

It seems that wealthy Romans gave their slaves some education, for at the edge of the hill is the Pædagogium, or schoolhouse, built especially for those of the imperial household. On the walls are sketches made by the stylus, which, though they are indistinct, still prove that "boys will be boys."

From the Palatine we drove up the Janiculum Hill to the equestrian statue of Garibaldi, a colossal affair in bronze, and then through the grounds of the Villa Doria Pamphilj, the most extensive in Rome, to the Forum of Trajan. Imagine a column of pure marble 87 ft. high; place it on a pedestal and crown it by a statue, making the total height 147 ft.;

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conceive 2,500 human figures and half as many animals carved upon it, and you will have something of an idea how that wonder of wonders, the Column of Trajan, appears. It was erected to commemorate Trajan's victory over the Dacians. The body of the emperor was interred beneath the base.

An important feature of Roman life was the bath, and probably the most magnificent baths ever constructed were those built

THE GATE OF SAN SEBASTIANO

by the Emperor Caracalla. They accommodated 1,600 bathers at one time. From the ruins one can obtain only a faint conception of what they once were. The bather first visited the *tepidarium*, a vapor bath similar to the Russian bath. Here he remained for a short time; then, entered the *caldarium* or hot water bath, where he was rubbed by slaves; he then finished by a cold plunge in the *frigidarium*. A gymnasium, library and art gallery were adjuncts of these baths, which were the rendezvous of fashionable Romans, who often transacted important business while enjoying their daily anointing. The Farnese Hercules and Bull that we saw in the museum at Naples were both found in these baths.

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The Appian Way, the famous military road begun by Appius Claudius Cæcus in 312 B. C., ultimately connected Rome and Brindisi. Constructed of square stones fitted together and laid upon a solid foundation, it was flanked by tombs. How many triumphal processions have moved along this historic way! How many weary prisoners have dragged their fettered limbs over this road! Only the stones could tell, and they are voiceless; but, in fancy, we see the captives, among whom St. Paul is perhaps the best known to us.

On one of our drives, we passed under the old gate of San Sebastiano and followed the Appian Way for some distance be-

APPIAN WAY AND RUINS OF AQUEDUCT

tween the high walls of vineyards. At last we obtained a sight of the Campagna, and the arches of the Claudian aqueduct which brought water to Rome from the neighborhood of Subiaco, forty-two miles away.

About a mile and a quarter from the gate are the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, dating from the 4th century. Leaving the carriage, we walked up a slope into an old garden, where a small brick cottage serves as a kind of office for the Trappist monks who have charge of the catacombs. There, one pays a lira and receives a candle. Our guide, a German monk, speaking English perfectly,

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as well as French, Latin and Greek, was the jolliest old fellow imaginable. In company with several other tourists we entered a low hut and started down a staircase, into the blackness of the earth below. The monk looked back over his shoulder and with a merry twinkle in his eyes asked if we were afraid. Although our knees felt rather shaky, we assured him that we were as "brave as lions," and, with a chuckle, he led us down, down, into a labyrinth of subterranean passages, from which we wondered if we should ever emerge. Our tapers were like glow-worms in the darkness; now and then we could hear voices and then suddenly would come upon another party, their faces appearing ghastly in the weird light. History tells us that these Christian, underground burial places were first known to exist in the 2nd century, and that the custom of thus disposing of the dead was abandoned in the 5th century. The walls of the passages were hollowed out to form shelves, where the bodies were laid in rows, arranged like berths in a ship. When all the shelves in a passage were filled, it was excavated to twice its original depth, and another row of tombs was placed below the first, and so on, until there were several tiers. These grewsome galleries were crossed by others and connected by steps cut in the rock. Vast areas were thus undermined. The lowest estimate of the length of the passages in the forty catacombs is 350 miles.

We visited three tiers, as well as the chapels frequented by the persecuted Christians, where, with their dead beside them, they held the religious services which they dared not conduct above ground. In the wall beside some of the tombs, glass vials are stuck in the cement; these, the monk informed us, once held blood, showing that the occupant had died a martyr's death. We all know that the old Roman laws compelled the restoration of bodies, not devoured by wild beasts, or burned, to the friends of the departed; thus the remains of our Saviour were given up by Pilate to Joseph of Arimathæa. Many of the chapels of the wealthier class show traces of frescoes, marble pillars and cornices. As we went along, the guide explained the symbols carved on the tombs; for instance: the fish symbolizes Christ; the palm branch, eternal life; the dove, immortality. Roman lamps, half buried in the mortar, were formerly used for lighting the galleries.

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CATACOMBS OF ST. CALIXTUS

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The empty tomb of St. Cecilia was hung with wreaths brought by several young girls, who had received their first communion in front of it, the day before. The saint's body was removed in 1821 to the church erected in her honor, where, beneath the high altar, is her marble statue by Maderna. She is represented lying upon her side, with her knees drawn up, as her body was found in that position in the catacombs. Legend relates that she was a Roman lady of high birth and wealth, who in her youth became a Christian, and took a vow of perpetual virginity. Although compelled by her parents to marry a pagan by the name of Valerian, she did not break her vow of chastity. Her husband, with a number of others, was converted by her, and all were martyred on account of their belief. It is said that Cecilia sang the praises of the Lord to the accompaniment of musical instruments and, ever since, has been patroness of Music.

FRESCO, ST. CECILIA

We were amused by the dry wit of the old monk, who tried to keep up our spirits, while showing us dismal objects. He saw a party of Frenchmen in a gallery that we had not inspected, and, with a comical glance, started in their direction, saying:—"Let us go and drive out the French." When we recollected that he was a German, the humor of the remark struck us with the greater force.

In strong contrast to the gloom of the catacombs is the sequestered Protestant cemetery, where many noted men sleep, and the heart of the English poet, Shelley, is buried; his body was cremated on the shores of the Bay of Spezia. In the adjoining burying ground lies John Keats, whose grave is hidden by ivy and

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purple violets. This writer of sweet thoughts died in one of the houses beside the great *Scala* or flight of steps which is one of the sights of Rome, and leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the Spanish Embassy, above.

Yesterday morning found us at the Pantheon, a circular building founded by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, in 27 B. C. It is the only ancient edifice in Rome with walls and roof intact. The original pavement is six feet below the present one, which was restored by Hadrian; the brick walls, 20 ft. thick, were once faced

PROTESTANT CEMETERY, ROME

with marble and stucco. Passing through a lofty portico, we entered a circular room lighted entirely from an aperture in the apex of the tremendous dome (140 ft. in height and diameter), formerly covered with bronze. We wondered what protected the fine pavement inlaid in parti-colored marbles, when rain fell. Investigation showed that under the aperture the pavement was pierced with holes, and thus the water is carried off into the cisterns below, for the Pantheon, now a church, originally formed part of the baths of Agrippa. In 609 A. D., the building was consecrated to the Virgin.

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Among the tombs on the left of the high altar is that of Raphael; to the right, that of Vittorio Emanuele II., the "Father of his country."

The American consul had secured us admission for to-day to the Camera dei Deputati,* where Parliament is now in session. We found it an unpretentious assembly room arranged in amphitheater form, and decorated in a quiet dark blue. Small writing desks are attached to the backs of the members' seats, which rise in

THE PANTHEON, ROME

tiers from the platform. The Royalists, dubbed the "Extreme Right," occupy the right of the chamber; the Socialists, the "Extreme Left," sit upon the left, while in the space between them are those less pronounced in their views. We counted 528 chairs on the floor, the members' part of the house. A wide gallery for visitors runs around three sides of the chamber. The members wore business suits, and were quite as informal in their proceedings as our

* Chamber of Deputies.

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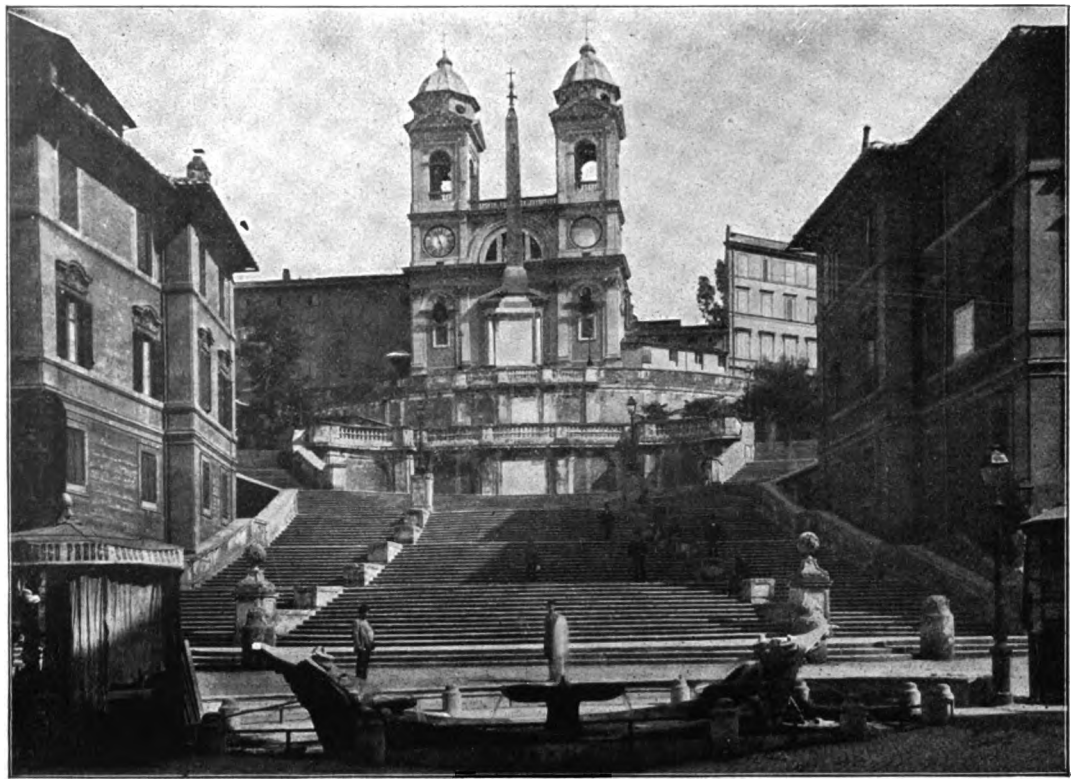

SCALA DI SPAGNA

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own senators, which is saying considerable. Down in front of the rostrum is a wide railing, before which each member passes to vote, dropping a white or black ball into a hollow pillar with curved open top. President Villa opened the session by ringing a silver bell; then the clerk called the roll, which took just three-quarters of an hour; in the meantime, a vote was taken on the question before the house concerning the appropriation of more money for the war in Abyssinia. We had the pleasure of seeing the Marquis di Rudini, Prime Minister, and several other notabilities.

Probably no picture is better known in America through copies than the "Aurora," by Guido Reni, a fresco on the ceiling of a casino connected with the Rospigliosi palace. The room, when we entered, was filled with the easels of artists who were copying this popular subject. But no one has ever done justice to the lithe forms of the maidens representing the Hours, who circle about the flying chariot of the Sun god; nor, to the graceful, sweeping draperies of Aurora, as she floats on clouds in advance of the pursuing Apollo, whose golden hair seems the sun itself, so refulgent is it with color.

We were invited to five o'clock tea at the Villino Aurora this afternoon, and, on our way, called at the studio of the American sculptor, Franklin Simmonds, who, for many years, has lived in Rome. Although past middle life, he is as active as ever and is now modelling an equestrian statue of General Logan. The studio was filled with examples of his skill, and we went away, not only charmed by the cordiality of the man, but enthusiastic over his creations. Penelope,* a beautiful female figure in a sitting posture, with a look of waiting in her eyes, is simply perfect in delicacy of finish.

We sipped our tea under the branches of a mammoth ilex tree, in the midst of rose bushes heavy with bloom, from palest pink to deepest red. Mrs. MacNeil, in her Empire gown, with a yellow rose tucked in her brown hair, looked bewitching as she sat behind the dainty blue and gold cups.

For the past half hour, I have been leaning out of my window in true Italian fashion, listening to a street band. A couple of

* Wife of Ulysses.

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AURORA

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flower girls, in their short skirts, velvet bodices, full waists, guimpes and flat headdresses, were standing on the corner, with baskets of roses on their heads. One of them, who had evidently a weakness for flirtation, offered a cabman, stationed near by, a rose. This excited the playful jealousy of several young workingmen in a shop on the corner, who came out and teased her for another rose. When she refused, they pulled her sleeves and tipped up her chin, looking into her face and, doubtless, saying the most flattering things. It was of no avail; she airily tossed her head, readjusted her basket and disappeared. The fortunate possessor of the rosebud placed it in his buttonhole and strutted back to his throne on the box of the cab. A man, with milk in long-necked glass bottles almost covered with wickerwork and corked with a crisp lettuce leaf, is jogging along the street; and a boy, selling little nutcakes with a dab of chocolate on top, is on a neighboring doorstep.

The costumes of the peasants are all picturesque, though often in need of repairs. The girls wear bodices of velvet or cloth made exactly like a corset. Inside the front steels a narrow board is worn, to prevent them from bending. It is the fashion for the suitors, or male friends of the young women, to carve their names and, if they desire, some appropriate device, such as a heart, on this board, which is easily removed, being between the bodice and the full inside waist.

It is said that even educated Italians are superstitious. An American lady, who has moved in society here, tells us that they are firm believers in the Evil Eye, and that a Roman lady of position and wealth has been ostracized socially, because misfortune or accident overtook some member of several families, while she was visiting them. For that reason, she has been accused of having the Evil Eye.

Rome is a perfect garden of flowers; they are sold on nearly every street corner, and venders walk about, laden with bouquets and baskets of the richest blossoms. Little children sell clusters of poppies, nearly as large as themselves, for half a lira. Yesterday, when Mrs. M. returned from a shopping tour, she not only brought some Roman scarfs and bags in gay stripes, but a

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bunch of pansies with stems fully twelve inches long. Several boys had asked to carry it for her, so you can imagine the size. I received some unpublished verses from Carolyn Waldo Wade of Buffalo, the other day. They were written on receipt of a box of Roman pansies sent by a friend here, and are so dainty I am

ROMAN TOMB

sure you will enjoy them; besides, they add the finishing touch to a letter from "Roma." How we wish every one would call the foreign cities by their names, and not anglicize them. How musical are Napoli, Roma, Milano, when spoken in the soft Italian tongue! But it is late, dear friend, and I must say good night.

PANSIES FROM ROME.

From Roma; bearing on their leaves
A dream of soft Italian days,
Of ancient gardens, winding ways,
And peasants bearing poppy sheaves.

From Roma; as I touch the flowers,
I hear a chime of laughter sweet,
And fauns and nymphs, with flying feet,
Are dancing out the golden hours.

From Roma; on each petal lies
The purple splendor of old years;

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The royal sorrow of the tears
That dim her sad immortal eyes.

Fair Roma; with her marbles cold,
Her fallen goddesses, and gods,
Her blossoming, historic sods,
And strange traditions, weird and old.

Great Roma; throned eternally
Upon her hills; imperial, high.
Long miles from that fair azure sky
These blossoms sweet smile up at me.

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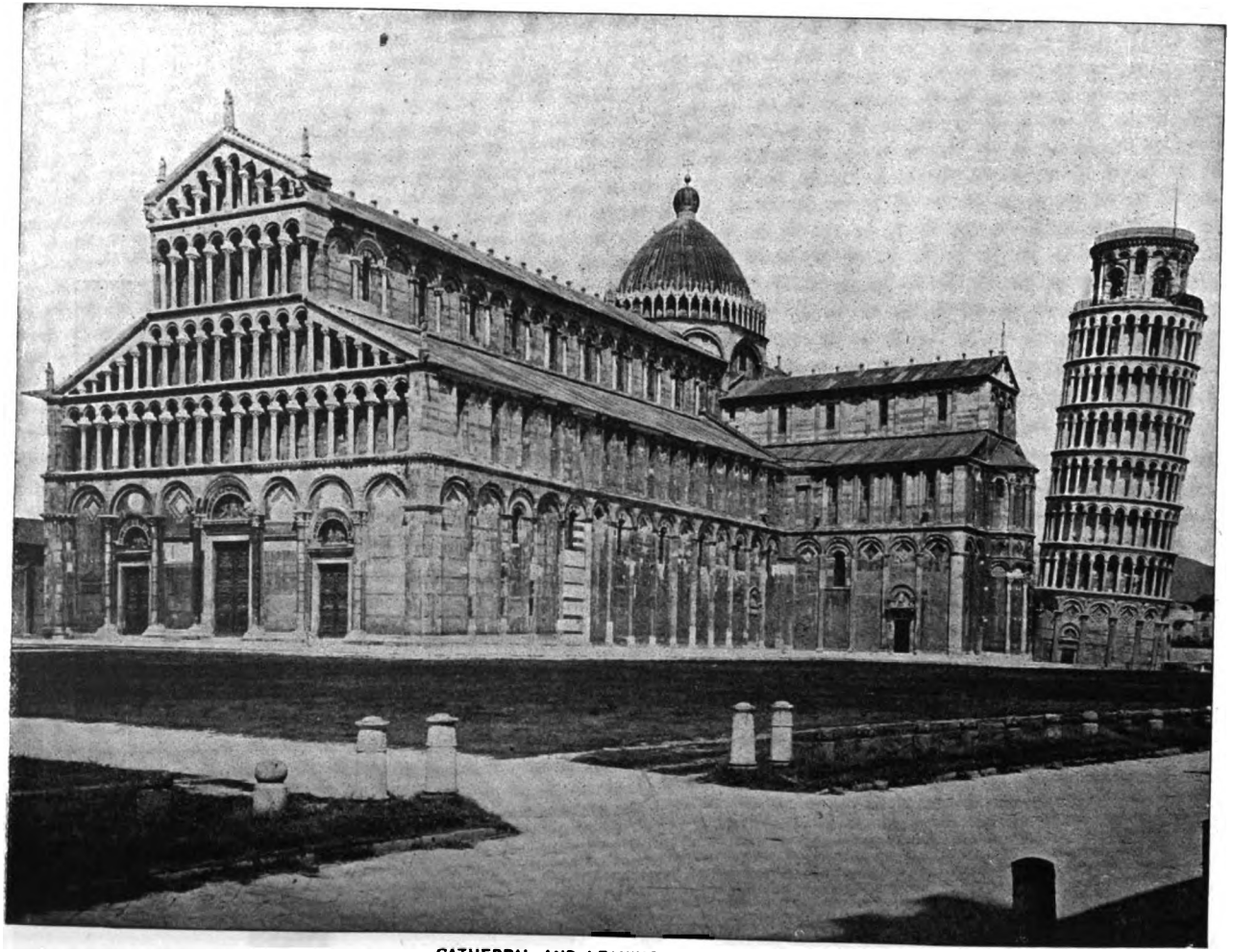

CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER, PISA

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CHAPTER XVI

PISA AND FLORENCE

OUR first view of the Leaning Tower at Pisa, on the banks of the Arno, was a complete surprise, for we had not in our most imaginative moods conceived anything so airy and fragile as it seems to be, when viewed from a distance. As one approaches, however, the structure changes from a castle of carved ivory to one of marble, and, despite the fact that it leans to one side thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, it looks substantial enough to treble the 722 years of its existence. Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of this peculiarity. Now, it is generally believed that one side sunk during the two centuries which elapsed between the laying of its foundation and its completion. It is said that the upper stories, of the eight which compose it, were added in a curved line in order to balance the whole. This Campanile,* the magnificent cathedral, Campo Santo† and Baptistery form a remarkable group on the outskirts of the city.

The Baptistery contains the most famous pulpit in the world, the work of Niccolò Pisano.‡ It is of marble exquisitely carved, and upheld by columns which rest on the backs of lions.

Pisa, now six miles from the sea, was once one of the most important ports in Italy, but, for centuries, the rain falling upon the barren hill slopes and mixing with the clay has formed a fluid paste that has silted up the harbor. This disaster might have been averted, if the Pisans had not lost strength through protracted struggles with rival cities. At present, it is a quiet town with fine quays on both banks of the river, and boasts a University men-

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* Bell tower.

† Burial ground.

‡ Nicholas of Pisa, an artist of the 13th century.

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tioned as early as the 12th century, where Galileo, the celebrated philosopher and astronomer, was educated and afterward taught.

With Galileo "the science of motion began to exist." He did not invent the telescope, but the report of its invention by the Greek scholar, Demiscianus, set him to work to imitate it; the result, after several minor attempts, was an instrument of thirty-two magnifying power which was used all over Europe. Galileo made his first experiments in gravitation at the top of the Leaning Tower and there proved to the students of the university that a heavy body does not always fall with a velocity in proportion to its weight. After living seventy years in prosperity and receiving the highest honors, he incurred the displeasure of the Church, and as a result retired from public life. He died at Florence in 1642.

Our route from Pisa skirted the smiling valley of the Arno rich with farms and gardens, and led us to beautiful Florence, the Queen of Tuscany. Her fair head is crowned by a diadem of glorious workmanship, set with priceless gems of poetry and art, and the secrets of a line of men whose patronage could raise the humblest to affluence and power are locked within her breast.

It was a thrilling moment when we first stood on the Piazza della Signoria,* a splendid square in the heart of the city. Upon one side is the Palazzo Vecchio, the old palace which was the seat of government, and, subsequently, the residence of the Medici.

Close by, is the Uffizi, once a city hall, now containing one of the most celebrated art galleries in the world. It forms three sides of a rectangle and porticoes adorned with statues of great Tuscans face the central court. At the end overlooking the river, the upper stories rest upon arches through which an enchanting vista of the mountains is obtained.

Across one end of the Uffizi, facing the piazza is an open vaulted hall called the Loggia dei Lanzi since the time of the Grand Duke Cosimo I., who posted his German lancers here. The aristocracy sat in this loggia during state ceremonies and the people assembled in the square. It is now a sculpture gallery and contains several noted groups, among them the "Perseus with the

* The square of the government.

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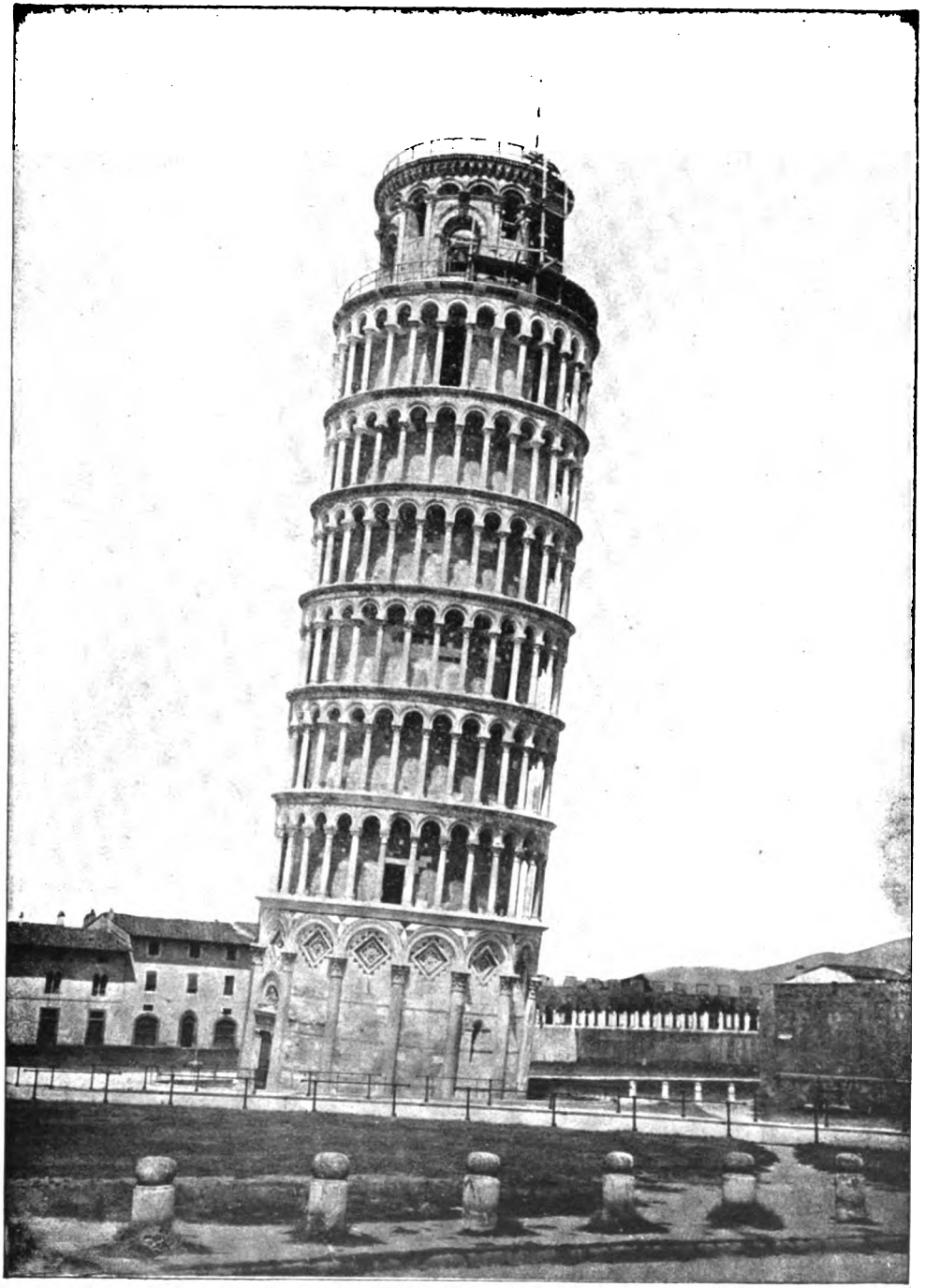

LEANING TOWER, PISA

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head of Medusa," by Benvenuto Cellini, who was not only a sculptor, but the greatest goldsmith that has ever lived.

The Piazza della Signoria has always been the forum of Florence, the meeting-place of the people, where Aristocracy hobnobbed with Genius and Art walked arm in arm with Literature. Its pavement has echoed to the tread of the immortal Dante, whose name is written across the pages of Italy's history, in letters of fire. Here, in the early evening, he loved to greet his friend Giotto, once a shepherd lad, who by the force of his talents became one of the greatest architects and painters of his time. It was here that Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci and their friends chatted over the latest news from Rome, and, here, Savonarola, the Dominican monk, was burned at the stake.

Girolamo Savonarola, born at Ferrara in 1452, accepted a mission to preach in the Convent of San Marco in Florence, when the power of Lorenzo de' Medici, surnamed the Magnificent, was at its zenith. This monk of simple and devout habits was horrified at the wanton luxury, immorality and spiritual torpor of the Florentines, whom at that time he tried in vain to convert. Nine years later he preached his first sermon in the cathedral, which, vast as it was, often failed to accommodate the numbers who flocked to hear his prophetic words. One of his most striking prophecies related to the death of Lorenzo, who, when dying, sent for the great preacher to absolve him from his sins. Savonarola consented to do this, if Lorenzo would liberate Florence from the power of the Medici; upon his refusal, the priest left his bedside, and the ruler died unshriven.

Savonarola's influence became so great that after a revolution, when the city was left without a government, he became the lawgiver. A new republic was established; all Florence was purified for the nonce by the influence of this ruler without a title. A garden of pleasure was changed to a monastery. The people, awakened by the fiery denunciations of the preacher, ceased their revels, burned their fine garments, their ornaments, and entered upon a life of the strictest piety and abstinence. Nevertheless, like all sudden reforms, this was only on the surface, for such severe discipline soon became irksome. The Pope became jealous of

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Savonarola and, terrified by the effect of his sermons on the people, began to plot against him. The prophet was invited to Rome, and the rank of cardinal was offered him. He refused it with scorn and, thereafter, paid no heed to the summons of the Pope. As a result of his independence, he was excommunicated in 1497, but refused to accept the decree, maintaining that Alexander was not a true pope, and maintaining that his mission was a divine one. But the shadow of a tragic fate was already impending. In April, 1498, Savonarola and two of his followers were arrested, tried by malicious judges, and imprisoned for forty days, the great preacher in a cell in the lofty tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The prisoners were subjected to the most awful tortures and though, while in agony, Savonarola promised to recant, as soon as he was unbound, calling upon God to forgive him for his weakness, he would repeat his former statements. Upon the morning of May 23rd, 1498, the three monks were hung from a cross erected on the piazza; the torch was applied to the fagots beneath, and the martyrs were consumed in the flames. It was a black day for Florence, the blot upon whose escutcheon can never be effaced.

In Savonarola's cell at the monastery of San Marco, we saw the vestments he had worn, the rosary he had carried, while from the wall looked down the stern, splendid face, as painted by Fra Bartolommeo.*

We visited the Palazzo Vecchio whence Savonarola was taken to his death. Crossing a spacious court around which were the armorial bearings of different factions that have ruled Florence, we mounted the grand staircase and entered the Hall of the Five Hundred, where the Great Council and Upper Council of the city sat, in turn. At one end are statues of the Medici; at the other, as if by the irony of fate, a colossal figure of Savonarola.

The Duomo, as the cathedral of Florence is usually called, was begun in 1294, and finished, aside from the façade, in 1462. It is of glistening white marble, banded with *verde antico.*† The beautiful bell tower, designed by Giotto, which stands beside it, is so lofty that it might well be the ladder of Jacob's dream. Ruskin

* A monk at San Marco, 1469-1517.

† Antique green marble.

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PALAZZO VECCHIO AND UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

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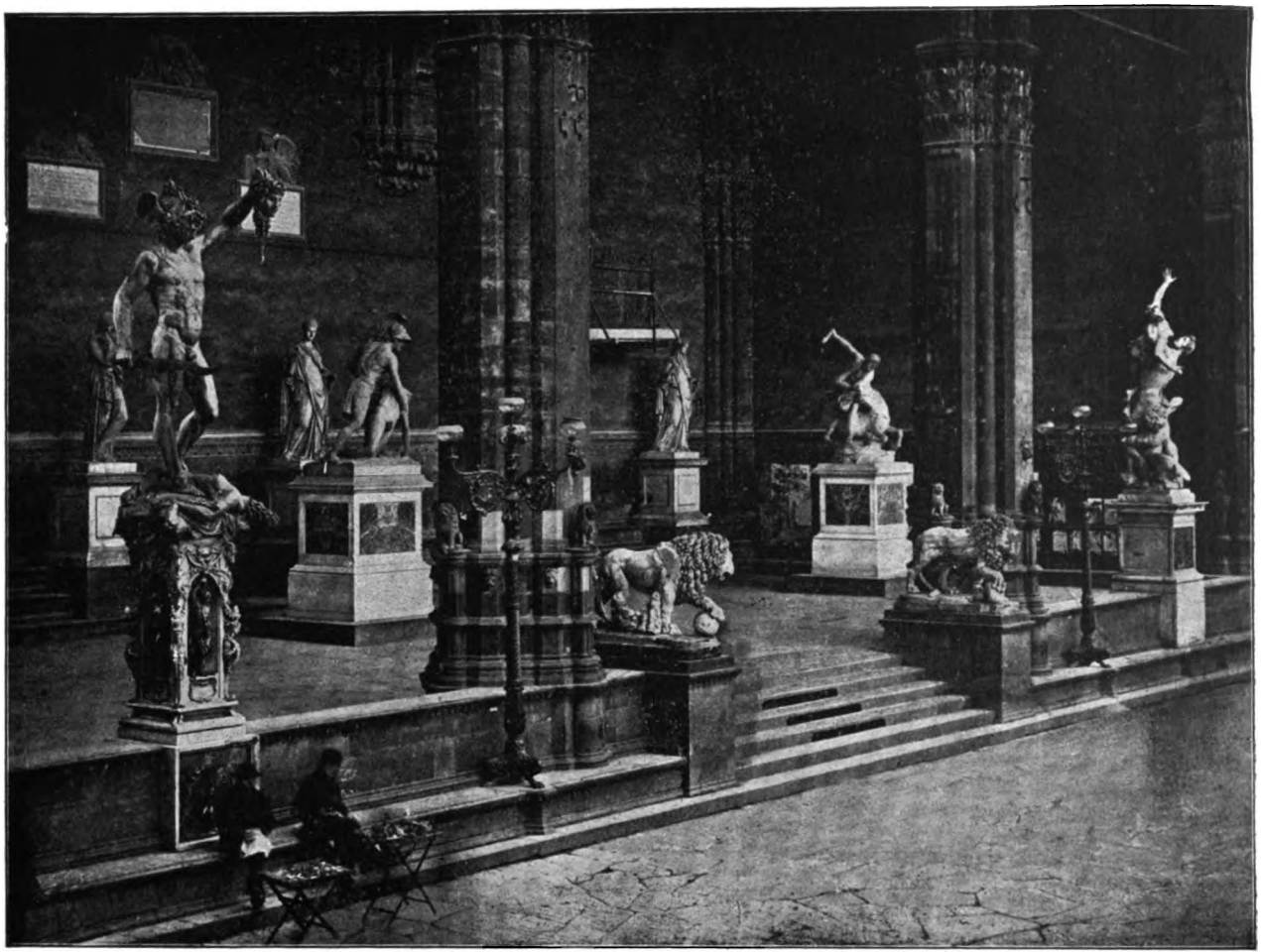

LOGGIA DEI LANZI, FLORENCE

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declares that "the characteristics of power and beauty exist in their highest relative degrees in the Campanile of Giotto." Faced with marble like the cathedral, its charm is enhanced by rich reliefs and priceless statues.

Opposite to the Duomo is the Baptistery, where all Roman

SAVONAROLA

Catholic children born in Florence are baptized. This structure is noted for its bronze doors, the work of Andrea Pisano and Lorenzo Ghiberti. These men combined in their masterpieces the breadth of the sculptor and the delicacy and finish of the goldsmith. The tiny figures that appear in the designs are models of technique. A door by Ghiberti represents ten scenes from the Old Testament, each treated with such clear understanding of the incident, and

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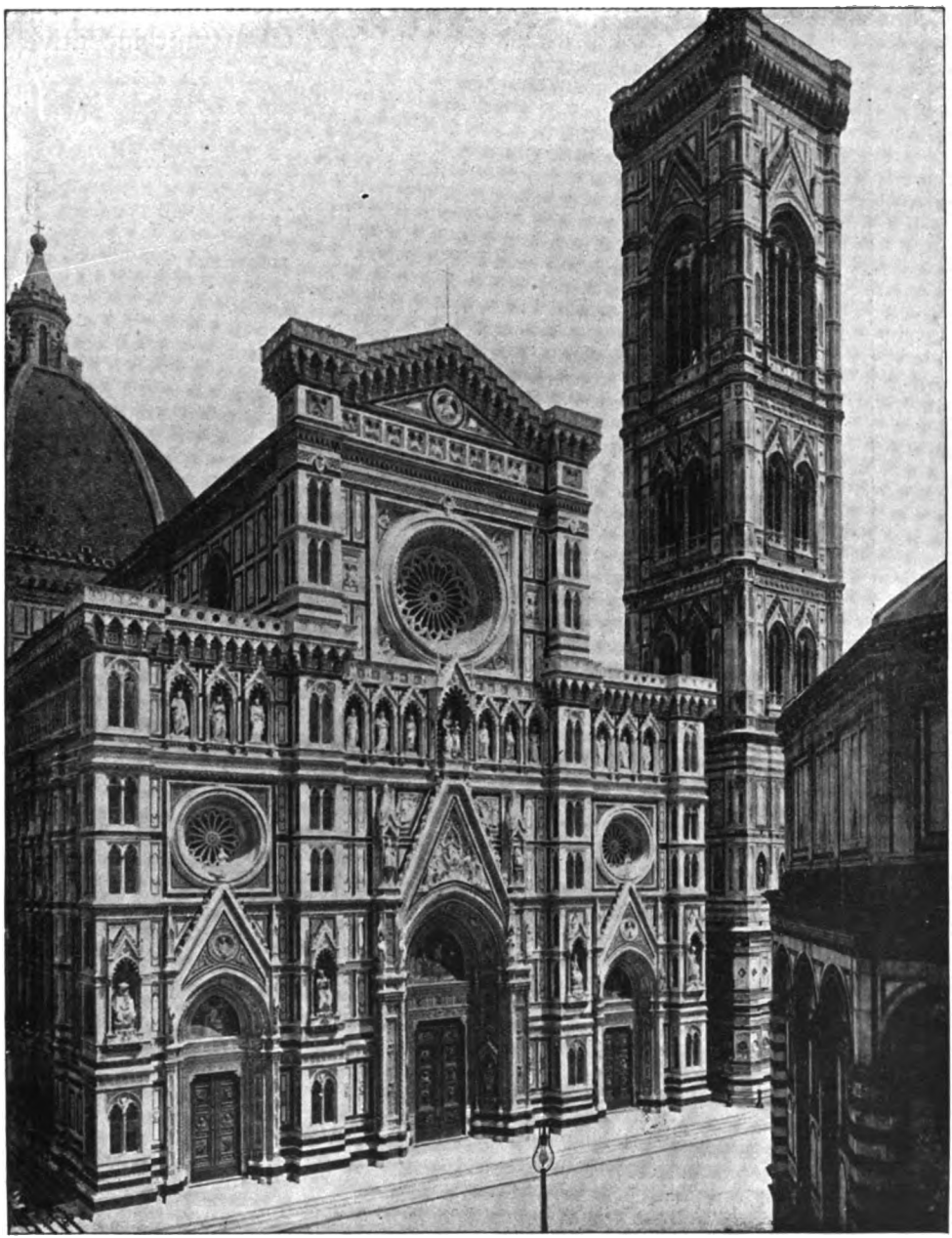

CATHEDRAL AND GIOTTO'S TOWER, FLORENCE

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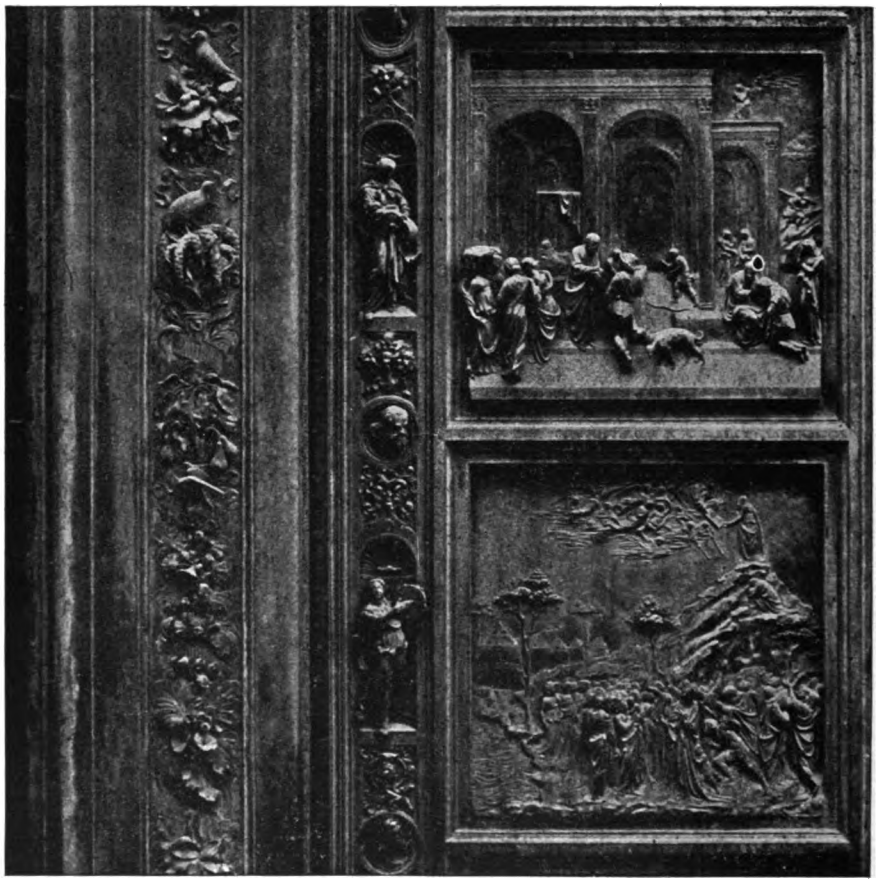
with such insight into the character of the personages, as to make the artist a true preacher. No oratory can affect mankind as such sermons in stone and bronze, for they are a constant incentive to



DETAIL OF BRONZE DOOR, BY GHIBERTI

the people, who are as familiar with their outlines as with the faces of their children.

It would be absurd for any one to attempt to see all the treasures of the Uffizi gallery in one day, so we noted in the catalogue the principal works of art and spent several happy hours in studying them.

The most celebrated and valuable pictures are hung in the Tribuna, an octagonal room, where is also the "Venus de' Medici,"

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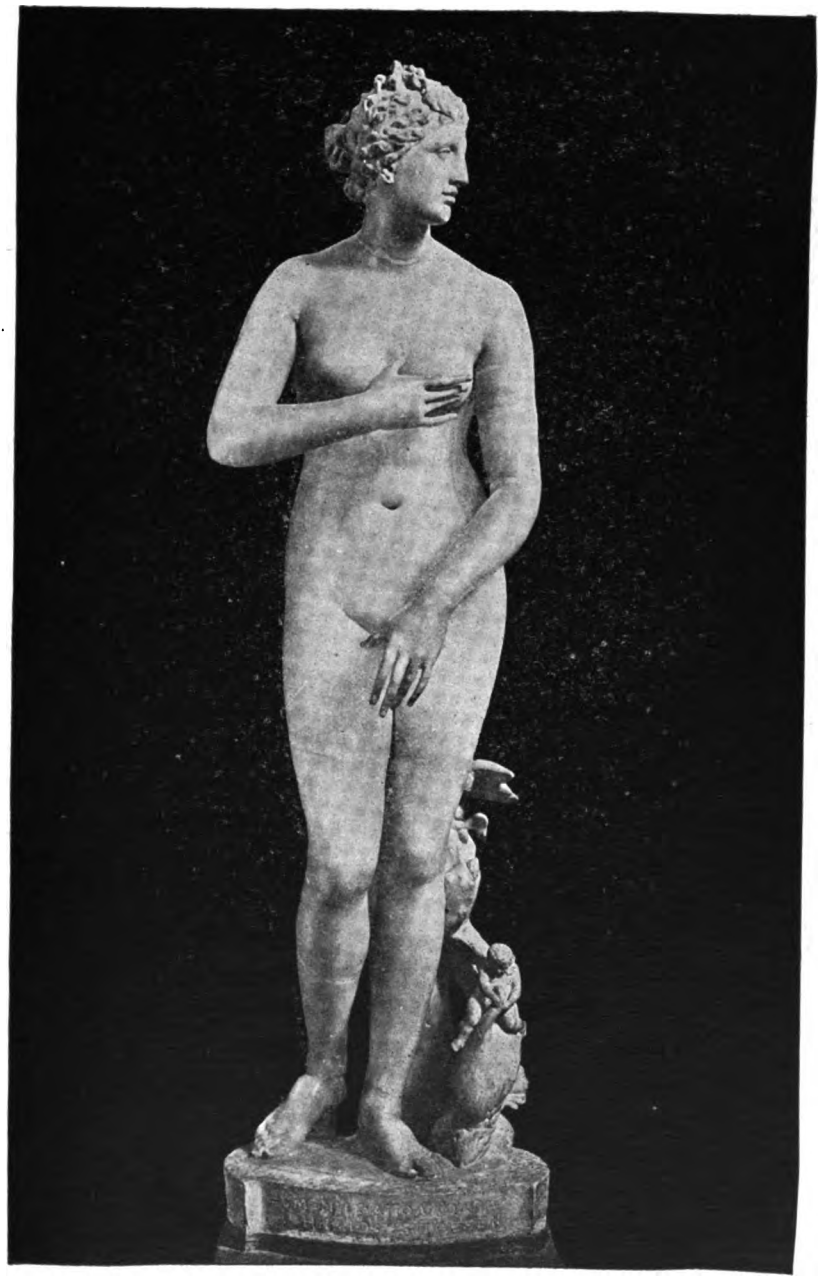

VENUS DE' MEDICI

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rivalled only by the "Venus de Milo"* in Paris. I was disappointed in this statue; the face seemed too narrow, and the pose, affected. However, the group of the Wrestlers was superb, the play of the muscles being wonderfully brought out.

A little genre† picture by Gerard Dou, the Dutch master, merits description. It is called the "Pancake Seller," and shows the exterior of a Dutch cottage; here an old woman is seated, the jar of batter by her side and the griddle in front. Some school girls have been beguiled into buying the crisp cakes, and one is already testing them. Her look of bliss mingled with questioning is comical, as she glances at the unobservant sister, who is paying for the treat. The watery eyes, the wrinkled skin of the old woman, even the broken teeth in her jaws can be seen, and yet the whole head is not more than an inch in diameter.

Dou, it is said, never allowed a window to be opened in the room where he painted, so fearful was he lest a particle of dust should lodge on his work. His stroke was extremely delicate, and some of his brushes contained but a single hair.

It is astonishing how many artists live by copying the works of the old masters; they often block the way and make it difficult for visitors to get a good view of the pictures. Men and women thoroughly trained in the technique of art frequently discover, in the course of time, that they are devoid of creative power and, therefore, are obliged to reproduce famous paintings. It is, sometimes, no easy matter to obtain permission to do so, as there are so many applicants that places are engaged years ahead, at great expense. Mrs. M. bought a fine copy of one of the groups in the Coronation of the Virgin by Fra Angelico, once a monk of San Marco. His work is known by the delicate poetry in the composition, and by the exquisite coloring which attracts the attention of the most indifferent observer.

Yesterday was Ascension Day, one of the principal church festivals, celebrated here with a Carnival of Flowers. Ascension Day is also called by the Florentines Giorno dei Grilli, because of a pagan custom, which still holds good, of doing honor, so to speak,

* Melos, an island in the Ægean Sea,

† Home scene.

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THE SINGING CHILDREN

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to the *grillo* or cricket. As this is one of the most prolific of insects, it was selected in ancient times to represent the reproduction of nature, the general awakening in the springtime. Therefore, on this day, boys walk about the streets of Florence, selling little wicker cages with live crickets feeding on fresh green leaves.

Armed with crickets, and roses, which are sold for five cents a dozen, we proceeded to the Cascine * where the parade was to take place. A grand stand had been erected on two sides of the square, and the charge for a good seat was only three lire. Every Florentine who was not in the procession was a spectator. The mamma with her pretty daughters in their most bewitching costumes and the nurse with head-dress of bright blue or red satin ribbon, the ends trailing to the hem of her gown, were the most conspicuous. As the women of the aristocracy do not nurse their children, but select young and healthy mothers from the mountain districts, these nurses are important persons. The children running about made us think of the "Singing Boys" sculptured by Luca della Robbia, which form part of a relief now in the National Museum.

At the time appointed for the procession to move, the square was thronged, and a squad of cavalry attempted to clear the way. It was amusing to see their maneuvers. The commanding officer dashed hither and thither, brandishing his sword and shouting, but to no purpose; as soon as one spot was cleared, another would be crowded, and the people retired only when forced to do so by the advancing carriages which were beautifully decorated with flowers. One, completely covered, wheels and all, with marguerites and calla lilies, framed a slender Florentine gowned in white silk and carrying a white parasol. Another, drawn by black horses with white harness, was a mass of carnations, roses and palms. A gigantic palm leaf attached to the rear seat formed a background for a lady in white organdie and picture hat. The front seat, from the edge to the coachman's box, was a sloping bank of locust blossoms. The foreign diplomates trimmed their carriages with flowers in the colors of their countries, the American consul's being especially fine,

* Park named because of a dairy once located there.

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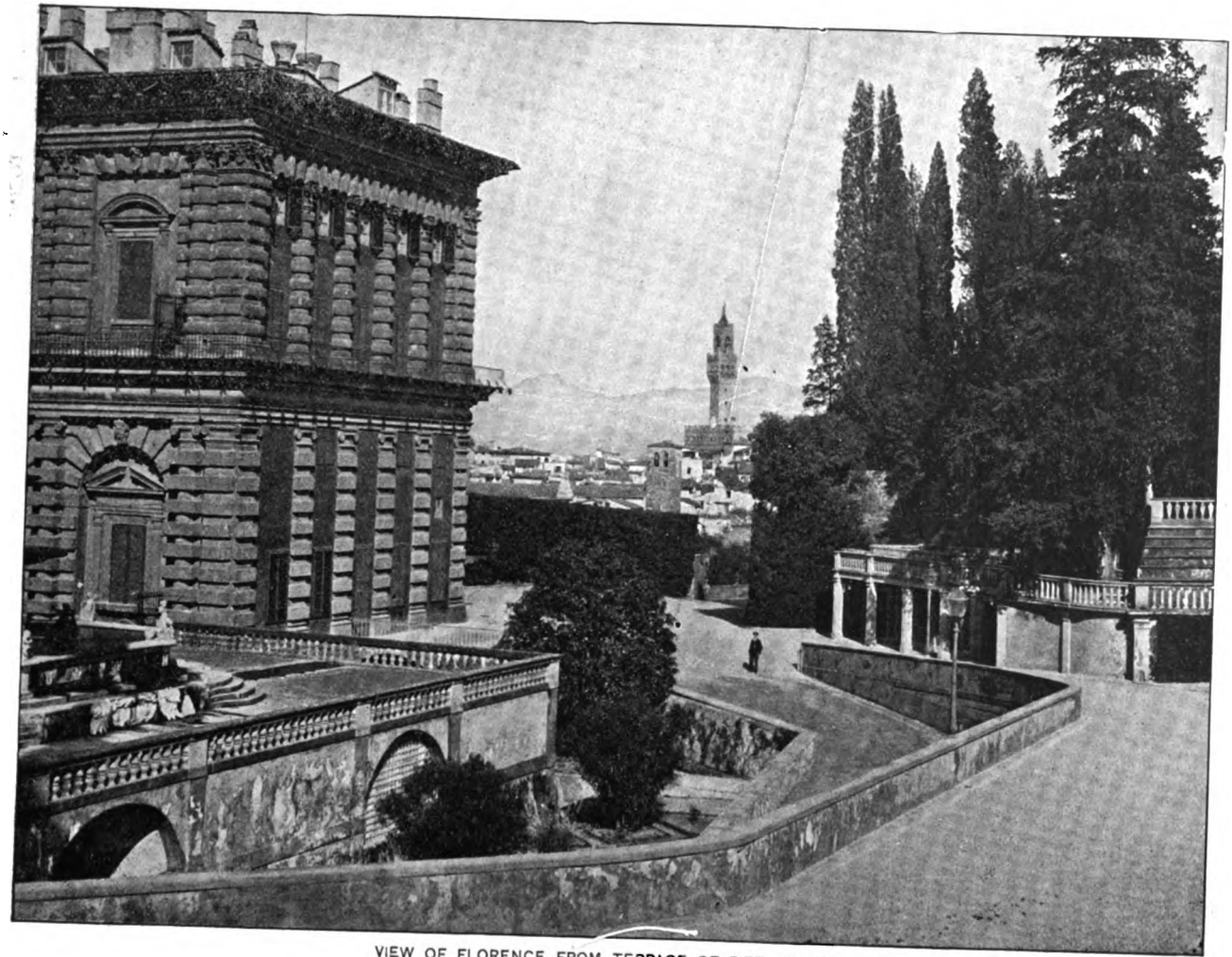

VIEW OF FLORENCE FROM TERRACE OF PITTI PALACE

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with red roses, white carnations, and blue bachelor's buttons. The occupants looked as aristocratic as any of the others, if they did come from a democratic country. However, all were quite outdone in splendor by an American bicycle firm, whose Roman chariot, driven by a man in Continental costume, was truly a sight. We saw the professor, whom we met in Greece, and his party in line, and taking a big yellow rose from my belt I flung it into the carriage. They looked up and waved their hands, and there was a general laugh all about us. It seemed to me more like a carnival, after I had thrown something.

The Ponte Vecchio, the oldest bridge in Florence, is lined with shops, and above them is a covered passage leading from the Uffizi Gallery on the right bank of the Arno to the Pitti Palace on the left. For centuries, the goldsmiths, including Cellini, have plied their trade upon this bridge.

The Pitti Palace was erected by Luca Pitti in 1440, to exceed in grandeur, if possible, anything built by his rivals, the Medici, who, a few years later, obtained possession of it. Built of huge blocks of stone it suggests a prison. The apartments are hung with brocades and richly furnished; a *prie-dieu* * in the king's bedroom is decorated with garlands of fruit, made of jasper, onyx, lapis lazuli, and jade.

The Pitti gallery is sumptuously fitted up and contains many gems of painting; among them, the "Madonna of the Chair," by Raphael, and the "Concert," by Giorgione.†

The masterpieces of Cellini are kept in the Silver Room. As we looked into the glass cases, about which guards are stationed, we realized the magnificence of the massive gold services hammered out by this renowned goldsmith, for the Medici princes. There is a basin in repoussé,‡ representing the abduction of Proserpine. Pluto has taken her in his arms, while in the boat bearing them to Hades, where, as his wife, she afterward reigned. The fervor of his embrace and her gentle submission, are wonderfully wrought. In the old myth, Pluto, god of darkness, loved Proserpine as well

* Kneeling desk, for prayers.

† Italian artist of the 15th century.

‡ Formed in relief.

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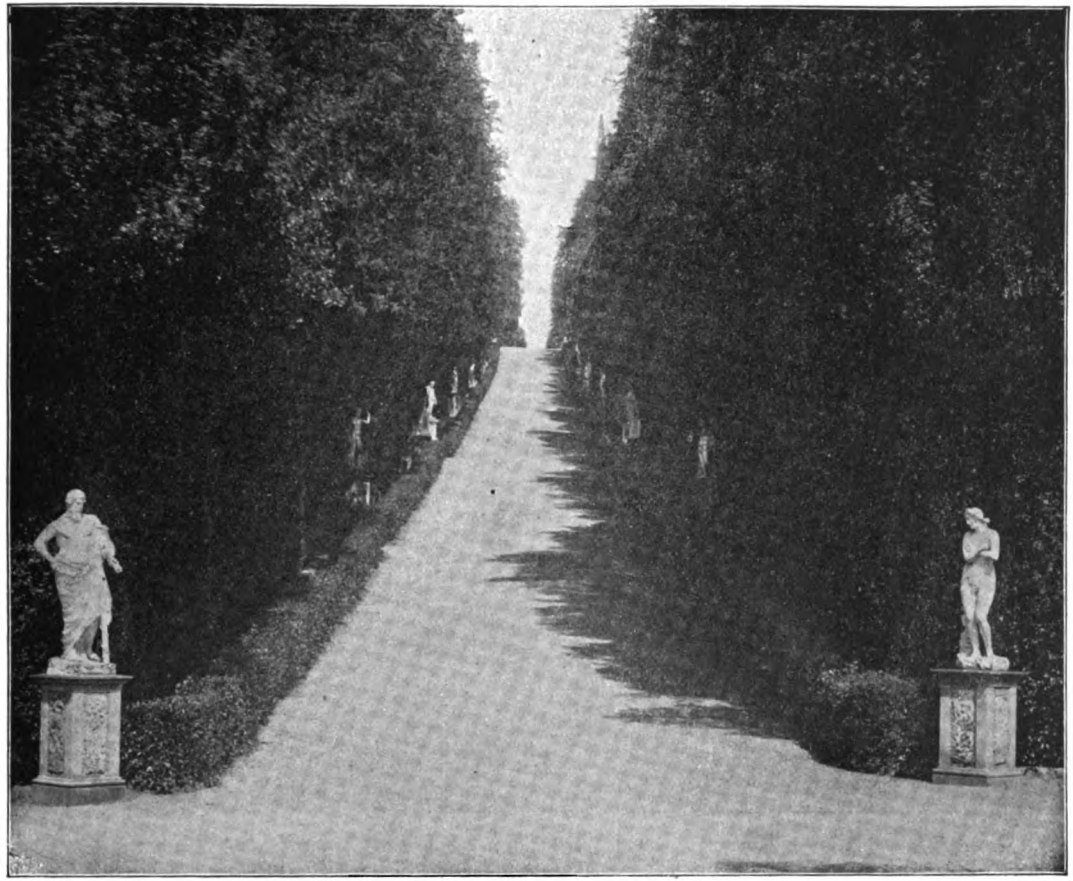

WALK IN BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE

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as Jupiter loved Juno, and from all accounts was rather more constant. We lingered spellbound over plate, chalice and reliquary,* where jewels are set so deftly in the designs that they seem to be painted. But the guide's impatience awakened us from this "dream of gold" to the stern, reality of dipping into our purses for a half franc fee. Oh, to think that I had to come away, and that I may never again see those perfect creations! Nevertheless, the recollection of them is all mine to keep in the storehouse, of my memory, forever.

On leaving the Silver Room, we went directly into the Boboli Gardens, which are laid out in terraces on the hill back of the palace, high above the city. There is a very pretty grotto, and innumerable walks wind under the ilex trees trained to form an arbor overhead. Some of the paths are adorned with statues, and lead to beautiful fountains and rustic summer houses.

The policy of the Medici family, so far as agriculture and commerce were concerned, was excellent, and though they ruled with an iron hand, their patronage of art, science and letters was munificent. Artist after artist was sought out and aided to develop his talents, and to the Medici Florence owes many of her treasures. The pride of the city is the statue of David by Michael Angelo, who was born during the reign of Lorenzo, the Magnificent. Carved from a block of marble, discarded as spoiled, it stood for years in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, but is now in the Academy of Fine Arts. The house where the sculptor lived is at present a museum. His remains rest in the church of Santa Croce beneath the monument erected to his memory.

The day before we left Florence, we visited the Protestant cemetery, where Elizabeth Barrett Browning is buried. Her profile, laurel-crowned, is cut in low relief on one side of the sarcophagus which is supported by four columns. Remembering how far away beneath the stones of Westminster Abbey lies the husband so fondly beloved, I recall the lines written by one of her friends:—

"Parted in death they lay,
But hand in hand they
Hold their eternal way."

* Casket inclosing relics.

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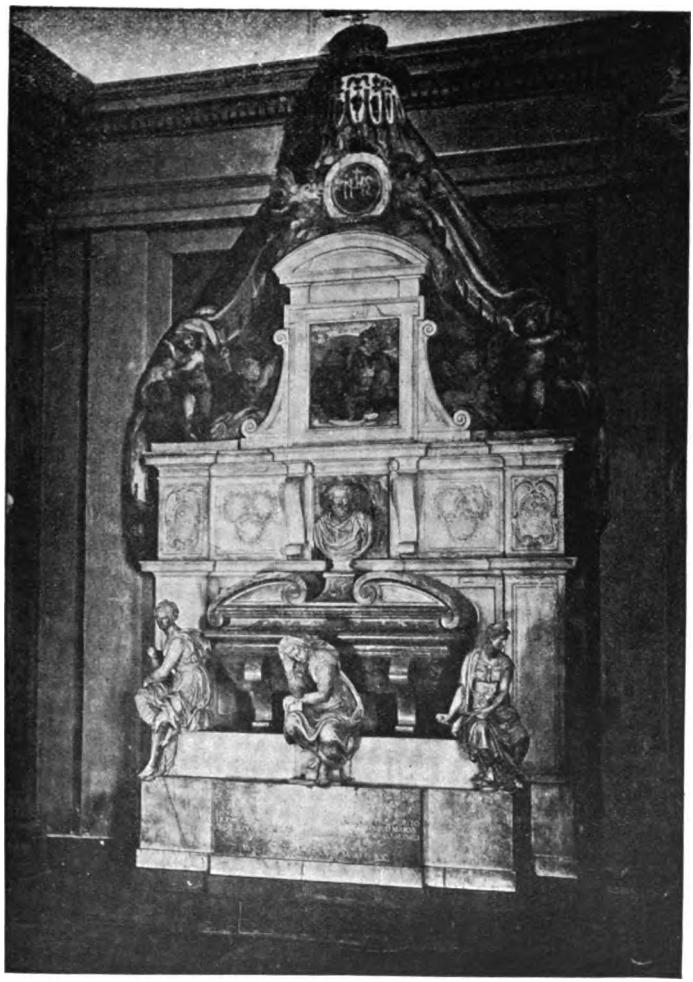

TOMB OF MICHAEL ANGELO

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Near by, lies Theodore Parker; and though the poet and the prophet are here, so far from their native lands, it is such a beautiful spot, that we are not sorry.

It was delightful, toward evening, to lean over the parapet by the Arno, as the setting sun gilded the façade of San Miniato on the height across the river. We could look down the long line of statues standing guard in the porticoes of the Uffizi and see the cold, stern face of Dante, the noble, kindly one of Michael Angelo, and the thoughtful countenance of Cellini. It seemed as if we were at a great reception, and that these stately figures might step from their places and stroll across the Piazza della Signoria, as in centuries gone by. Would that I, too, might leave to the world some immortal work, an inspiration for all future time!

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DANTE MONUMENT, FLORENCE

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CHAPTER XVII

THE RIVIERA AND MILAN

THE Riviera is a narrow strip of coast stretching from Spezia, Italy, to Nice, France. It is bounded on the north by the Apennines and Maritime Alps, while on the south lies the Mediterranean sea.

About three hours after leaving Florence, we passed Carrara, near Spezia; the famous quarries are plainly visible from the railroad. The mountain sides look as if an avalanche of snow dusted with soot had fallen upon them. The town of Carrara lies at the foot of the mountains, and a railroad brings the huge blocks of precious marble to the sea, for shipment. West of Genoa, the railroad runs through a succession of tunnels piercing the spurs of the mountains, but the occasional sight of blue waters amply repaid us for the smoke and discomfort we had to endure. At one moment, we would see gray, desolate cliffs rising from a shimmering sea; at the next, a charming valley rich with plantations of olives, figs and aloes, while lemon groves flourish on terraces above. The gardens in the little villages are inclosed by stone walls that trail up and down the slopes like serpents, their tops one tangle of bright-hued flowers—roses, pink and white, scarlet geraniums and giant clumps of marguerites—which climb and tumble over the edges.

As we passed the French border at Ventimiglia, the architecture became irregular in outline. The square, box-like, Italian farmhouse was replaced by the picturesque French cottage with its slanting roof. The sides and rear of the houses show the original color of the plaster, a gray or deep cream, in sharp contrast to the strawberry pink, blue, or yellow of the painted front. The rocky arms of the coast reach out into the deep purple of the sea, embracing stretches of sandy beach as clean and inviting as the

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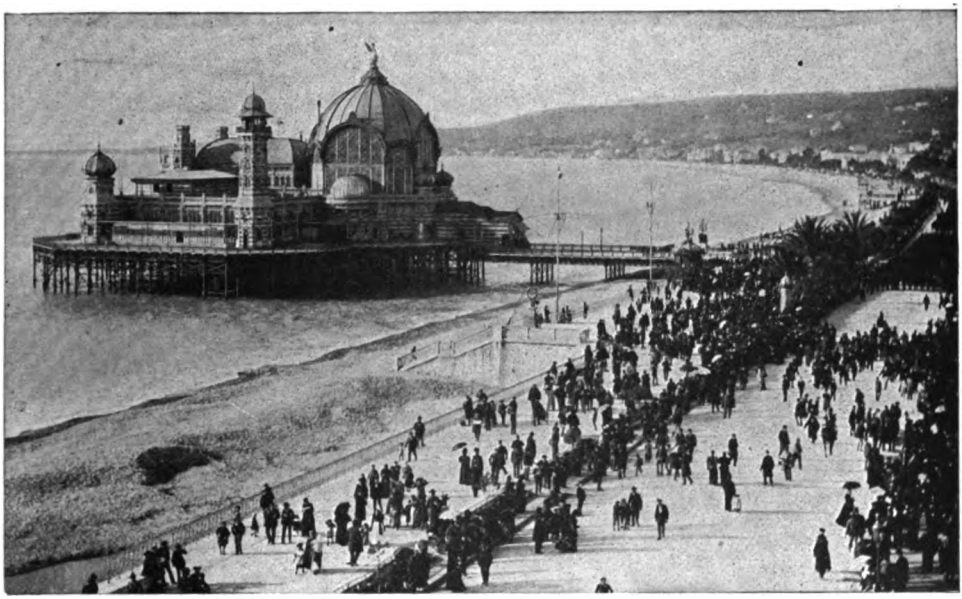
finest of marble baths. The soft murmur of the waves on the pebbly strand, and the delicious odor of the flowers is indescribable.

Nice, lying in a hollow formed by circling hills, has one of the most delightful situations on the Riviera. Owing to its sheltered position and warm climate, it has long been a favorite winter resort for invalids from all over the world. The finely appointed hotels provide luxuries as well as comforts; broad avenues afford pleasant driving and riding, and numerous theaters and concert gardens furnish entertainment for the people. We were disappointed



CASINO AND PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE

to find Nice so much like a modern city, and lacking the wilder beauty of the smaller towns to the east. We lunched at the Café de la Régence, and then took a drive about the city. The avenues are shaded by plane trees and the bark-shedding eucalyptus. At the junction of the Rue de France with a side street, is a cross erected on the spot where Francis I. met Charles V. The river Paillon, which flows through the center of the city, has been covered in several places, and handsome squares have been built over it. The Casino with its winter garden and gaming rooms was closed. In front of this favorite resort is a stalactite grotto over-

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hung by pepper trees and aloes. The season begins about January 1st, and lasts four months.

From Nice we drove six miles east along the Riviera to Eze, a village perched on a lofty rock; the ancient chateau still lifts its battlements aloft. At Eze we boarded the train for Monte Carlo in the principality of Monaco, the most famous and fashionable gambling place in the world. Its outward appearance is ideal; it

MONACO

is everything that a poetic soul could desire. As we left the train, we saw above us a cliff, its rough sides filled in with growing ferns, palms and gorgeous flowers. Winding steps led to the top, whence we looked for miles up and down a coast that is beautiful beyond words. Across a deep ravine, on a promontory rising 195 ft. from the sea and surrounded by ramparts, is the town of Monaco, "the capital of the smallest sovereign principality in Europe." It is under the rule of the Prince of Grimaldi, but France controls the customhouse and the postal revenues. We could see, from where we stood, the magnificent palace of the Prince, with

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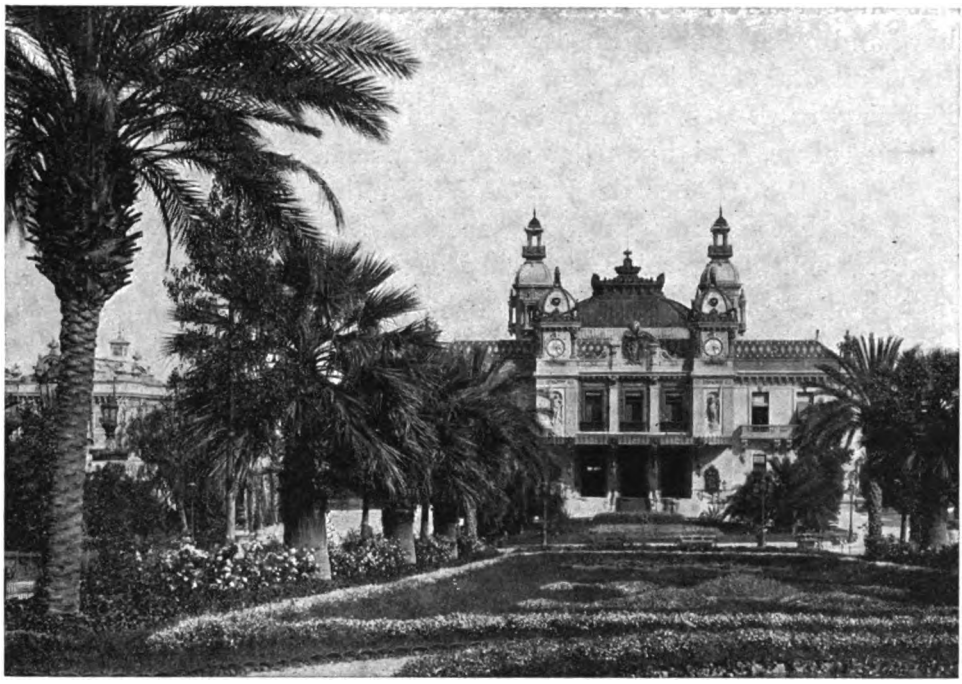
its gardens of date palms and agaves. We engaged a room for the night at the Hotel Terminus, where the porter presented a blank which we were obliged to fill out with our name, age, nationality and occupation, for the information of the authorities. The law of the principality requires this.

As we had decided to take dinner near the Casino and it was almost six o'clock, we went immediately to the Café de Paris, which



CASINO AND GARDENS, MONTE CARLO

faces it; many of the players dine there. A delicious repast was served and our appetites were only half satisfied, when a woman entered the dining-room and took a seat at a table near us. She was fully sixty years of age, apparently educated, and richly dressed; diamonds flashed from her ears, throat and fingers; but,—she was intoxicated! There was no scene; she ordered her dinner and ate it as best she could, but the bonnet of roses and lace gradually slipped to one side of her head and the poor creature mumbled continually to herself, as her shaking hands tried to convey the food to her lips. The people, about, paid no attention and the

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waiter's manner was respectful, when she raised a pair of bleared eyes and attempted to look angry because the soup was not hot enough. This incident made us sick at heart, and, if we could have taken a train from Monte Carlo that night, we would have done so, without trying to see any more of the place.

After walking about the gardens between the theater and the public buildings, we decided to enter the Casino and, for the first time in our lives, see a gambling table. Mounting the steps of the handsome edifice with its columns and statues, we entered a large hall out of which opens the office where each guest presents a visiting card. Here, we were asked if we wished to enter the gaming rooms, and upon our acquiescence, received a card of admission to the "Salles de Jeu." Within the magic portal, which has opened to admit so many seekers after the fickle goddess Fortune, is a long salon superbly decorated, and furnished with three long tables, where we saw a company of men and women playing roulette. Out of this salon open smaller rooms, where *trente et quarante* engrossed the attention of the players, and where the stakes were heavier than in the game of roulette. The people were as businesslike in their play as if they were bank clerks engaged in routine work; all were quiet and tossed their five franc pieces or louis upon the green table with apparent indifference as to the result. Those who staked the most showed no sign of pleasure or disappointment at the turn of the wheel. No one spoke to us, though the *croupiers* * glanced up inquisitively now and then, as we stood back of the players seated at the table. We remained only about twenty minutes in these rooms, and without having the slightest desire to stake one penny, left them and went into the concert-hall, where an orchestra was rendering a program of classical music. The room was full, and we saw young girls with their mammas, and many tourists, as well as the usual frequenters of the place. The roof of the Salle des Fêtes is supported by a row of marble pillars, and there are cushioned divans along the sides of the room. Here, people promenade between the numbers of the concert program. The square was lighted brilliantly when

* Men who manage the game.

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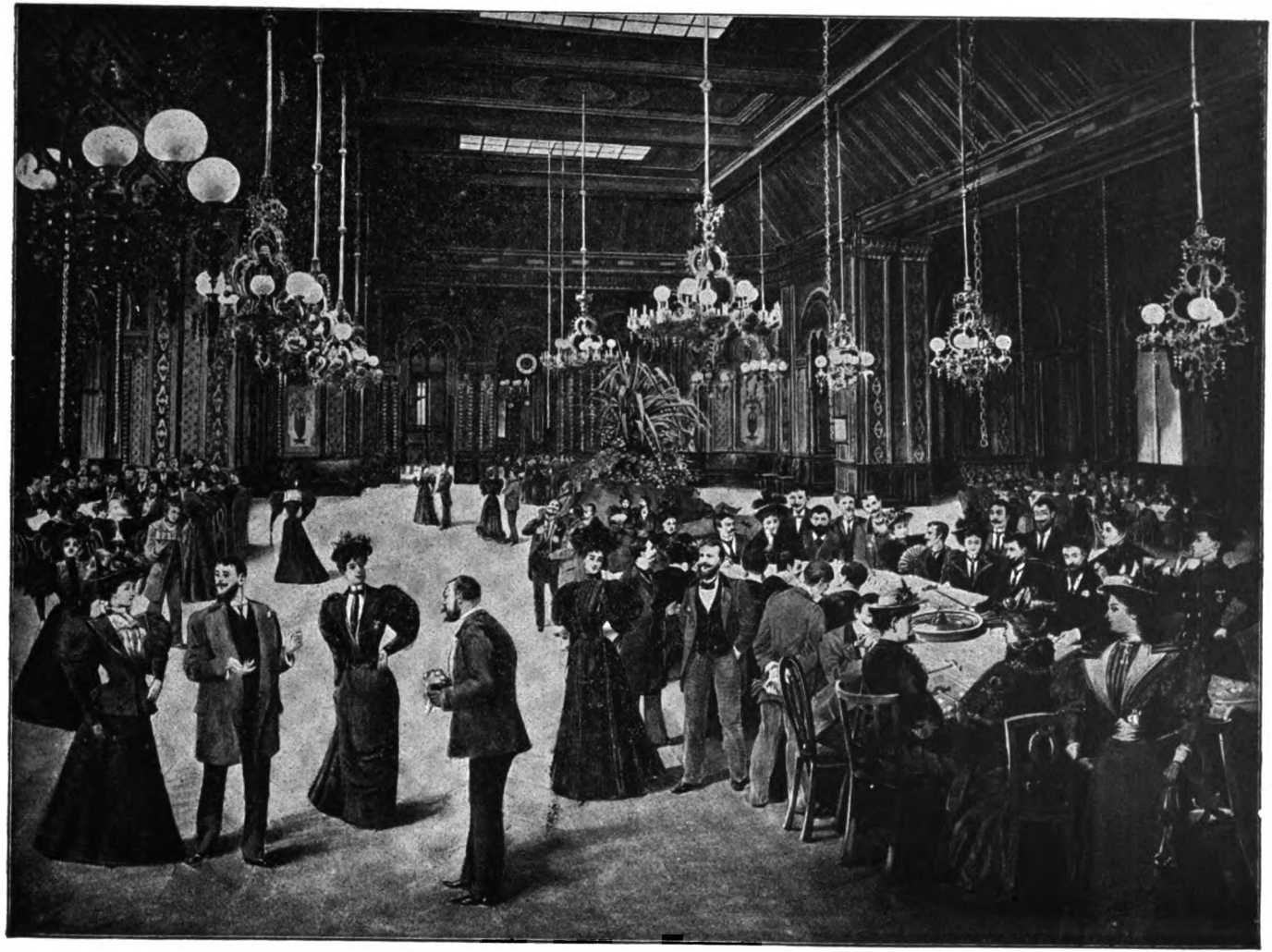

GAMING ROOMS AT MONTE CARLO

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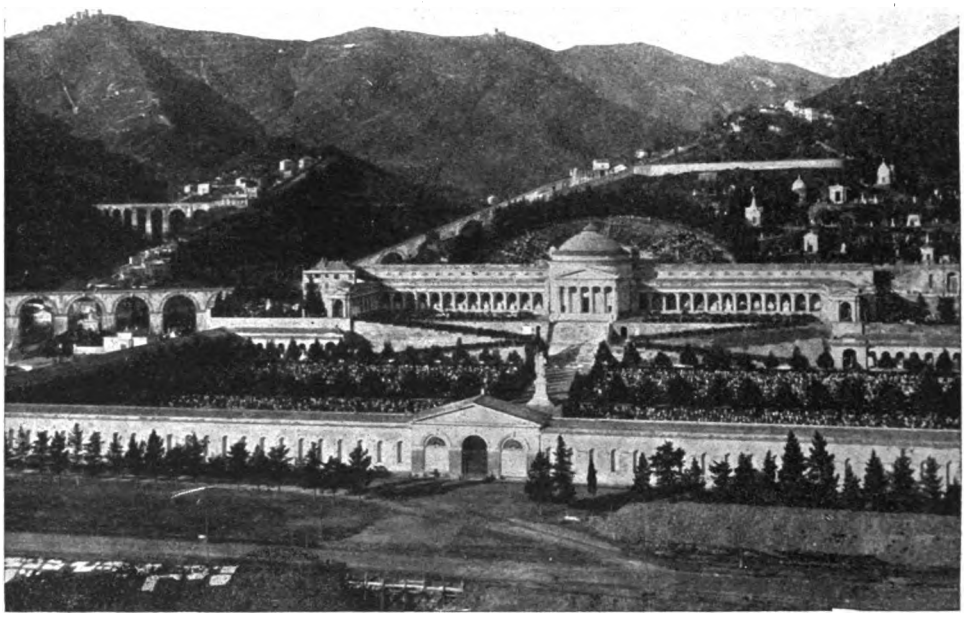
we went out and gaily-dressed groups were laughing and chatting as they walked about, or sipped ices under the trees.

We returned to Genoa without one backward look at the spot where so much beauty conceals a serpent,—the serpent of vice; where men and women, however richly dressed, seem like sepulchers, artistic carving and decoration without, ghastliness within.

Genoa derives its name from the Latin word, *genu*, meaning "knee," which the coast resembles. It is the most important sea-



CAMPO SANTO, GENOA

port in Italy, with a harbor, four miles in length, sheltering 15,000 vessels each year. As the city rises from the sea, upon the slopes of the Ligurian Alps, with a wealth of palaces, marble arcades and luxuriant gardens, it certainly deserves its title, "La Superba." Its enemies, in ancient times, characterized Genoa in the following proverb:—"A sea without fish, mountains without forests, men without faith and women without modesty."

The object that first attracted our attention as we came out of the station, on May 19th, was the monument to Columbus,

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STATUE OF COLUMBUS, GENOA

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who was born here. At the feet of the discoverer kneels the figure of America; on the pedestal are prows of ships and allegorical statues of Religion, Science, Wisdom and Strength. As we walked up through the center of the city, we passed many fine palaces on the Via Garibaldi, where we also found the bankers, Granet, Brown & Co., who had taken care of our mail from the time we left New York, promptly forwarding letters, according to directions.

MONUMENT TO YOUNG GIRL

Mr. Fletcher, the American consul, urged us to visit the cemetery, which he said was the finest in the world. Following his advice, we drove there before taking the train for Milan, on the following morning. It is located in the valley of the Bisagno, about one and a half miles from the city. At first, our way lay along the heights above Genoa, and then descended the slopes on the other side. At the turns of the road, we had views of the harbor crowded with vessels from all countries. A large number of the tombs in the "Campo Santo," as the Italians term the cemetery, are in stone galleries. In the center of the upper gallery is a rotunda, containing a chapel lavishly decorated. Several people of note, including Camilla Urso, the violinist, are laid in the crypt. Many of the monuments are between the pillars of the open arcades, the body being beneath; other bodies are placed in niches rising one above another and closed by marble slabs bearing inscriptions. A tomb that attracted us, especially, was that of a

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young girl, portrayed as rising from her couch, in answer to the summons of an angel.

In going from Genoa to Milan, one crosses the plain of Lombardy. The principal rivers watering its rich farms are the Po and the Ticino, which are diverted into canals, bordered by rows of trees set closely together, their roots forming a bed for the water. This part of the country has been irrigated since the 12th century, and sometimes yields twelve crops in one year. The system was improved by Leonardo da Vinci, who was not only a great artist, but a practical engineer as well.

At the present writing, we are comfortably housed at the Hôtel Métropole on the Piazza del Duomo,* a square so spacious that one can see all sides of the great cathedral to good advantage. Its countless glittering spires and pinnacles finished by statues stand out against the sky, clear cut as cameos. This cathedral, next in size to St. Peter's and the cathedral of Seville, is in the Gothic style with Romanesque modifications. Begun in 1386, it was not completed until after Napoleon I. set artisans to work upon the façade. One of his weaknesses cropped out when he added his own statue, in antique costume, to the multitude already on the edifice. The stained glass windows are the largest known and are a blaze of color, at midday. In the costly chapel underneath the high altar, is the tomb of San Carlo Borromeo, a famous archbishop of Milan. For a fee, the sacristan raises the outer casket of silver, and discloses the coffin of rock crystal, through which the body can be seen. It is clothed in rich vestments and covered with jewels; on the breast is a superb cross of emeralds given by Maria Theresa of Austria.

Opposite the cathedral stands the royal palace. There, Napoleon I., Victor Emanuel and Humbert, have lived. The Grand Salon, where it is said that Napoleon held several fêtes, is like a gallery of statuary. The effect of 4,000 candles set in Venetian glass chandeliers, when reflected in a polished floor, is brilliant indeed. There are marble busts of Napoleon and his two wives in several of the rooms.

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* Cathedral.

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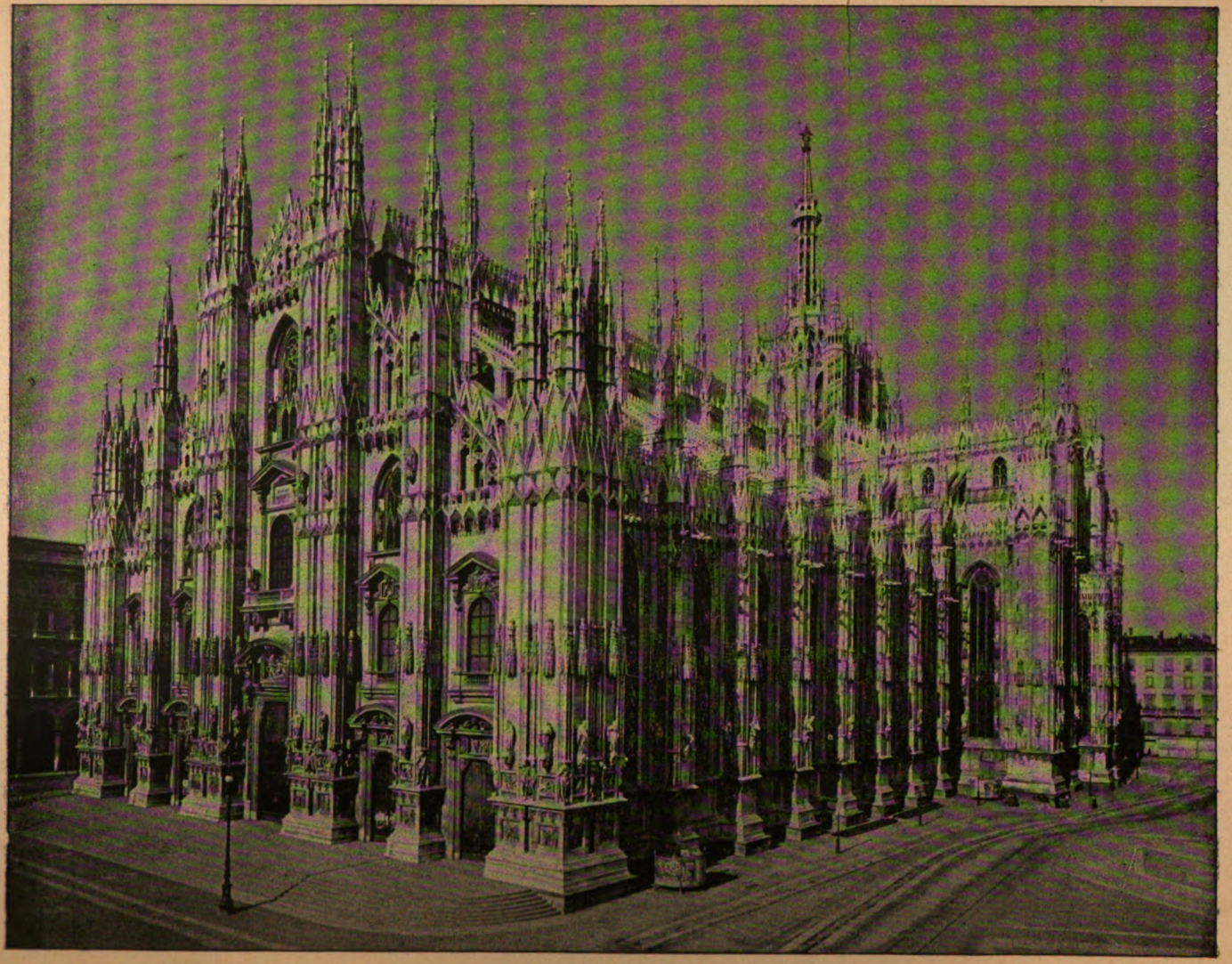

THE DUOMO, MILAN

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The Milanese points with pride to a modern glass-roofed arcade connecting the Piazza del Duomo with the Piazza della Scala, where stands the colossal statue of Leonardo da Vinci. Within this arcade are fine shops and restaurants. We were amused when an English waiter in one of the restaurants informed us, with an air of pride, that they had an "Irish stew." Evi-

DRAWINGROOM IN ROYAL PALACE

dently they are in demand by tourists, and I do not wonder, for the one we had was delicious.

The celebrated theater, La Scala, facing the piazza of the same name, was built on the site of a church erected by Beatrice della Scala, a Milanese noblewoman. In this theater some of the greatest singers in the world have won their laurels. There are no performances at this season of the year, but we were permitted to inspect the stage, which is the largest in Europe. The acoustic properties of La Scala are marvellous. When we clapped our hands in front of the stage, the clap sounded like a pistol fired in the gallery.

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) was marvellously gifted. To the mind of a philosopher he added the talents of an engineer,

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MONUMENT TO CAVOUR, MILAN.

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architect, musician and painter and was, withal, such a thorough student that the manuscripts which he left to the world have been used as text-books, ever since. Handsome in person and agreeable in manners, it is small wonder that he was the idol of the people.

The most celebrated work of art in Milan is his picture of the "Last Supper," painted in oils on the end wall of the refectory in the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie. If he had only employed the reliable method of fresco, we might still have this wondrous creation intact, but time and dampness have combined to destroy it. There is a wonderful majesty about the figure of the Saviour, indistinct as it is. To my mind, divinity is more nearly portrayed in this face than in any other representation. The artist has depicted the moment when Jesus has just uttered the words, "One of you shall betray me!" The guilt in the face of Judas and the consternation of the other disciples only make more impressive and solemn the resignation and suffering in the features of the Master.

We saw a number of Leonardo's drawings in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, justly considered one of the famous libraries of the world. It contains 160,000 printed books, besides a great number of rare MSS. We saw MSS. of Homer, dating from the 4th century; a copy of Virgil, with marginal notes by Petrarch; letters of Tasso, Galileo and the Medici.

One of the finest monuments in the city is that erected to the memory of Cavour, the regenerator of Italy, a statesman, the very mention of whose name kindles the patriotic spark in every Italian breast.

I have only given you a hint of the treasures of Milan, but time passes and we must away. We are going to leave our baggage, with the exception of a hand satchel, in the hotel here, until we return from Venice. We leave early to-morrow, by a slow train (third-class), and hope thus to see something of the country and the peasants along the route.

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CHAPTER XVIII

VENICE

KNOW of nothing more enjoyable, *cara mia*,* than to float down the Grand Canal at Venice on a moonlit night in May. As one rests amid the cushions of the gondola, all the senses are inthralled by the beauty and witchery of this "Bride of the Sea." The blackened façades of the old palaces are veneered with silver, and the only sound that breaks the stillness is the musical "Stali oh!"† or "Lungo eh!"‡ of the gondolier, as he swings the boat into a side canal, or shoots by it. The charm of Venice is in her decay, for nowhere are Time's ravages more apparent. Her buildings and bridges, standing upon piles, are stained with the tides of centuries and burned with the fierce heat of the summer's sun, but who would have them restored? They have grown old gracefully, like a woman who sets a square of rare old lace on her whitened locks, instead of a rose bonnet.

The quiet is delightful; no rattle of wheels; no clatter of hoofs. Only the sound of church bells and the murmur of voices come to our ears at night. We can forget in the moonlight that morning will bring hideous steam-launches to rush past the slow-moving gondolas, forcing us to remember that progress has entered this haven of rest; that, instead of brave crusaders with scarlet crosses, a cosmopolitan throng will assemble in the Piazza San Marco. Nevertheless, in spite of these drawbacks, in spite of the merchants' signs stretched across palaces once inhabited by princes, Venice is still her queenly self, and until the Lion of St. Mark folds his wings, and St. Theodore topples from his lofty throne, she will

* My dear.

† To the left!

‡ Straight ahead!

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THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

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continue to enslave the hearts of men and add to her almost endless train of courtiers. Ah, merely to live in Venice is a joy! With the smallest of incomes, one can have a room in an old palace, a coin for the gondolier, another for the macaroni and twisted roll. It seems as if here one might rest.

The railway from Milan, after passing Fort Malghera, enters Venice by a bridge two and a third miles in length. In the distance, the city looked so like a giant raft loaded with fantastic shapes, that it was disappointing to come into an ordinary station. However, at the exit, all was strange and delightful. A gondola, rowed by a stalwart boatman standing on the *poppa*,* landed us at the Piazzetta, adjoining the Piazza San Marco. Here we engaged rooms at a hotel bearing the same name.

The Piazza is like a vast, open-air ballroom and has a fine pavement of trachyte and marble without a stick or a stone to interrupt its smooth expanse. It is inclosed on three sides by old palaces, of which the ground floors are converted into *caffe* and shops, and on the fourth side, by the cathedral of St. Mark and the Piazzetta. In the late afternoon or evening, the Piazza is much frequented. Tourists from every country on the globe sit at little tables in front of Florian's or the Caffè San Marco. Noble Venetian ladies with aquiline noses and delicately curved lips, in costumes direct from Paris, promenade the square. There are fat, old Jews from the Ghetto,† smoking the long Italian cigars, and pretty buxom damsels of the middle classes, who, thank Fortune! have not yet discarded the mantilla or the necklace of corals.

All the world loves the Piazza and all the world admires the oriental splendor of the Byzantine cathedral of St. Mark that faces upon it. When the sunlight falls upon the façade of this edifice, striking across the five domes, the bronze horses over the main portal, and the mosaics, it glows as if set with precious stones. The church is built chiefly of materials taken by the Venetians from conquered nations, for the city is a vast storehouse of plunder incorporated in the churches and palaces.

The effect of the interior, enriched with priceless mosaics, ala-

* Covered stern.

† The Jews' quarter.

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CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK, VENICE

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baster and choice marbles, is overwhelming. The pavement of stone mosaic dates from the 12th century and, though frequently restored, is in a deplorable condition. Beneath the high altar rest the ashes of St. Mark, brought from Alexandria in 829. The altar-piece of plates of gold and silver, enamelled and set with gems, was made in Constantinople in 1105.

Thousands of pigeons find homes under the arches of St. Mark's, and are fed daily by the charitable, who buy corn sold for that purpose in the Piazza. These plump birds with iridescent throats alight familiarly upon one's arms and shoulders, a bright, inquiring look in their eyes, as if asking for more grain.

In the Piazzetta are two granite columns, spoils from an eastern city; one bearing the Winged Lion of St. Mark, the other, St. Theodore on a crocodile, representing the Divine Spirit conquering the venomous in life. Ruskin points out that one of these shafts is slender, the other more massive; that the clever Venetian who carved the capitals conceived the idea of placing a large top on the slender column, and a smaller one on the other; thus, by careful graduation of line and curve, equalizing the two and making them as nearly twin pillars as possible. Prisoners of state were executed between them.

Towering above the surrounding buildings is the Campanile, 322 ft. in height. The sculptured vestibule at the base was once a favorite meeting-place of the nobility.

Close to the cathedral is the Palace of the Doges, who once ruled Venice. It has been destroyed five times and, each time, rebuilt with greater magnificence than before. On the west and south of the present Gothic structure, built in the 15th century, are colonnades, one above the other; there are thirty-six columns in the lower, and seventy-one in the upper which is called "La Loggia." Upon this rests the upper part of the building faced by slabs of colored marble. The capitals of the columns below are richly carved; while all are beautiful, the one on the corner next the lagoons is considered by some critics to be the finest in Europe. The grouping of the sculptured foliage is strikingly natural; one almost feels the wind in the broad acanthus leaves, they seem so flexible.

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VENETIA RECEIVING JUSTICE AND PEACE

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When we reached the top of the Giants' Staircase, so called from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune on the landing, we stood upon the very spot where the Doges were crowned. In the loggia, beyond, is a line of portrait busts of great Italians; among them, those of John and Sebastian Cabot, so closely allied to the history of our country.

The furniture of the state apartments has long since been removed, but the paintings inclosed in carved frames of gilded wood or stucco, some of them a foot and a half in depth, give an idea of the splendor of the palace, when Venice ruled the seas.

After passing through the Hall of the Four Doors, we entered the Hall of the Assembly, where the glorious ceiling paintings by Paolo Veronese and the "Marriage of St. Catherine" painted on the side wall by Tintoretto interpret something of the feeling and spirit of ancient Venice.

In Tintoretto's famous picture, we see a young girl, with purity of heart stamped upon her sweet face, ascending a flight of steps to receive the ring held out by the Christ child, who, in the arms of the Madonna, leans forward to greet her. The Virgin's blue mantle is upheld by angels. This picture is especially noteworthy because of the fine composition and careful blending of the colors.

How I wish you could see the painting of "Venetia," seated on the globe, giving audience to Justice and Peace! Think of a Venus with golden hair bound with pearls, eyes of slumbering fire, cheeks the color of a glowing rose, throat where the delicate blue veins show through the transparent skin, and mouth like a ripe pomegranate. Clothe this goddess in gold-brocaded satin and a crimson velvet mantle lined with ermine. Give her the soul of a patrician proud of the State, her rank and learning, and you will see the Venetia of Veronese.

The Virtues occupy the smaller compartments of the ceiling. "Moderation" is represented holding a restive eagle by the wing; the arm of "Fidelity" is about the neck of a huge mastiff; the most charming of all, "Industry," holds aloft a web. The poise of this figure is free, the sweep of the silken draperies, regal, while the splendid eyes, beaming with sublime energy, look up through the web as if invoking divine benediction upon all honest labor.

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INDUSTRY

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Paolo Veronese, an Italian artist of the 16th century, painted sacred compositions in a secular style which was both luxurious and refined. He could not conceive any one in simple robes, but put silks and jewels upon the saints, as if they were people of fashion; even the blue robe of the Saviour, in some pictures, is of rich material. Both in his works and in those of Tintoretto, the Doges were always introduced, but the seeming incongruity is forgotten in one's enjoyment of the perfect painting. Ruskin says, "You will in no other way enter so deeply into the heart of the Venice of the 15th and 16th centuries, as by studying the sentiments expressed in these very paintings of Veronese, for she loved pomp and splendor, * * * beauty and wealth, and with it all, she loved her saints and her sovereign, and could never separate them. * * * To be the sovereign was to be in close communion with God, and to be appointed by him, * * * and we must study art as we do history, for the feeling of the times, for art is history made beautiful."

From the Hall of the Senate, to the sessions of which the senators, in early times, were especially invited, we passed to the Hall of the Council of Ten. This council was elected by the Grand Council, and, with the Doge, judged a certain class of offenders. Before its tribunal, only, the cause of the defendant could not be pleaded by any of his connections; but, as the laws of the Republic required that each prisoner should be allowed a defender, two lawyers were hired by the government to attend to the needs of poor prisoners.

In the Hall of the Three Chiefs of the Council, there is a small cabinet in the wall; a slit in the back of it communicates with the antechamber, where it was formerly covered by a lion's head of marble, into the mouth of which documents with secret information for the Council were inserted, a severe penalty being attached to a false denunciation.

The Great Council was the governing body to which belonged only the nobility, i. e., those whose names were inscribed in the Golden Book of Descent and who had attained the age of twenty years. In electing its members, the Council used silver and gold ballots. If, when his name was called, the candidate drew a gold

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ballot, he was admitted; otherwise, he had to wait another year.

In the Hall of the Great Council is a huge canvas, stretching across the end wall which is seventy-eight feet wide. The subject is Paradise, where the enthroned Christ is surrounded by a vast multitude of figures. This, the largest oil painting in the world, was executed by Jacopo Robusti, born in 1512, and dubbed "Tintoretto," because his father was a dyer. His motto was, "The drawing of Michael Angelo with the coloring of Titian."

The windows of the Hall of the Great Council open upon a balcony overlooking the lagoons and islands; the Lido and San Lazzaro lie to the left. We leaned over the balustrade and watched the gondolas moored to the quay, below. Two of them, evidently belonging to some prelate or to a family of importance, were lined with black cloth, the overhanging lappets of the canopy cut in squares and bound with gilt braid. The two gondoliers wore a livery of black and gold.

The library holds many rare manuscripts; among them, a very old Slavonic Testament, a copy of Dante's Divine Comedy dating from the 13th century, the first book printed in Venice in 1469, and a missal bound in Byzantine covers incrusted with pearls, which, in the 9th century, belonged to the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople.

The prisons, which are underneath the palace, are reached by a narrow staircase. Some of the dungeons are grewsome enough; small and absolutely dark, with apertures in the wall for the admission of food and air. The most dangerous prisoners were once confined in these dungeons; near them was the torture chamber, and the place for executions.

A covered marble bridge, renowned, the world over, as the Bridge of Sighs, connects the palace with the prison opposite, which is still in use. We walked along the narrow passage and looked through the barred windows that have given many an unfortunate his last glimpse of the outside world. How welcome was the fresh air and soft, bright sunshine as we came from that fateful spot into the broad Piazza!

An Italian artist tells me that, one evening a few years ago, he was sitting at a table in the Piazza with some friends, including

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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE

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a German artist from Nuremberg, when a young lady elegantly dressed, and accompanied by a middle-aged woman, passed down the promenade. The girl was evidently an aristocrat, and so beautiful that she, at once, attracted the attention of the group. They noticed, especially, her extreme pallor, and spoke of her, afterwards, as the "marble bride."

One evening several weeks later, the same friends were drinking their coffee in front of a *caffe* on the Riva degli Schiavoni, a handsome quay east of the Doge's Palace, when the young woman and her companion again appeared. This time, she was plainly attired and wore a dark veil. Approaching the *caffe*, she stopped, and, throwing back her veil, drew from the folds of her mantle a violin and began to play. In a moment, every one's attention was arrested by the strains of exquisite music, drawn from the instrument. An acquaintance of our friend exclaimed, "Is she really here!" In reply to the eager questioning of the others, he stated that she belonged to one of the best families in Trieste; that he had heard rumors of her being in Venice, but had not seen her before, and could not understand why she should appear as a street musician. As the violinist finished playing, the elder lady, whom the artist judged to be her mother, passed through the crowd which had gathered, collecting coins, and presently the two disappeared. This performance was repeated on a number of evenings, and, in the meantime, the German artist seemed to be the only one who succeeded in becoming acquainted with the fair musician.

One day, our Italian friend dropped into the German's studio and found him painting a picture of three young girls playing upon violins. He saw, on close examination, that the three were painted from one model in different positions, and that this model was the "marble bride."

A short time afterward, on the evening of a festival, the Grand Canal was illuminated, and alive with boats. When the throng was greatest, a steam launch, in pushing its way from station to station through the maze of gondolas, capsized one in which were seated the young girl, her mother and the German artist. The German was saved; the mother lived two days after being taken to the hospital, but the lovely violin player was drowned.

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From that time on, the German's unhappiness was marked. and, in a few days, he was missed from his usual haunts. Disturbed by his absence, our Italian friend went again to his studio and there discovered him seated despondently before the picture which he declared he could never finish; a week later, he was found dead, and it is believed that he took his own life.

The picture of the "Three Violin Players" hangs at present in the National Gallery at Berlin and, though still unfinished, is considered a masterpiece.

One morning, with map and guidebook, we proceeded to prowl, as we delight to do, among the back streets and alleys where we can see the people who are born, live and die in one place; not the fashionable folk. who ape the Parisians and whose children are educated abroad. We wandered in and out of the *calli*, narrow streets connected by bridges over the small canals, stopping to look into the shop-windows or watching the provision-dealer sell potatoes, steaming hot from an iron kettle. Florentine butchers often roast a leg of mutton, or young chickens on a turning spit, in full view of the passers by, but we did not see it done here, much to our disappointment. On the way back to the hotel, we bought some boiled potatoes, and fried them over our alcohol lamp; with fresh rolls and strawberries, we had a real treat.

The Rialto has been the principal bridge over the Grand Canal since 1591, when the last marble block was placed in position upon the span. Ancient Venice was situated on the island, Rivo alto,* which gave its name to this bridge, on which are shops patronized by the lower classes. Crossing to the west side of the canal, we stopped and looked back toward the bank we had just left, where, away up near the top of an old building, and almost obliterated, is a fresco by no other than the master Giorgione.†

Naturally, we were reminded of Shylock as we found ourselves in the Jews' quarter. Near the fruit market is a short granite column; in the 16th century, the laws of the Republic were promulgated from its flat top.

* High bank.

† Giorgio Barbarelli (1477-1511), called Giorgione, meaning George the Great, from his noble figure.

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THE RIALTO

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Recrossing the Rialto, we walked down a back street where the crab-catchers boil and prepare crabs for the market. Over a charcoal fire built close to the edge of the canal is suspended a big, black pot into which the live crabs are plunged to boil. When done, they are ladled out into baskets; then, one by one, scrubbed with a brush, in the waters of the canal, until they look clean. We wonder how any one can eat them, knowing where they have been washed; for there are smells in Venice equal to those of Cologne, and they nearly all come from the canals, which do not seem to be entirely wholesome, in spite of the fact that the rise and fall of the tide is about two feet.

In the doorways of neighboring houses, young women cluster in groups, stringing beads for the fans and necklaces that are sold in the bazaars and on the streets. They hold a pan of beads on their knees, and, tipping it with the left hand, thrust a bunch of wires, held fan-shaped in the right hand, in rapid succession into the pan, so that they catch up the bits of glass and are soon full. These women, who beg of every passing stranger, are of the lowest class, and their faces are absolutely expressionless.

Tired with our walk, we engaged a gondola and started for a long row to the island of Murano. As we turned into a narrow canal, we noticed a gondola ahead containing two women and three men. In the center of the boat was a tiny casket covered with a black pall, a cross in white braid outlined upon it and flowers heaped above. Suddenly, there seemed to be some difficulty about the rowing of the boat, and one of the men stripped off the white gown that he wore, showing a workman's blouse underneath; then, taking another oar, he assisted the gondolier, and on they went.

As it was our intention to stop at the Campo Santo on our way to Murano, we followed them. They placed the casket in the center of the little chapel on this island set apart for the burial of the dead. Two priests appeared and performed a hasty, and, to us, a soulless, ceremony. Then the two men in white gowns, evidently the father and the grandfather of the child, picked up the wooden bier, and, followed by the women, went out to the cemetery, about which ran a gallery with rows of compartments. We stayed at a respectful distance until they had placed the plain pine box in its

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niche and bricked up the opening. It seemed so pathetic! no one wept; no one but the bearers looked sad; the two women carried their tall candles as if in a festal procession. The priest, who accompanied them, began to take off his vestments as soon as the workingmen opened the niche in the wall, and, with the boy attendant, trotted away without saying a word to the people.

Murano possesses 3,900 inhabitants, the majority more or less interested in the manufacture of Venetian glass, an industry identified with the island since the 14th century. The children of Venetian nobles in the old days intermarried with those of the glass manufacturers, and their descendants inherited titles of nobility. Murano had its own Golden Book of Descent, and its own mint.

The Museum contains rare specimens of the glass blowers' art, many secrets of which were long lost.

In the furnace rooms of the factory we visited, men were at work on an order of globes for chandeliers. In making this kind of glass, where many colors are employed and the designs are unique, each man must be an artist.

The glass cubes for mosaic work are made in Murano and quantities of them are sent to the big factory of Salviati, on the Grand Canal, where we stopped on our return. This establishment furnished the mosaics in the Columbus Building, Chicago, and the manager referred to the fact with great pride. A design for the interior of the dome of the Guards' Chapel, London, is now being executed.

The process is as follows: cubes of all colors are placed in pigeon-hole cabinets ready for the artist; the design is sketched on heavy paper, and upon this the mosaic is set; a second design in water colors hangs, for reference, in front of the workman, who has at his right an iron wedge, a hammer, and a pot of glue. He selects his cube and, laying it on the iron wedge, knocks off with a sharp-edged hammer a piece of the desired size, perhaps, a square, perhaps, a thin wedge, and with the glue fastens the right side to the design, in the proper spot. The wrong side of the mosaic is toward the artist. When it is cemented upon the wall for which it was designed, and after it is dry, the paper,

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covering the right side, is soaked off with warm soapsuds, and the mosaic appears. The backgrounds are generally gold and are made in the following manner. The foundation is a sheet of colored glass, made opaque by oxide of tin; upon this the gold leaf is laid on, flat, and covered by a thin layer of white, transparent glass which protects the gold. This is the secret of the preservation of gold mosaic. When hard, this sheet of gilt is cut into dice, and set in the usual way.

Near Salviati's is the old Rezzonico Palace, now occupied by Barrett Browning, son of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Here, the poet died in 1889, and a memorial tablet is affixed to the wall. The family were absent and the custodian permitted us to go through all the rooms. There were pictures and busts of the gifted father and mother in nearly every apartment. We had the privilege of seeing the alcove fitted up like a miniature chapel, in memory of Mrs. Browning, the "Little Portuguese," as her husband loved to call her. The son dabbles both in painting and sculpture; one of his pictures is a good portrait of his father.

This morning, we spent an hour studying Titian's "Assumption," and "Presentation in the Temple." The latter portrays the Virgin, when a child, going up the steps of the temple to meet the priests. Both pictures are in the Academy of Fine Arts and alone are well worth the trip to Venice.

From the Academy, a small steamer took us to the Lido, one of the low sand-hills which separate the lagoons from the open sea. It has been changed into a garden spot, with a fine Casino and bathing houses. Fishing smacks with red and yellow sails were coming from Chioggia, and we passed quaint shrines placed on poles sticking up out of the water, before which the gondolier says his Ave Maria.

The island of San Lazzaro, a piece of waste land, was bought in 1182 from Seigneur Leone Paolini by the Republic of Venice, for a lepers' hospital, and named after St. Lazarus, the patron saint of lepers. When the disease had disappeared from this part of the country, the island was abandoned.

In April, 1715, an Armenian monk named Mekhithar, accompanied by eleven of his brethren, came to Venice to seek protection

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THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

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from the Turks. The Republic offered them, as an asylum, this deserted island with its crumbling buildings. The monks gladly accepted it and set to work. The monastery was completed by the founder, Mekhithar, in 1740, and a printing establishment was started. Mekhithar was a model of industry, and the books brought out were calculated to promote intellectuality and piety, especially among the Armenians, to whom instructive works were sent. The Abbot died, nine years later, and his body lies at the foot of the high altar of the chapel. From that time, the monks took the name of Mekhitharists.

As the steel prow of our gondola reached the marble stairs leading to the door of the monastery, a porter appeared and politely ushered us into a parlor curiously furnished and hung with oil paintings. In a moment, a monk with an intellectual face entered, and, addressing us in French, asked if we would like to see the monastery.

He first led us into the museum, where there is a mummy presented by the Khedive of Egypt. It is said to be 3,500 years old and lies in a cedar coffin inclosed in glass. The body, with the exception of the head, is wrapped in 1,000 yds. of linen cloth, decorated on the outside with beadwork. The brain, which has been removed and dried, lies upon the breast, and the face is uncovered, showing the teeth.

At a table in the library, Lord Byron, the poet, studied the Armenian language; our guide showed, with great satisfaction, his pen, ink-stand, knife and some autograph letters. We paused, also, before a fine bust of the founder.

When we passed out, we were asked to write our names in the Visitors' Book. I added, in the space headed "Remarks," the fact that I was connected with a club of women that had given its mite to the fund raised to send Miss Clara Barton to the relief of the Armenians. You would have been pleased with the result, I am sure. The monk's face glowed with pleasure and he immediately asked for my card; then he stepped to a door and, calling another brother, gave an order. Presently, a tray was brought in, upon which were two dainty little glasses containing a wonderful cordial called *Arusic*, and a confection made of red rose leaves.

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We partook of these delicacies in the beautiful cloistered court, where oleanders and roses filled the air with their perfume. In the center is a fountain; beside it grows a splendid cedar, brought from Lebanon, and the largest magnolia I have ever seen.

The refectory on the ground floor interested us very much; there are nine tables, four on a side, and at the upper end, one for the abbot. They looked most inviting, covered with white cloths and partly set for the evening meal. The monks are allowed to have meat, vegetables and confectionery, except on Friday and Saturday, when only fish and eggs are permitted. It is the custom at mealtime to say grace in concert. The abbot recites a prayer, some one of the scholars, a psalm; then all repeat the Lord's Prayer, after which the meal is eaten in silence, while a novice reads a bible lesson from the pulpit placed high up on one side of the room. When the repast is finished, the community give thanks and retire, the reader for the day dining alone afterwards. Cleanliness and simplicity abide in this peaceful retreat; the menial labor is performed entirely by servants.

In the printing office, fifteen compositors, printers and bookbinders are employed. Most of the books written by the members of the order, who are all scholars, are printed in Armenian, though several works have been brought out in other languages, as this establishment possesses the type of thirty-five different alphabets. A literary review is issued every three months. It would have done you good to see the expression of delight which brightened the monk's face as Mrs. M. casually mentioned that an American Book Company had recently published a book on the Armenian question, then sadden, as he replied, "Ah, indeed! Here we have not that privilege. The Turks never permit us to publish our wrongs."

There are about eighty members in the order, but they do not all live at San Lazzaro. Besides their college in Paris, and the one in Venice, they have schools in Constantinople and Trebizond. Armenian youths, who show signs of talent, are intrusted to their care and receive an education free of charge. They are destined, upon finishing the course, which covers a period of twelve years, to be members of the order and, in consequence, teachers of their people. We saw a band of about thirty marching

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through the corridors, headed by the instructors; they all had remarkably intelligent faces, but looked very sad; doubtless, on account of the recent sufferings of their countrymen.

Upon our departure, we were presented with souvenirs in the shape of little, colored photographs of the island, and a small pamphlet, giving the history of the order, accompanied by a beautiful bouquet of roses. I can assure you that we glided away from the hospitable doorway with many pleasant thoughts of the monks of San Lazzaro.

Before leaving Italy, I would like to tell you more of the people. When one stays so short a time in a country and has no friends among the upper classes, the best that one can do is to study the poor, and to do that, it is necessary to mingle with them. While travelling, we have been well rewarded for the slight unpleasantness of sitting on uncushioned seats and beside peasants with grimy hands and faces. The poor are seldom tidy, but, in happy contrast to their neglect of personal appearance, they are warm-hearted, and generous to the stranger. For example, one old woman, with her luncheon tied up in a kerchief, poked over the dry bread and sausage and fished out two little cakes, evidently a luxury to her, and holding them out triumphantly, urged us to accept them. She seemed quite disappointed when we, in our gentlest manner, assured her that we had plenty to eat in our lunch-box. Presently, three men, one old and lame, and a young woman entered the car; it was charming to see the deference shown to the older man of the party. The three squeezed themselves with others into one seat, in order that he of the crutches might lie down at full length, though, judging from his corpulence and healthy complexion, he was quite as able to sit up as the others.

The peasants never enter a car, or leave it, without politely saluting the occupants, and always seem delighted when I venture to ask questions, in Italian, about the surrounding country.

We have been in the city four blissful days, and to-night we return to Milan, on our way to Switzerland. It is a short time to spend in Venice, but we must be content.

As I write, I can hear the voices of a band of singers sere-

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nading some one in a house near by; their voices are delightfully rich and full.

"I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling-place." *

You think, no doubt, that the blue, moonlight pictures of Venice are an exaggeration. Let me emphasize the fact that on all clear nights the sky is a pure ultramarine in color, and that the same deep blue tints the water and the broad pavement of the Piazza. At this moment, a flood of moonlight is bringing out every detail of sculpture and every gold-imbedded saint, investing them with a mystical radiance marvellous to behold.

I.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!" †

* Robert Browning.
† Lord Byron.

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CHAPTER XIX

SWISS CITIES AND MUNICH

E took our journey from Venice to Milan by easy stages, spending a night in the old city of Verona, where Romeo and Juliet lived, loved and died and where Juliet's tomb is shown to the credulous. Before starting for Switzerland, we had a day of complete rest.

The lakes of northern Italy are picturesque in the extreme, the most noted being Maggiore and Como. The district abounds in birds and it is estimated that 6,000 songsters are killed yearly on the shores of Maggiore, alone. Lake Como lies in a hollow in the mountains and is much frequented by rich Milanese, who build their summer homes on its shores. In the celebrated Villa Carlotta, where the beautiful Charlotte, daughter of Princess Albert of Prussia lived, is Canova's statue of "Cupid and Psyche."

The Alpine valleys are the most unhealthful sections of Italy. Goiter and a skin disease are common among the peasants; the latter is mainly due to the food which is, generally, *polenta*, a mush made from an inferior quality of maize.

A couple of American ladies, who left the train at Como, amused us, greatly. They seemed very much excited and vexed over something, and, on our inquiring if we could be of any assistance, confessed that they were bound for a town on the lake, the name of which they could not for the life of them remember. They had lost the printed directions for their journey, given them by a ticket agent. While they stood in despair watching the omnibuses depart for the steamer landing, a dapper little guide appeared and, in a trice, suggested the forgotten name. The discomfited pair recognized it, at once, just in time to catch the

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CUPID AND PSYCHE

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last carriage. If one ever feels like an abject idiot, it is when, in a strange country, the foreign word, indispensable at the moment, is forgotten.

The St. Gotthard railroad, piercing mountains, spanning gorges and scaling heights, which seem almost inaccessible, connects with many important lines of Germany, Holland, Belgium and France. The great tunnel from Airolo to Göschenen, generally known as the St. Gotthard, is nine miles in length. Its construction cost 177 lives. Every tunnel is patrolled by guards and every bridge is frequently inspected, the greatest care being taken to make the line absolutely safe.

From the car window, we had a splendid view of Bellinzona, the Capital of Canton Ticino. It completely blocks the valley, and the hills about are surmounted by feudal castles, the grim walls telling their own story of ancient warfare.

Near Biasca is the pilgrim church of St. Petronilla, and, all the way up the mountain, could be seen little shrines, where pilgrims halt, on their way to the church.

At Airolo, we dashed into the yawning mouth of the great tunnel, and, during the next twenty minutes, the roar of the locomotive repeated by the echoes nearly deafened us. Strange as it may seem, the train passed under the village of Andermatt, 1,000 ft. above, and finally came out at Göschenen, where we found ourselves in Switzerland. All the signs were in German and everywhere the proverbial Swiss cleanliness was apparent.

The famous apple scene between Gessler and William Tell occurred at Altdorf, on this line. A small chapel between Immensee and Küssnacht marks the spot where the tyrant fell, laid low by Tell's unerring arrow.

Lucerne at the end of Lake Lucerne, a'so known as the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, was our first stopping place. It is one of the most popular resorts in Switzerland, but, as it is early in the season, many of the best hotels are not yet open and there are few visitors. Unfortunately, no arrangements are available, as yet, for ascending the mountains, and we were obliged to miss the experience of going up the Rigi.

One of the grandest monuments ever erected to bravery is the

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LION OF LUCERNE

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Lion of Lucerne, designed by the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen in commemoration of the defense of the Tuileries by the Swiss guards in 1792. In the side of a cliff, carved in the living rock, is a great lion, a broken spear protruding from a mortal wound in his side. His head has fallen on his right paw, which lies on the Bourbon shield, and forces a spear against the upright arms of Switzerland. Every muscle of the splendid beast is relaxed, yet each shows the strength he possessed before receiving the fatal thrust. Beneath the niche where the lion is stretched, is a Latin

GLACIER GARDEN, LUCERNE

inscription; a beautiful fountain plays in front, and shadows are cast upon the memorial by the delicate green foliage of some trees. We came away feeling as if we had seen something sacred; a shrine, before which homage should be paid.

Above this spot is the Glacier Garden, with the mills that have been discovered since the beginning of this century. Glaciers are immense fields of ice and snow, formed in the region of perpetual snow, which move slowly down into the valleys. J. D. Forbes says that "Each portion of a glacier moves, not with a constant velocity, but in a continuous manner. * * * The ice

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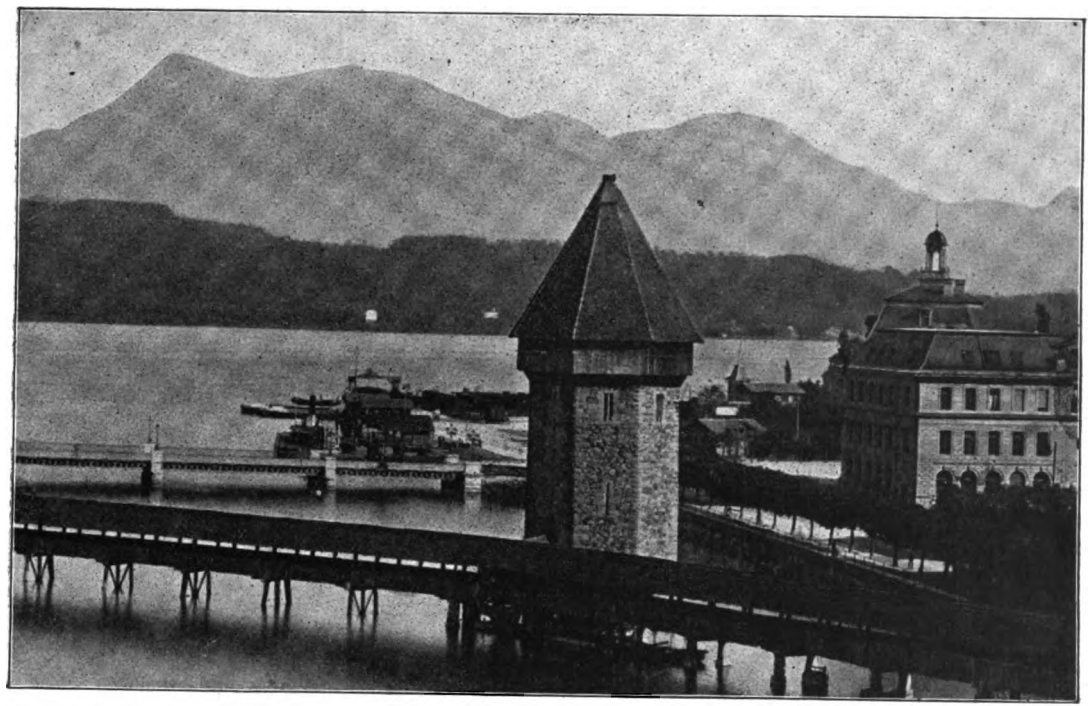

LUCERNE AND THE RIGI

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in the middle part of the glacier moves much faster than that near the sides or banks; also the surface moves faster than the bottom. Both these facts obtain in the motion of a river, in consequence of the friction of the fluid on its banks and in consequence also of that internal friction of the fluid which constitutes its viscosity. The glacier, like a stream, has its pools and its rapids. Where it is embayed by rocks, it accumulates; its declivity increases and its velocity, at the same time." Mr. Forbes found, in taking observations upon glaciers, that some melted at the rate of 17.4 inches in 25½ hrs., in the month of June, and that the motion of the glacier continues even in winter.

The glacier mills are probably formed by the moving field of ice as it passes over a small boulder lying in a hollow of a flat rock, or even in a pool. The continual grinding of the glacier naturally causes the boulder to revolve and, in time, to form a spiral hole in the rock. In the Glacier Garden there are several of these holes, with the boulders in the bottom, dating from the glacial period.*

In a small park adjoining are some mountain chamois, a species of antelope with bright brown eyes and the blackest of horns. A stripe of orange down the nostrils makes a sharp and altogether pleasing contrast in color. They are the prettiest little creatures imaginable.

One morning, we took the steamer for Alpnach, on our way to Interlaken. The Lake of the Four Forest Cantons is very irregular in outline, and, as the steamer stops at many places on both shores, we had constantly changing views of the Rigi, Pilatus and the solemn, old Stanserhorn.

From Alpnach we went by train through the glorious valley of Obwalden where farms were laid out as evenly as the squares on a checkerboard. The housewives of the pretty little chalets had hung their feather beds and pillows out to air on the balconies, where the morning sun was shining brightest. Fat cattle were feeding on the hillsides, the bell tied to the neck of each cow giving a tinkle that was delightfully pastoral.

* Prehistoric.

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THE JUNGFRAU FROM INTERLAKEN

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The lakes of Sarnen and Lungern are a deep green reflecting the fir-covered mountains. The tender green of the young shoots is sharply defined against the older and darker foliage.

We entered the Bernese Oberland by the Brünig Pass, whence the road to Meiringen and Brienz follows the river Aare in the valley below. Its banks are so walled with stone, and its course so even as to deceive us into thinking that it was a canal.

At the Lake of Brienz another steamer was waiting to take us to Interlaken. Gliding along on the limpid waters toward the setting sun, we neared a narrow channel, where the spurs of the rugged mountains almost met. Far below their towering peaks some heavy storm clouds had gathered, and hung over the opening, where they seemed about to dash their weight of moisture upon us. All at once, a rift appeared in the clouds and the sun burst through, lighting up the verdure on our left; while on the right, all was still and dark.

Interlaken lies in the valley between the Lakes of Thun and Brienz. "The oldest inhabitant" loves to tell a legend which runs in this fashion:—God ordered the Garden of Eden removed from the earth at the time of Adam's fall. As his angels were passing over the Alps with their burden, they were so enchanted with the sight of the beautiful, white Jungfrau and the two azure lakes beneath, that they could not resist leaving a part of the garden (Lauterbrunnen), at the foot of the mountain, and another, between the two lakes. The people named this grassy plain, "Interlaken," which means "between the lakes." Here the air is as soft and balmy as that of a semi-tropical clime; the ramparts of the mountain ranges protect the valley on the north and south, while through the lake openings to the east and west, a fresh current of air continually circulates. The lower slopes of the mountains are covered with beech trees, and in the town is a fine avenue of giant walnuts, the Höheweg, bordered on one side by the principal hotels, which face the Jungfrau, standing like a bride clad all in white, the central figure in the landscape. Upon either side, as you view her from Interlaken, are two black peaks, like stern guardians, as forbidding as she is lovely.

One evening we walked down the avenue of linden and chest-

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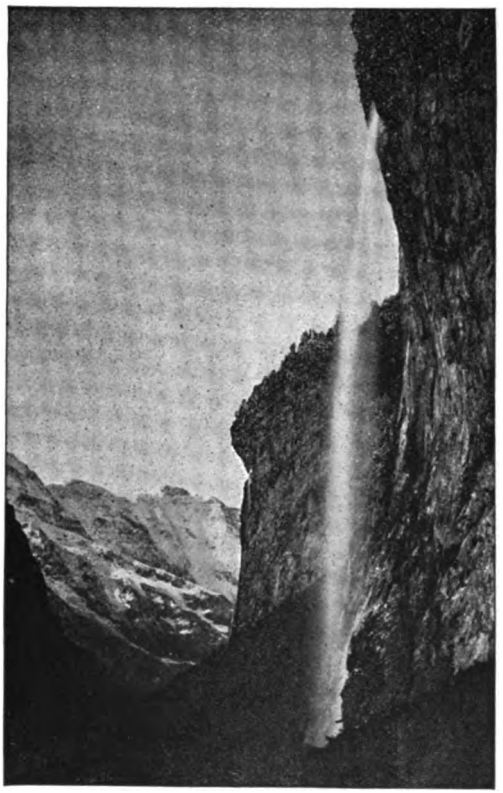
nut trees that leads toward the Jungfrau. On both sides of this lovers' lane are broad meadows white with caraway. About a quarter of a mile from the Höheweg, we entered a village of quaint chalets. Some of them were veiled by purple wistaria, leaving only space enough for the diamond-paned windows to peep out. A house built in 1745 still looked strong and well preserved; an inscription ran across the entire front, the letters being cut into the wood and blackened. We noticed that the roofs were weighted with huge stones to prevent the strong winds, which sometimes sweep the valley, from raising them. Around the town pump, with its long stone trough, the women gather to wash the family linen, beating and rinsing the garments, and chattering, in the meantime, like magpies. Everything about the houses had a tidy appearance; the great wood piles spoke of comfort during the long winters; the sleek cows and the fowls in the barnyards, as well as the flowering fruit trees, betokened plenty in the larder. Mothers were nursing their babies on the doorsteps, and some little boys, in funny, green cloth pinafores, caught together in the back with a brass hook and chain, were playing in the road. Following a steep path, for a considerable distance, we finally reached the Hôtel Jungfraublick, situated, as its name implies, so as to command a fine view of the favorite mountain. While we stood there, in the twilight, gazing over the parapet at her beauty, the young wife (Jungfrau) slowly drew her mantle of fleecy, white clouds about her and retired from our view into the arms of Night.



STAUBBACH CASCADE

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Early the next morning, we greeted her, rosy and fresh from her slumbers, as we drove from Interlaken through the smiling valley of Lauterbrunnen to the town of the same name. Near the little village of Wilderswyl, some woodmen were chopping down trees for winter fuel. All along the way, on the right, rise steep mountains; clear streams dash down from their summits in narrow cascades over rocks made smooth and shining by their passage. By means of channels under the roadway they join the mad river Lütschine, which rushes along on the left. Once, a goatherd ran panting up the road after us, to inquire if we had seen two stray goats, and we were able to inform him that they were clambering up a side hill just ahead, their bells making music in the stillness.

I do not marvel at the superstitions of the simple, mountain folk. Nature speaks to them in voices that we cannot hear. I do not wonder at their belief in mountain giants and dwarfs, in quaint tales of imaginary creatures, for it seemed as if a demon surely possessed the wild stream that leaped against the boulders, gathering new strength to pursue its onward course.

Further on, coming in sight of a quaint habitation almost hidden by fruit trees, we were so charmed, that we decided to visit it. Leaving our carriage and crossing a rickety bridge over the river, we climbed the path to the door. A pleasant-faced, elderly woman, who spoke very good French, met us half way and ushered us into the living room. The bare rafters were thick with soot which hung in festoons; upon a stone platform was a small stove where a fish was cooking in a pot of boiling fat. We involuntarily exclaimed at the appetizing odor; whereupon, our hostess immediately insisted upon our eating the fish, which, with an accompaniment of warm goat's milk and fresh bread, proved to be delicious. The pretty, blue-eyed daughter of the house bustled about, assisting her mother to do the honors, and, when we departed, presented us with a bouquet. The father, a stalwart son of the mountains, seemed very much delighted, when, on reading our cards, he found we were from America, and asked all sorts of questions. In this simple home, where the seats were wooden benches, and the crockery, modest brown and blue ware, the calico gowns of the women were whole and clean, and their hair was

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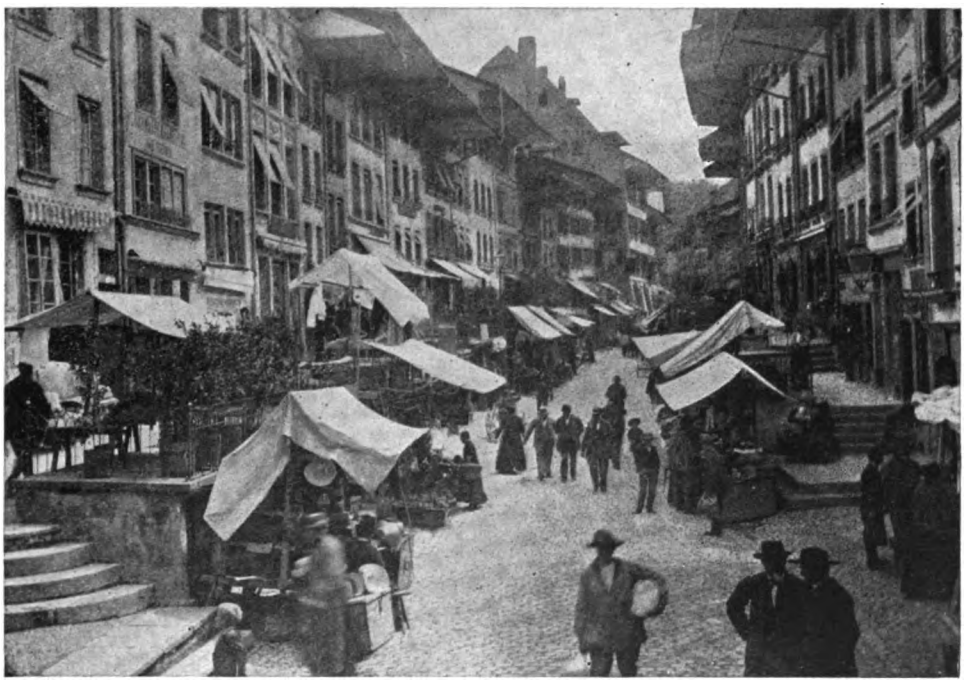
neatly arranged. The Swiss peasants are invariably tidy and industrious; a pleasant contrast to Italian country folk, who seem to have little use for water or combs.

An air of antiquity lingers about Thun, where modern fashions have not yet obliterated all traces of the old-time customs. Saturday, when we arrived, was market day; then, the people come down from the mountains and bargain at the queer little shops underneath the sidewalk of the upper and grander ones. Millinery



PRINCIPAL STREET IN THUN

is displayed under one awning and, perhaps next door, is the meat market, and the hardware shop. In the street, women stand all day, chopping wood which they sell for fuel.

The river Aare flows through the center of the town, and there is space only for a narrow sidewalk between the houses and the water.

High above the town, on an eminence, towers the Castle of Thun, built by the Counts of Kyburg in the 12th century. It is a massive, square building with four towers constructed of small

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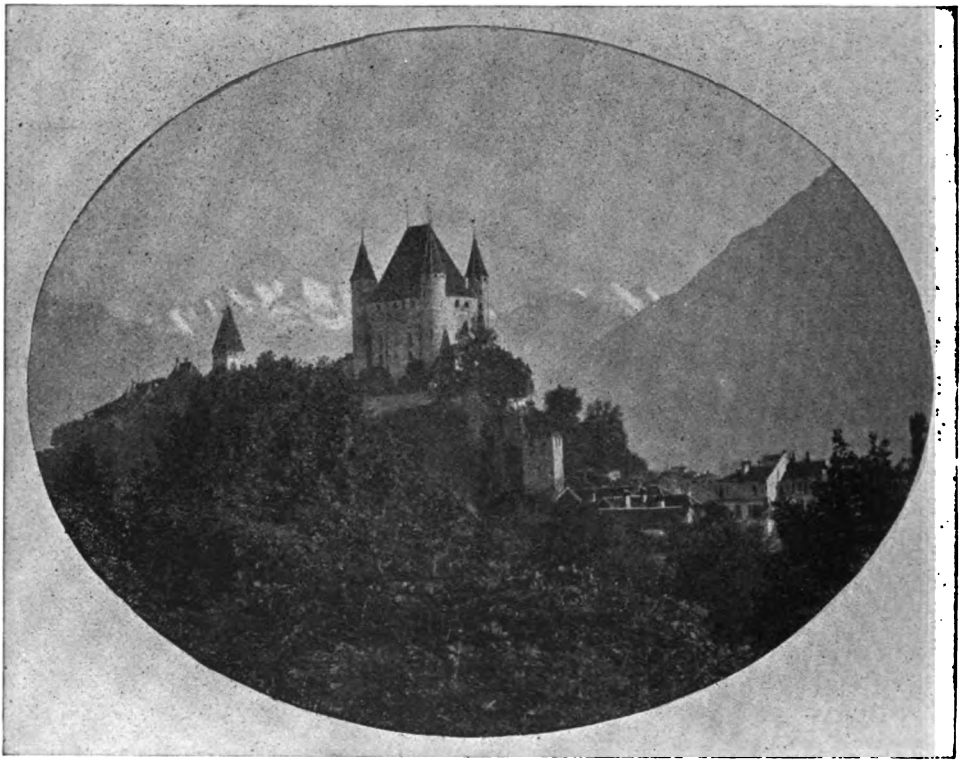
boulders cemented together; the foundation walls are fifteen feet thick. Narrow windows, with iron gratings, far above the ground, give it a feudal aspect, increased by a drawbridge, though the moat is filled up and grass-grown. We mounted the worn stone steps which wind up to the third story, where the Great Hall extends



CASTLE OF THUN

across the main part of the castle. Upon its walls are displayed the armor, escutcheons, shields and lances belonging to the Counts of Kyburg, and the flags won in battle. You would admire the carved oaken chests, evidently coffers for money, with combination locks, the mechanism of which covers the entire inside of the lid. There was a bed inclosed in panelled woodwork with doors that locked, and lattice windows in the upper part. Within its inclosure the old lord could rest secure from murderous attacks, and fair dames could sleep sweetly, without fear of a creeping Tarquin.

After examining the seals and mammoth drinking horns, we

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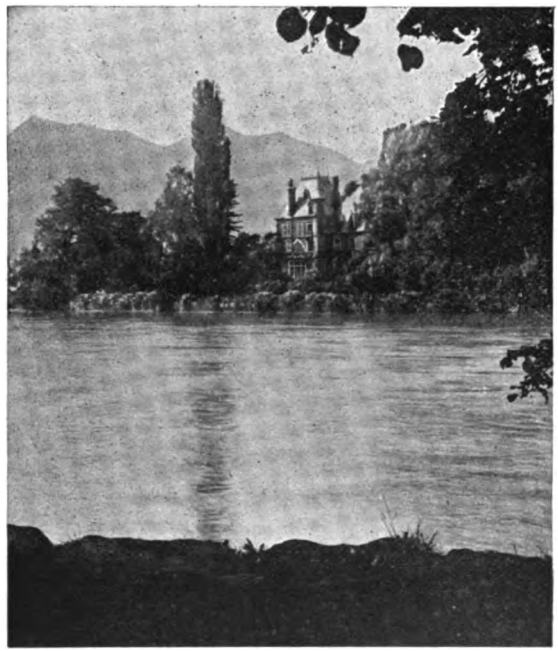
passed through a trapdoor and down a stone stairway into the kitchen and servants' quarters, below; lower still, were the dungeons. An outer building, evidently of later date, is now used as the city prison. The castle commands a magnificent view; the Niesen, 7,763 ft. in height, rising upon one side, the Jura range on the other, Thun being below in the valley of the Aare.

Adjacent to the castle are the old church and cemetery, the latter with its tombstones in a very dilapidated condition. Just as we were ascending the steps of the church, the sacristan, a melancholy old fellow in a black gown and cap, informed us that nine babies were about to be christened. We entered and seated ourselves near the font; in a short time, the infants appeared in the arms of their peasant mothers.. The women wore the costume of this district; a dark skirt, black velvet bodice, white chemisette and gay, striped apron. The rolling collar of the high bodice was embroidered with silver; filigree chains fell from the upper edge of the bodice under the arms, somewhat below the waist line, and were fastened behind the shoulders. Each child was incased in a linen slip, folded over the feet and buttoned to the waist in front. It projected in the back, beyond the head, in a stiff, oval piece edged with fluted lace. The mothers arranged themselves in a row on one side of the font; the fathers, on the other, looking extremely uncomfortable, as if they were unaccustomed to their Sunday clothes. A ceremony, similar to the Episcopalian, followed. The clergyman, a young man gowned in black, was a trifle too



LAKE OF THUN

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vigorous in dashing the water on the first cherub, who proceeded to yell its disapproval; after that incident, he dabbed the foreheads of the other eight as gingerly as possible, and seemed very much relieved when the last mother had made her little curtsy and passed on.

The hotel where we stopped was unique. Built for a monastery in the 12th century, it has been an inn since 1319. It was

A SWISS MILKMAN

of stone, with broad arches, and there was a paved court for carriages in the center.

The beds were made up in the usual Swiss or German style. There was a mattress covered with a sheet, and, above it, incased in white slips, were two feather beds, one large and one small; the smaller, too large for one's feet, and the larger, too small for one's body. Between the two, we spent the greater part of the night, scrambling for shelter and wishing we were men, so that we might say something appropriate to the occasion. Once, when I awoke Mrs. M. with my fussing, she suggested that I might fasten ribbons to the two feather beds and tie them about my neck. Of course, we had a tile stove, standing white and tall; so like a tombstone in the darkness, that, waking from a "cat nap" under the evasive

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A WOMAN OF THUN

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coverlet, one is startled into thinking that Gabriel must have blown his horn.

As we journeyed from Thun to Berne, on Sunday afternoon last, we encountered many peasants, who were taking little pleasure trips. It was refreshing to see their sinewy, well-developed figures and clear complexions. The Swiss, though not handsome, are a thrifty race and proverbially honest. We became so accustomed to bargaining in Italy, that, when pricing an ornament of carved wood in a shop one day, I asked the saleswoman her lowest terms. She seemed quite insulted, and said that they did not have two prices.

The capital stands on a peninsula formed by the river Aare, and its situation is especially beautiful, for more mountain ranges are visible than from any other city in Switzerland. It is the seat of a university and boasts fine museums and libraries. Magnificent avenues of chestnut, maple and ash trees traverse the old part of Berne, and the river is spanned by fine bridges, the most notable being the Nydeck Bridge, which has the largest stone arch in the world, with a span of 164 ft. The second stories of the shops and houses are supported by stone arches and extend over the sidewalk. Such arcades are most comfortable on hot or wet days, though the shops are dark.

Grotesque fountains are characteristic of Berne, the most curious of them being the "Bagpiper," the "Ogre" and the "Zähringen." The "Ogre" represents a Jew in the act of devouring a fat baby, while several others are tucked in his wallet; this fountain is said to commemorate the murder of a Christian child, in 1287. It is to the third, dating from 1542, that we turned with the greatest interest. The bear is the heraldic emblem of Berne, so it shows Bruin in full armor with shield, sword and dagger, the banner of Berthold von Zähringen, the founder of the city, in his right paw. The design of the bear is seen everywhere in Berne; the shops abound in wooden ones, and there has been a p t of live bears near the Nydeck Bridge since the 15th century.

The most remarkable of the old city gates left standing is the clock tower, with a calendar clock. "Whenever it strikes the hour a procession of little bears comes out and describes a circle around

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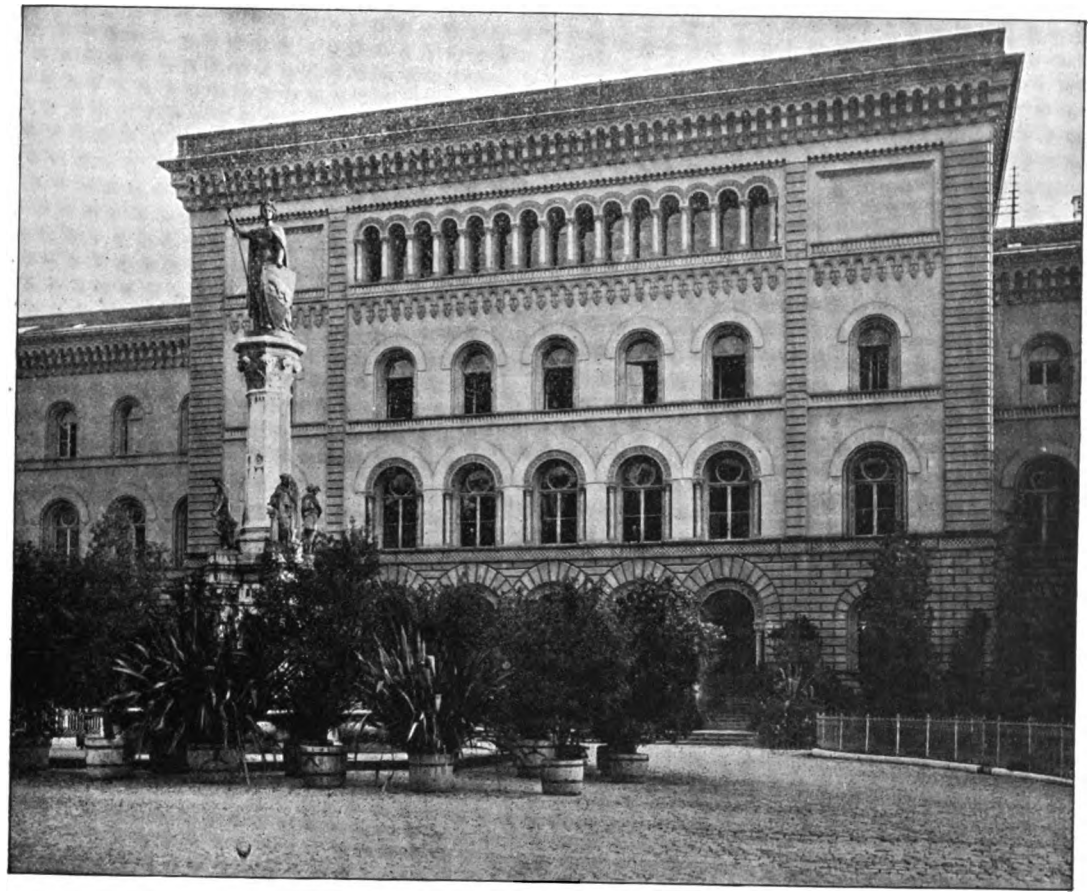

FEDERAL PALACE, BERN

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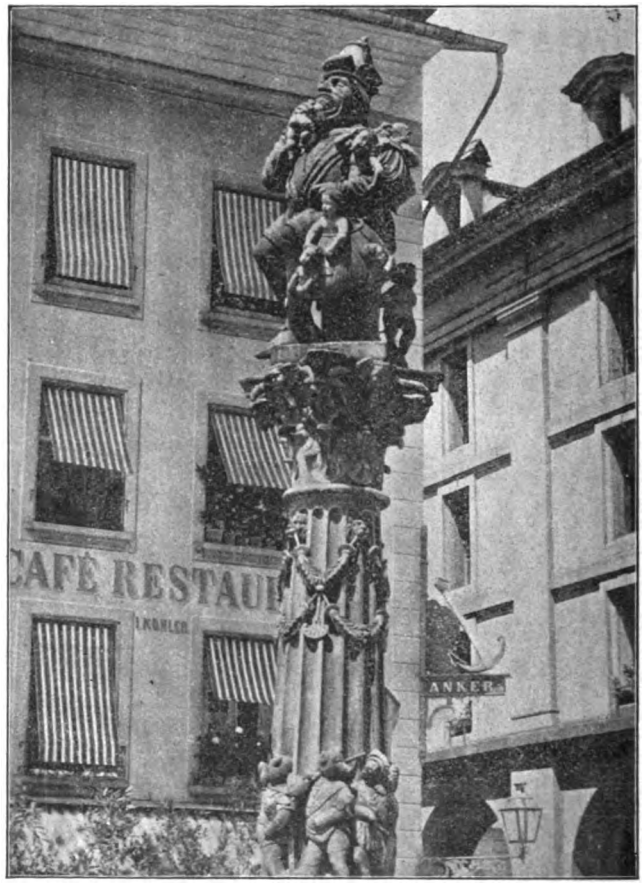
an old man in a sitting posture, holding in one hand a sceptre and in the other an hour-glass. The old man turns the hour-glass and counts with his sceptre and, by opening his mouth, every



OGRE FOUNTAIN, BERN

stroke of the hour. Before the hour strikes a cock crows three times; when it has done striking, the cock crows once more. Another little wooden man rings two little bells, when the hour is going to strike. At the top of the tower are the striking-bells inside a helmet, near which stands the Duke of Zähringen in full armour, striking with a sceptre the hour."

The Museum of Natural History possesses a rare collection of eagles, fierce denizens of the mountain crags, with proudly poised heads and powerful talons. There, we also saw the stuffed body

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BAG PIPER FOUNTAIN, BERN

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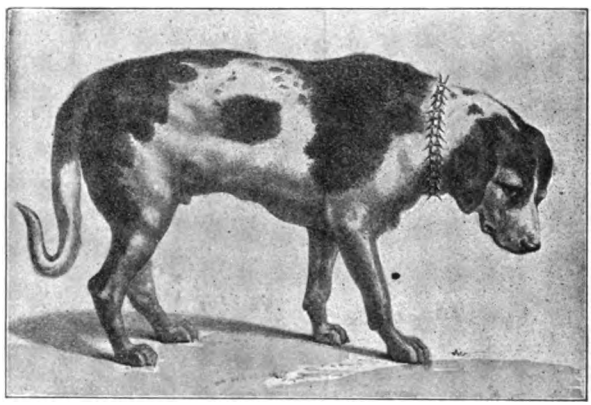
of the famous St. Bernard dog, Barry, said to have saved the lives of at least forty persons lost in the snow, on the Great St. Bernard Pass. He is a fine specimen, with short, thick hair and pointed nose, and still wears his collar of spiked iron. When in Thun, we went to see a number of these dogs, owned by a wealthy gentleman. They were worth from $500 to $2,000, each.

In the cellar of the old Corn House is the great wine cask that holds 35,200 qts. It is decorated with the Bernese coat of arms, a black bear with red claws, on a scarlet banner crossed by a strip of gold. In the year 1719, this cellar was so filled with wine, that it was said, "Venice is built on water, but Berne, on wine."



BARRY

We visited the Federal Council Hall, walking down the long corridor to the President's offices; then, going up into the empty Senate Chamber, a simply furnished hall, the arrangement of which is quite like our own.

That evening, a concert was given in the Cathedral of St. Vincent, where there is one of the most wonderful organs that it has ever been my privilege to hear. The church was dimly lighted and, as the deep, throbbing tones of the instrument echoed through the Gothic arches, my soul seemed lifted up and borne away on the wings of sound, coming back to earth only when the last note had died away.

We spent the afternoon of June 3rd in Zurich, the "Athens of Switzerland," taking a carriage in order to see something of the city, before leaving on the evening train for Munich.

The University and the Polytechnic School are situated on a steep hill overlooking the town. We sent our special letter to Prof. Wolfer of the Astronomical Observatory, and received a cordial greeting. In asking questions about American men of science, he

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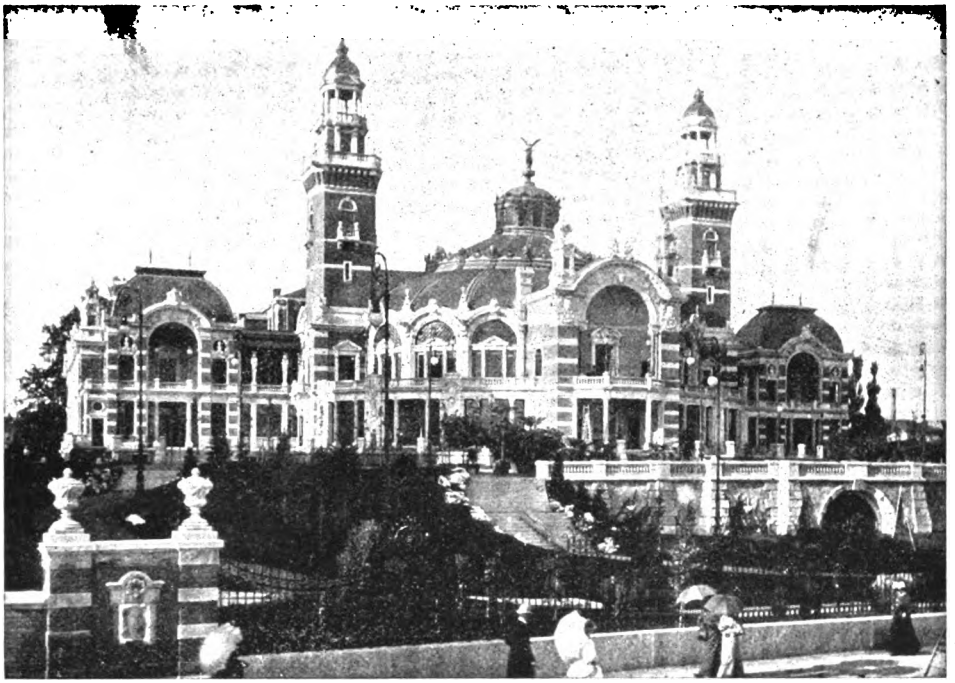
discovered that Allen L. Colton of the Lick Observatory, was, at one time, a classmate of Mrs. M. They had an enjoyable chat about their mutual friend, whom the Swiss scientist complimented very highly. He showed us several rooms in the building, and then conducted us up to the dome and exhibited the sun spots to be seen at that hour; three were reflected upon a sheet of white paper.



TOWN HALL AT ZURICH

The big telescope swings in the dome, which revolves at the pleasure of the astronomer.

The Historical Museum contains an interesting collection of relics proving that a race of lake dwellers existed in Switzerland, in the 2nd century B. C. They lived in thatched cottages built on piles in the shallow waters of the lakes, and rude household utensils, knives, spears, pins, needles, and even petrified bread have been discovered at the bottom of Lake Constance and other small bodies of fresh water.

Crossing Lake Constance, we travelled all night through cool forests of pine, and arrived in Munich, the capital of Bavaria, at

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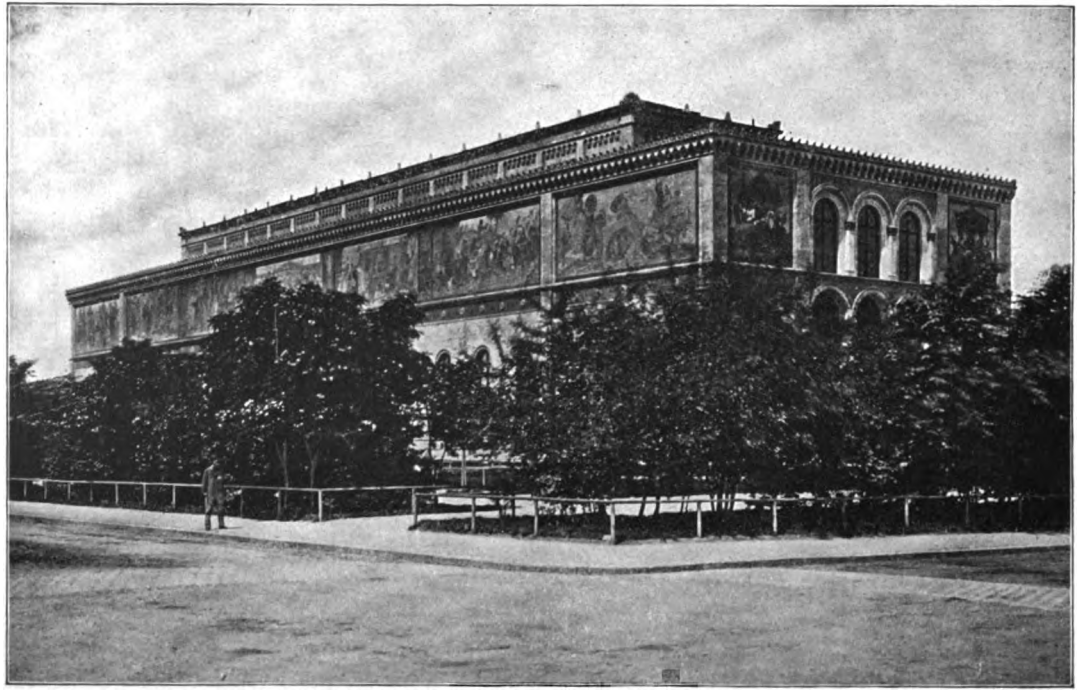

THE NEW PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH

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six this morning. It seemed so queer to find women sweeping the streets! They go about bareheaded and chatter over their work, as happily as if in their own kitchens.

Naturally, our chief interest in this city of pictures, lay in the art collections of the Old and the New Pinakothek.* There, is a portrait of Angelica Kauffmann,† painted by herself. At twelve years of age, she had bishops and nobles for her sitters, and became so famous as a painter, that she was admitted to the Royal Academy of London. From 1769 to 1782, "she was an annual exhibitor, sending sometimes as many as seven pictures, generally classic or allegorical subjects." "After this she produced but little, and in November, 1807, she died," (at Rome,) "being honoured by a splendid funeral under the direction of Canova. The entire Academy of St. Luke, with numerous ecclesiastics and virtuosi, followed her to her tomb in S. Andrea delle Frate, and, as at the burial of Raphael, two of her best pictures were carried in procession." "Winckelmann refers to her exceeding popularity:" "She spoke Italian as well as German," he says; "and she also expressed herself with facility in French and English,—one result of the last named accomplishment being that she painted all the English visitors to the Eternal City."

STREET SWEEPERS, MUNICH

There, also, is Murillo's painting of the "Boys Eating Grapes,"

* Picture gallery.

† A Swiss painter, 1742–1807.

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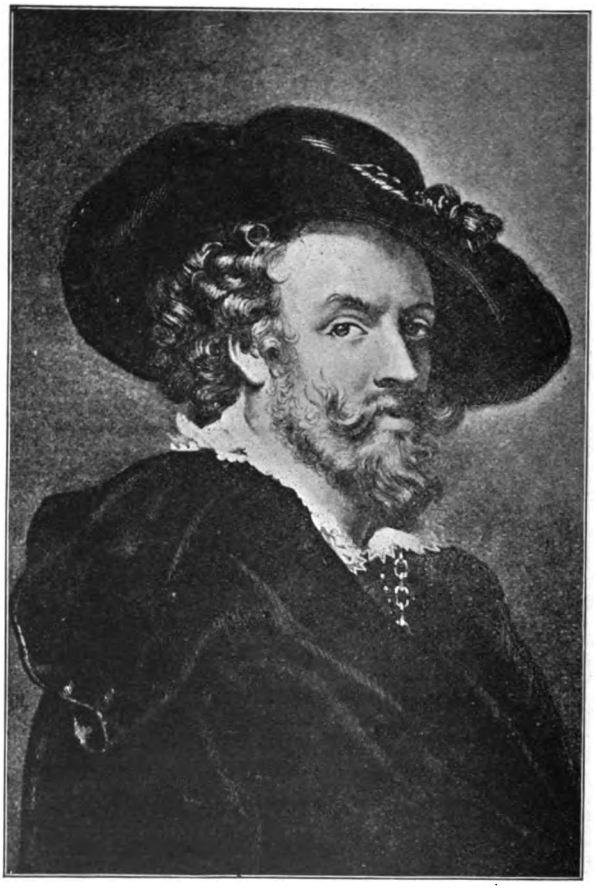

PETER PAUL RUBENS

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ANGELICA KAUFFMAN

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and a splendid collection of pictures by that most prolific of painters, Peter Paul Rubens, the Flemish master, born in Westphalia, in 1577. When he reached manhood, he was not only possessed of great personal attractions and an excellent education, but had developed his natural talents to a surprising degree. No less than 1,300 compositions are said to have come from his hands. His first wife was Isabella Brandt; his second, Helena Fourment; both

THE HALL OF FAME, MUNICH

were young and beautiful and figure conspicuously in his pictures. Their portraits hang in the Old Pinakothek. Rubens died in 1640, rich, famous and in the fullness of his powers. Personally, I am not an admirer of the style of Rubens; his figures are too fleshly and often too unwieldy to be beautiful, but his drawing and coloring are marvellous.

The Hall of Fame, built in the classic style, is one of the show places here. It was intended to serve as a gallery for the statues and portraits of the great men of the country. The bronze figure of Bavaria, sixty-two feet in height, stands before it, and dwarfs the otherwise beautiful structure.

Much to our disappointment, all public buildings were closed to-day after one o'clock. However, we enjoyed a drive to Nymphen-

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BOY EATING GRAPES

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RUBENS' SECOND WIFE AND CHILD

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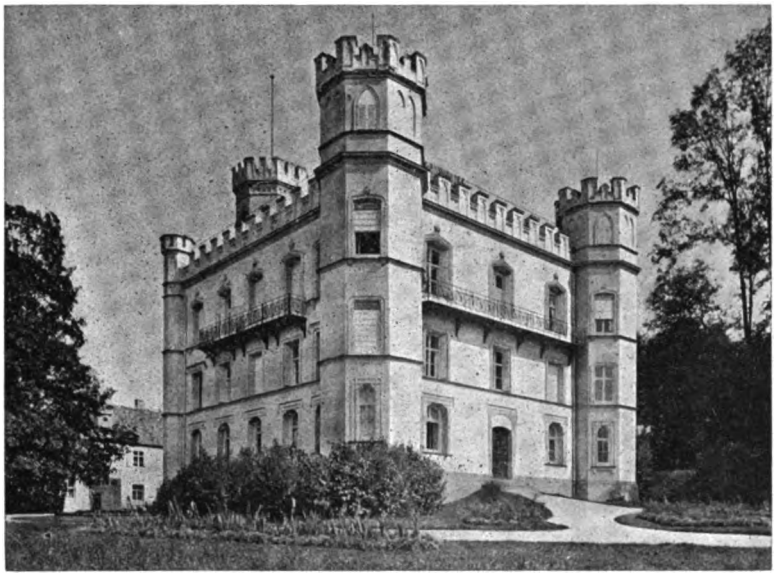
burg, once the favorite castle of Max Joseph I. The gardens with their lakes, fountains and flowers were a grateful change from the round of galleries and museums.

Several regiments of cavalry and infantry paraded the streets this morning and were stunning, with their plumed helmets; nearly



CASTLE BERG

every man was broad-chested, erect, and had a complexion to be envied.

In Bavaria, one is often reminded of the mad King Ludwig II. Royal palaces with splendid parks and artificial grottoes, where the extravagant monarch lived at different times, are scattered all over the kingdom. He committed suicide in June, 1886, by drowning himself in the Lake of Starnberg in front of Schloss Berg. The present King of Bavaria is also insane, and the country is ruled by a regent, greatly beloved by the people.

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CHAPTER XX

VIENNA AND BUDAPEST

WE left Munich on the morning of June 4th, expecting, when we purchased a through ticket to Vienna, to reach there at six in the evening. However, after leaving the city, we discovered that we had been misinformed and should not arrive until ten. Here was a "pretty kettle of fish." Our German, vocabulary is limited to such phrases as, "Wie viel?" "Ein Zimmer mit zwei Betten," "Heisses Wasser," and "Frisches Wasser."* Nevertheless, we determined to get off at some way station and trust to luck in getting our tickets viséd,† rather than enter a large city after nightfall.

The bill of fare in a German railroad restaurant is generally limited to sausages, rolls, eggs and fruit. We had partaken of these delicacies until our very souls revolted. So, at noon, when we stopped for luncheon, and our searching glances could find nothing new on the counter, we were in despair. After a vain attempt, in several languages, to make the restaurant keeper understand what we wanted, we suddenly spied a man seated at one of the tables, with a plate of cold ham before him. Encouraged by Mrs. M. and without stopping to think of the possible result of such an action, I walked across the room and, with a deprecatory "pardon me," took the plate from under his nose, and bore it in triumph to the counter, where mine host was made to understand that we wanted the same edible. I then returned the ham to its gaping owner, with thanks. By that time, nearly every one in the room

* "How much?" "One room with two beds," "Hot water," and "Fresh water."

† Indorsed as stop-over tickets.

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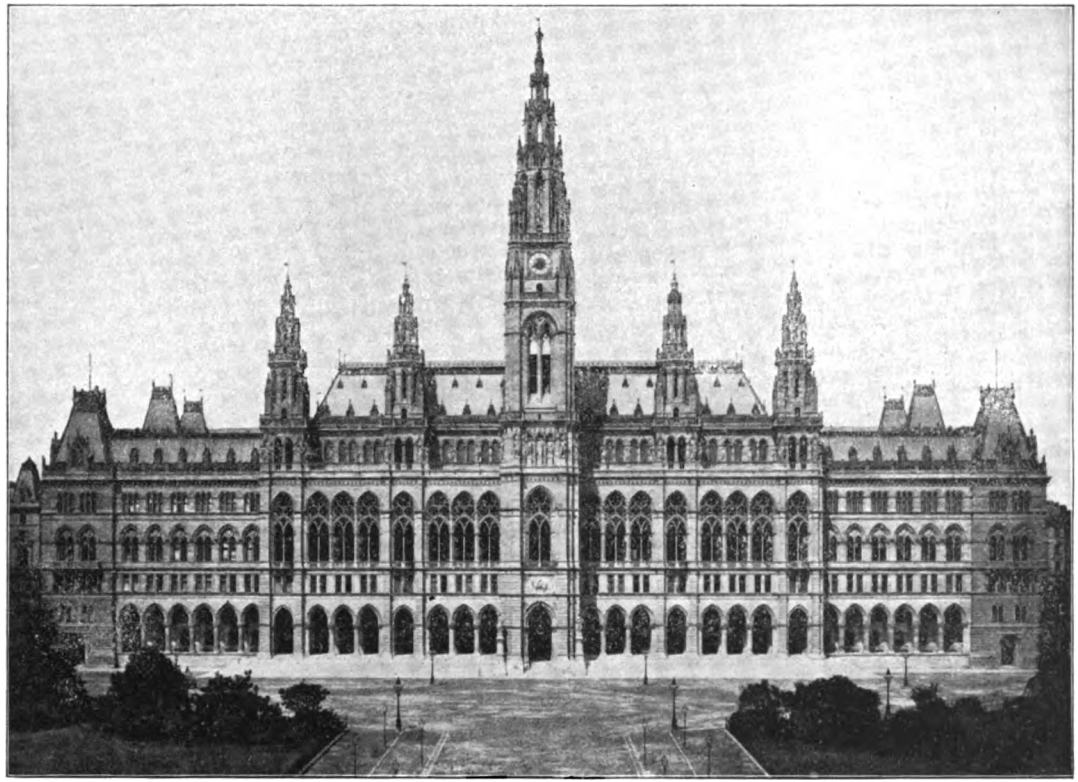

TOWN HALL, VIENNA

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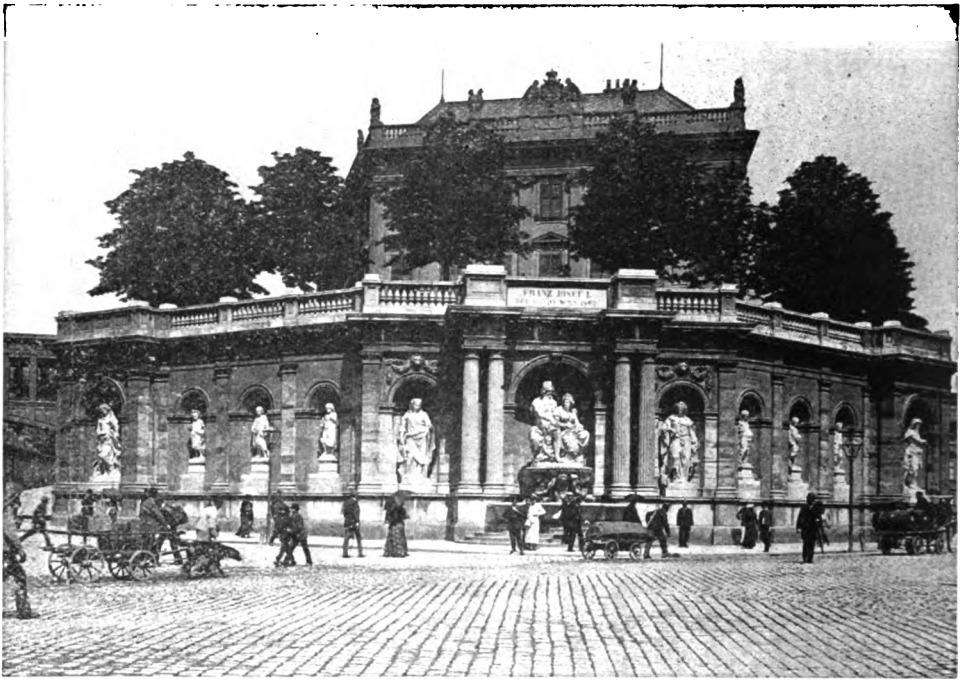
was interested in us, and, after we sat down to our coveted meal, two young Tyrolese addressed us, asking, in French, if they could be of any assistance; at the same time, complimenting us on our pluck.

At four o'clock, we had to change cars at the small village of Amstetten; so, "bag and baggage," we left the train. As soon as it had pulled out of the station, I approached an official and



ALBERT FOUNTAIN, VIENNA

asked him for stop-over tickets. As we feared, he could not understand. Just then, I remembered the German words, "Morgen" (to-morrow) and "Gut" (good). Pointing to our tickets, and then towards the fast receding train, I said inquiringly, "Gut, Morgen?" A bystander comprehended, sought the station master and had them properly stamped. Not being sure, even then, that all was right, I asked everybody about the station, if the tickets were "Gut," and they all laughed and said, "Ja, Ja!" so, at length, I was satisfied.

We passed a comfortable night, and, next morning, proceeded on our journey. At Alt-Oetting, where there is a noted pilgrimage

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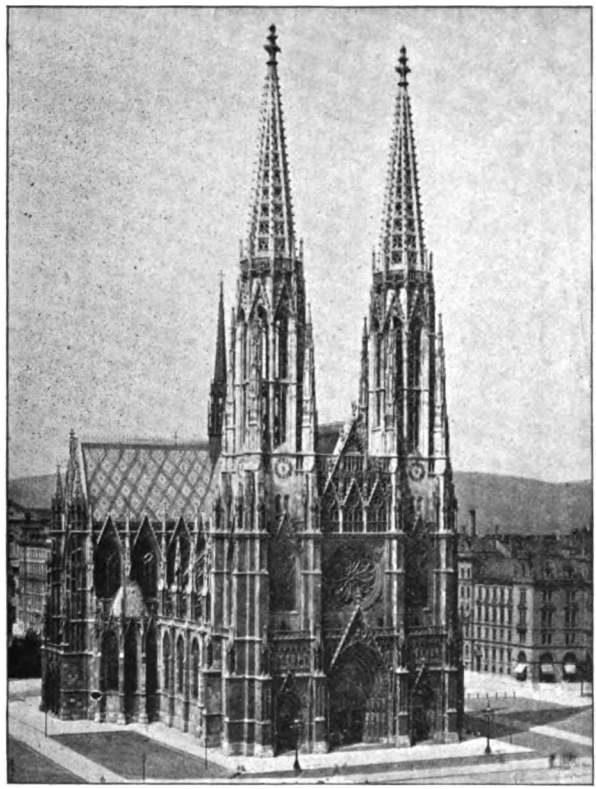
church, with a miraculous picture of the Virgin, the Austrian general, Tilly, a hero of the Thirty Years' War, is buried. At this station, a company of peasants boarded the train. No sooner were they seated, than they began a weird chant, the soprano and tenor



VOTIVE CHURCH, VIENNA

voices taking up the first strains, followed by the alto and basso; but they never sang in chorus.

The country through which we travelled touched the outskirts of the Bavarian and Bohemian Forests, where the pale green of the larches formed a high light against the deep shadows of the pines. The farms were the richest we have seen. The grain is in fine condition, as well as the kitchen gardens. It is said that about one-fifth of the annual yield is wheat; one-fourth, rye; one-fourth, oats; one-seventh, maize; one-seventh, barley, and the rest buckwheat and millet. Nearly all the farmhouses were thatched with straw. The

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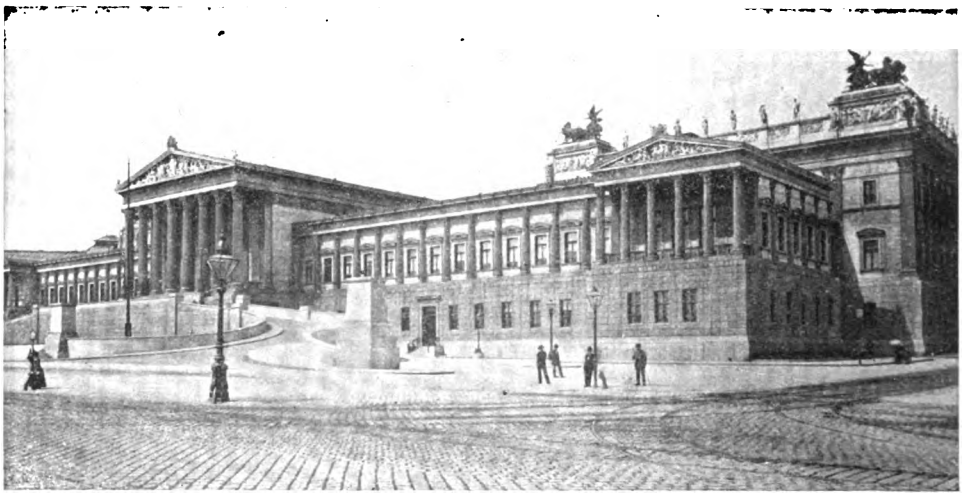
men, among the peasants we have seen, wear soft felt hats and green vests; the women, a square of silk over their heads, knotted behind the ears, with the ends hanging down.

There are a number of powerful and wealthy religious orders in Austria. A Benedictine Abbey at Melk is large enough to house a village. There are 214 windows on the side of the building, facing the station.

As we approached Vienna, we were almost appalled by its magnitude. The city is located on a canal, the southern arm of the Danube, and in a great plain encircled by far away mountains.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VIENNA

It was once a Celtic colony, but the Romans claimed possession of it from time to time. Marcus Aurelius, called "the noblest of pagans," died within its walls. The "Compromise" concluded by Austria and Hungary in 1867 made Budapest the capital of the eastern half of the empire and, with Vienna, an alternative residence of the court. Ever since, the reigning sovereign has been designated as the "Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary."

In driving from the station to the center of the city, we were impressed by the strength of the architecture, the breadth and cleanliness of the streets, and, moreover, by the beauty of the public fountains, and the statues that are to be found at almost every turn.

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MARIA THERESA MONUMENT

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After engaging rooms at the Hôtel Wandl, near the Graben,* we drove to the American Consulate, to make some inquiries about our trip into Hungary. The consul, Mr. Judd, is very pleasant and attentive to his countrymen. He had secured a box at the Volks Theater for that evening, to entertain a gentleman and his wife from New York, and asked us to join the party; an invitation which we were glad to accept. He then escorted us to the office of the Cunard Steamship Co., and assisted in securing our return passage on the Umbria.

That day, we made a tour of the great Ring Strasse, a circular street 186 ft. wide. With the Franz Josef quay, it surrounds the inner city and marks the line of the old ramparts. From an architectural point of view, the Ring Strasse is, perhaps, the finest street in Europe. Here, is the Gothic Votive Church, erected in commemoration of the Emperor's escape from assassination, in 1853; the University; the Hofburg Theater; the Gothic Town Hall, costing 15,000,000 florins,† and the magnificent Houses of Parliament. The latter were designed in the Greek style by Hansen, whose work in Athens we so much admired. The superb peristyle is supported by twenty-four monoliths of marble and adorned with a frieze representing historical events, in fresco. Bronze quadrigæ‡ and marble statues complete the decorations of the wings.

The Maria Theresa Platz, a square dedicated to Austria's illustrious empress, opens upon the Ring Strasse and presents an imposing sight. In the center is her bronze and marble monument, forty-three feet in height. No Austrian sovereign has ever been so well beloved as this high-minded woman, who reigned forty-one years. Facing the Platz are the Royal Museums; the one on the west, devoted to natural history, the one on the east, to art. We are pleased to see so many American specimens in the Natural History Museum; among them is an enormous meteor from Tennessee; also, the finest collection of Aztec idols (one, of jade) extant.

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* Important business street.

† About forty cents.

‡ Chariot drawn by four horses abreast.

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COUNTESS WILCZEK-KINSKY

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The ill-fated Emperor of Mexico, Maximilian, was an Austrian and, doubtless, sent home many Mexican curios. A head-dress of peacock feathers, once worn by Montezuma, is on exhibition. It is fully four feet high, and made of fine, eyeless feathers, the head band elaborately decked with beaten gold disks. In the crystal room is the jewel-bouquet that Maria Theresa gave to her husband, Francis I., to whom she bore sixteen children. It is in a vase of rock crystal and is valued at £6,000. There are lilies and daisies made of white onyx, with diamond centers; pansies of amethysts; narcissus of agate; forget-me-nots of turquoise; wheat-ears of moonstones with diamond tips and emerald leaves, and rosebuds of single, pear-shaped rubies.

The carriage of the consul was at our hotel at a quarter before seven, for the performance in Austrian playhouses begins at seven. The New Yorkers were charming, and we enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and, also, the opportunity to see some of the beautiful women of Vienna, who occupied the boxes. Since the burning of the Ring Theater in 1881, when 400 lives were lost, the theaters in Vienna are required to have iron drop curtains.

As the consul had been so thoughtful as to procure tickets of admission to the Royal Treasury, for the entire party, we started the next morning for the Hofburg, the imperial palace, where it is situated. The Treasury contains objects of historic interest, the value of which is inestimable. In ancient times, kings carried their treasures about with them, sometimes, even to war. In a case in the first room, were Charlemagne's crown, scepter and sword; in another, his mantle and gloves thickly embroidered with gold and seed pearls. This monarch is said to have been nine feet tall, and one does not doubt the tale, when he sees the proportions of this outfit. Among the famous relics were the spear of St. Maurice; a gold case, said to contain the arm bone of St. Anne; a tooth of John the Baptist, and a superbly jewelled casket inclosing earth saturated with the blood of St. Stephen, the first Christian king of Hungary. Whenever the reigning sovereign desires to venerate it, the high priest opens the casket. We saw the silver and gold cradle presented by France to Napoleon's son, and the crown jewels, including the Austrian imperial diadems. There was a superb col-

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lection of jewels belonging to Maria Theresa, which she caused to be deposited in this treasury, after the death of her husband. The set of emeralds includes a watch composed of a single, large stone in which the works are imbedded.

Although the order of St. Stephen is the most important in

ELISABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA

Austria, that of the Golden Fleece is probably the most celebrated in the world. Its emblem is a lambskin pendant, the head and feet of the animal hanging down together, as it is fastened by the middle. Above, is an ornamental device. A rich collar, which we saw in the treasury, is sometimes worn by the Order.

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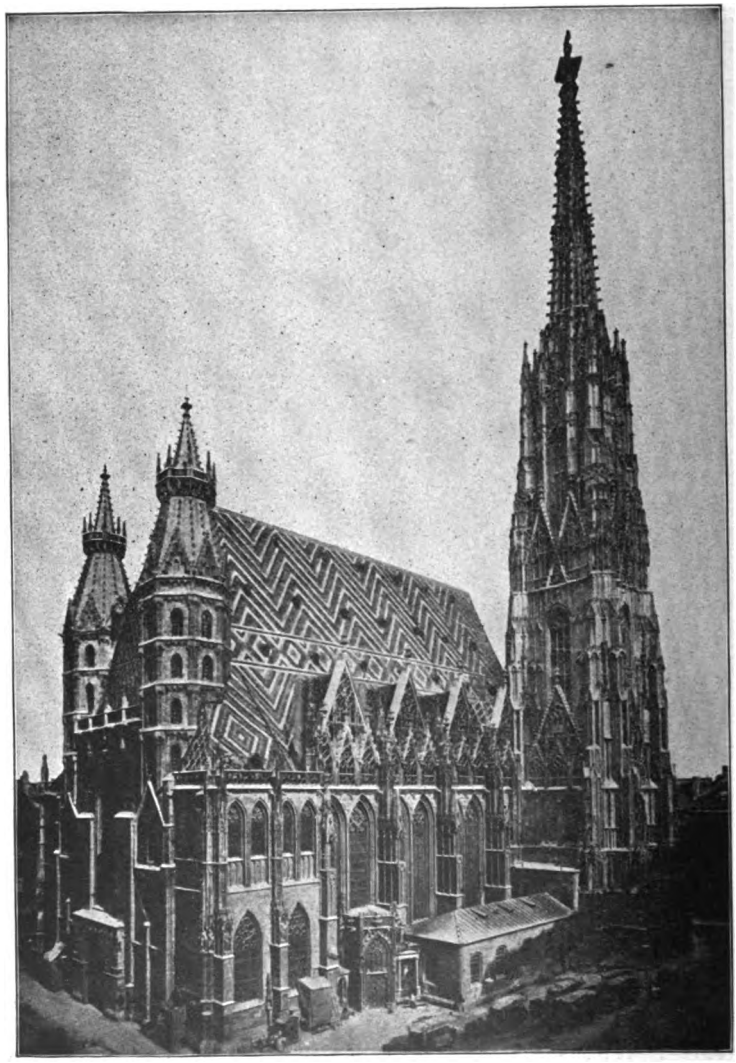

ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA

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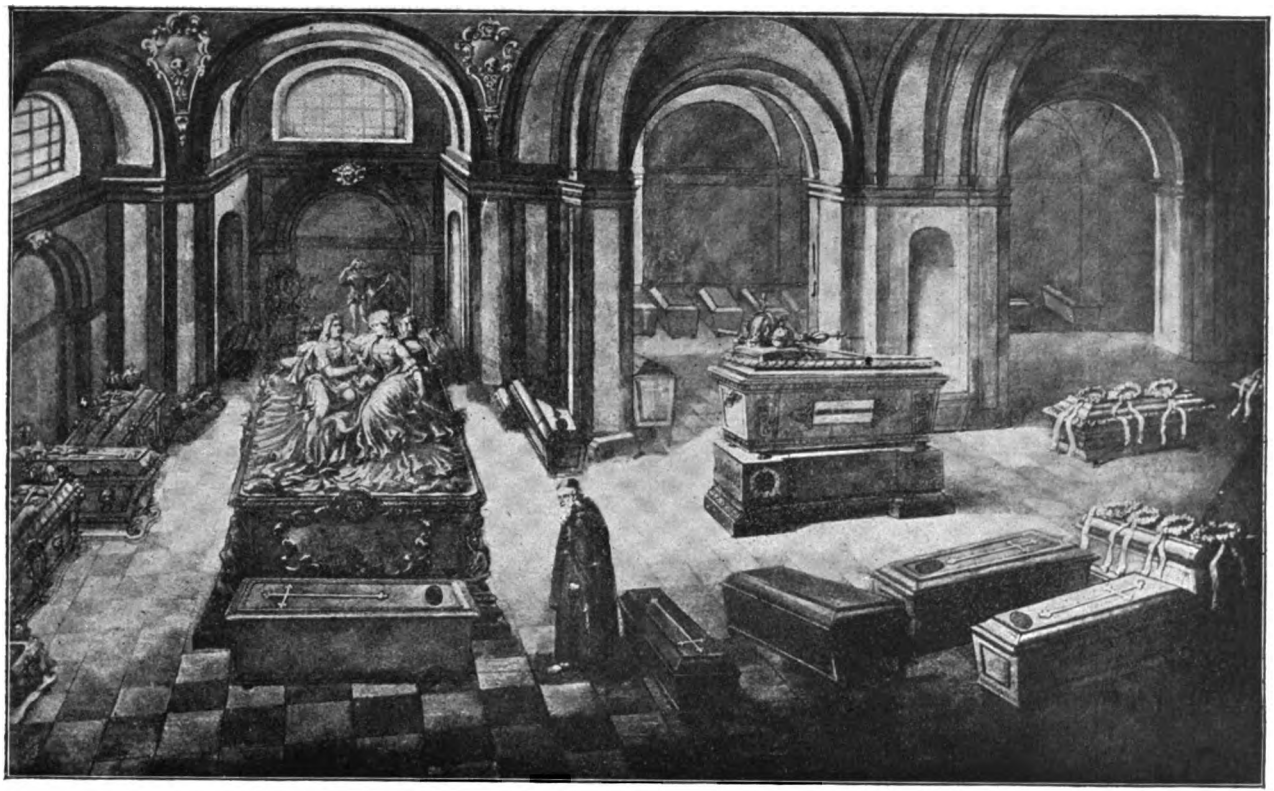

VAULTS OF THE CAPUCHIN CHURCH, VIENNA

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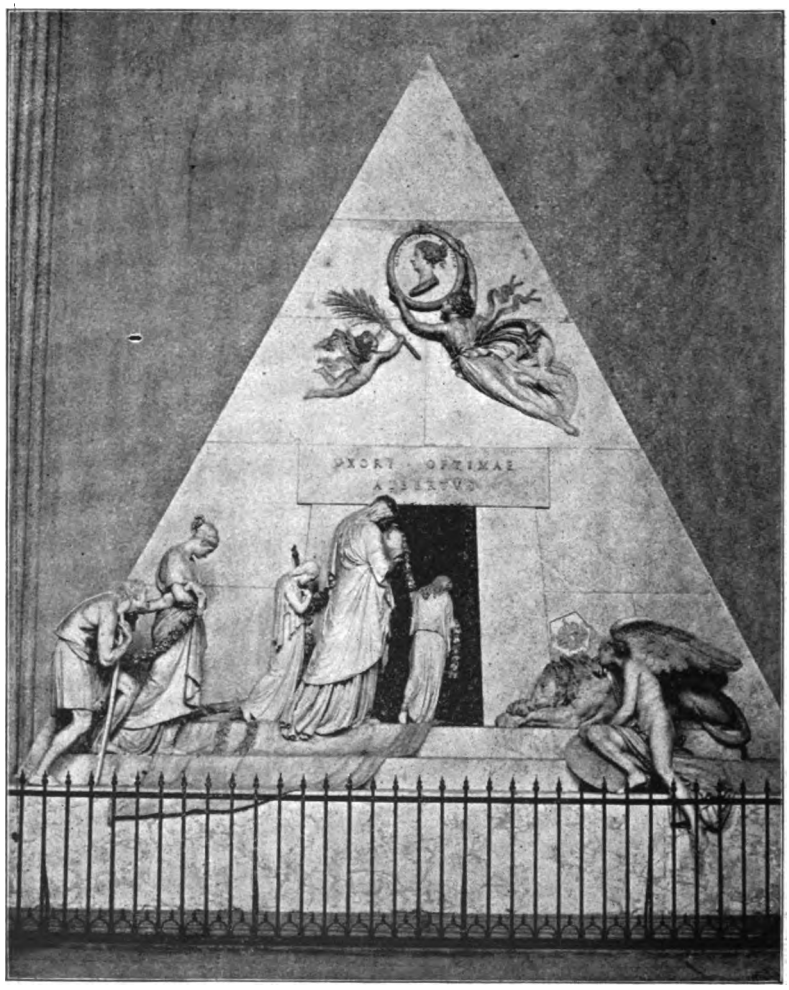
The Romanesque Cathedral of St. Stephen is the most important church in Vienna; its lofty towers and tile roof are prominent features of the landscape. On the north wall of the interior, is a curious decoration in the shape of a stone figure of the archi-



TOMB OF MARIA CHRISTINA

tect, with rule and compass in hand, looking through a small window.

In contrast to the grand cathedral is the humble church of the Capuchin monks, where most of the royal family have been interred. Following the friar in charge down a dark stone stairway, we entered

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the vaults containing the double, bronze sarcophagus of Maria Theresa and her husband, Francis I. Upon the lid are their life-size effigies, half reclining on cushions and looking directly at each other. Near by, is Marie Louise, Napoleon's second wife, and also, her son. We bowed our heads, for a moment, beside the coffin of poor Maximilian, who was "more sinned against than sinning."

According to an ancient custom, the hearts of all the emperors and empresses, since Matthias, are inclosed in gold and silver urns, which are kept in a small chapel in the old Augustine Church. One can peep into the little room through iron bars. The urns stand in rows upon a raised slab of stone, like jars of preserves on a pantry shelf, if the simile is allowable. In the church is the celebrated monument, by Canova, in honor of the Archduchess Maria Christina; it is a pyramid of white marble, with the door open. A procession is walking up the broad steps and entering the door of the tomb; childhood, youth and old age are represented with bent heads and bearing inverted torches. Opposite, on the right, is a lion, and the reclining figure of an angel.

The greatest musicians the world has ever known lie in Central Cemetery, Vienna. It is magnificently kept, and has fine avenues of locust and cypress trees, trimmed to form alcoves in which monuments are placed. As we approached the part sacred to music, we saw a triangular grassplot with the design of a colossal harp, in flowering plants. About it are the monuments of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Gluck. The painters and architects, who have been an honor to their country, are also buried in a special plot.

One day we had a view of Vienna from the top of the Kahlenberg, a mountain overlooking the city. The little steam engine on the rack-and-pinion line pulled us slowly to the top, through thick pine and beech woods. Mountain flowers bloomed in wildest profusion at the roadside. The view from the hotel veranda, where we had our dinner, was glorious, embracing the spurs of the Carpathians, and the Styrian Alps. Beside one of the steep footpaths of the Kahlenberg, is a bust of Beethoven, marking the spot where the master often rested. With his reserved temperament, solitude was a boon. The picturesque beauty of the mountains tamed the

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MONUMENTS OF BEETHOVEN, MOZART AND SCHUBERT, VIENNA

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fiery spirit, and, under their spell, the musical mysteries of that wondrous brain were unravelled. The world enjoys life the better, because he gave it so much that is harmonious to the ear, and in the words of Celia Thaxter:—

> "If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,
> To us his creatures, surely here and now
> We hear him, while the great chords seem to bow
> Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless
> noise
> Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!
> Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
> The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;"

Baron Nathaniel von Rothschild lives in the city in a fine mansion surrounded by a garden, but his greenhouses and park are in Döbling, a suburb. He charges an admission fee of fifty kreutzers, half a florin, for the privilege of looking at his treasures, though he is rich enough to let all the world take a penny from his coffers. There are half a hundred greenhouses, the fancy ones being rearranged, weekly. On the porch of the head gardener's house are fastened several grotesque tree trunks, one grown in the shape of a woman's head, another, a satyr's. In one of the orchid houses, we saw the Aristolochia Grandiflora, fourteen inches in length, the largest flower known. A fern house contains a bed of moss four feet high and twenty feet square, on which are scattered gloxinias, begonias and purple violets. Above it is a swinging aquarium with an inner globe in which were two canaries hopping about on a twig, while a goldfish swam between their glass cage and the outer globe. As there is little air in the inner compartment, the birds are only kept there two hours at a time.

In the fruit houses are pots containing strawberry plants, on each of which there were from three to seven berries, some of them two inches in diameter. Luscious peaches, cherries and plums hung from dwarf trees, and great clusters of grapes swung from the roof and tempted us to break the tenth commandment.

A steam tram took us to Schönbrunn, the imperial park and castle, once the hunting-lodge of the Emperor Matthias. Miles of

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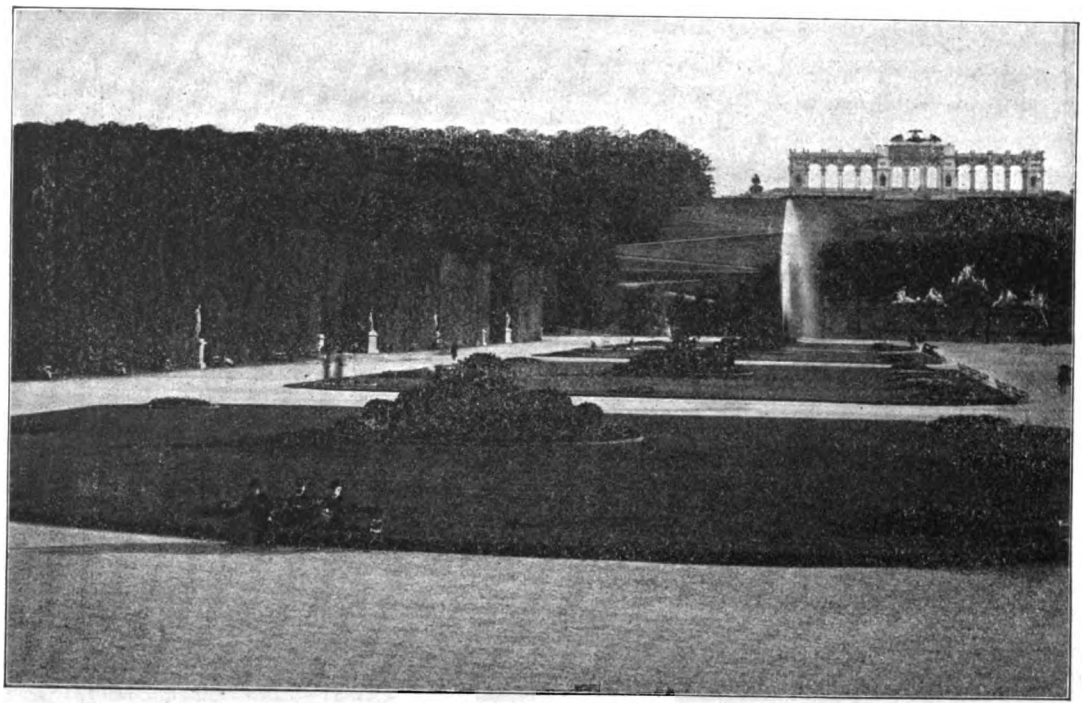

GLORIETTE AT SCHÖNBRUNN

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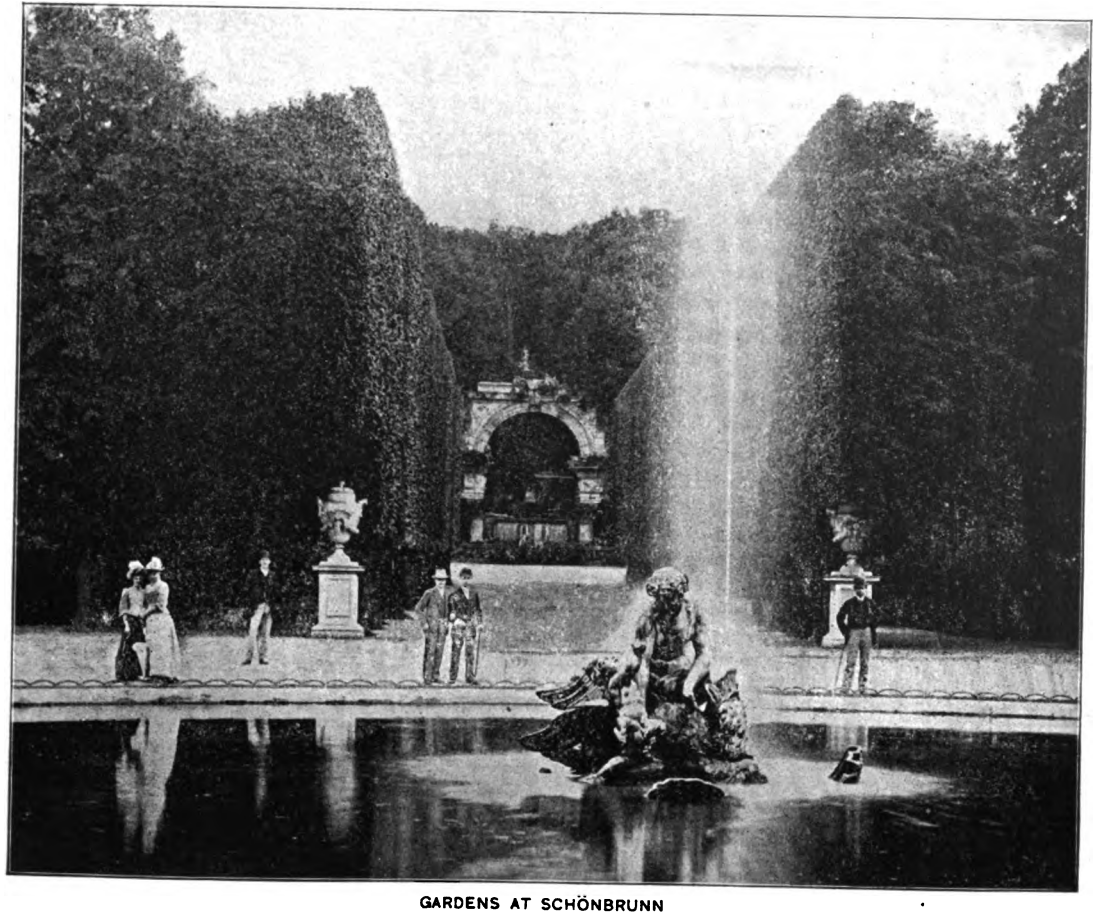

GARDENS AT SCHÖNBRUNN

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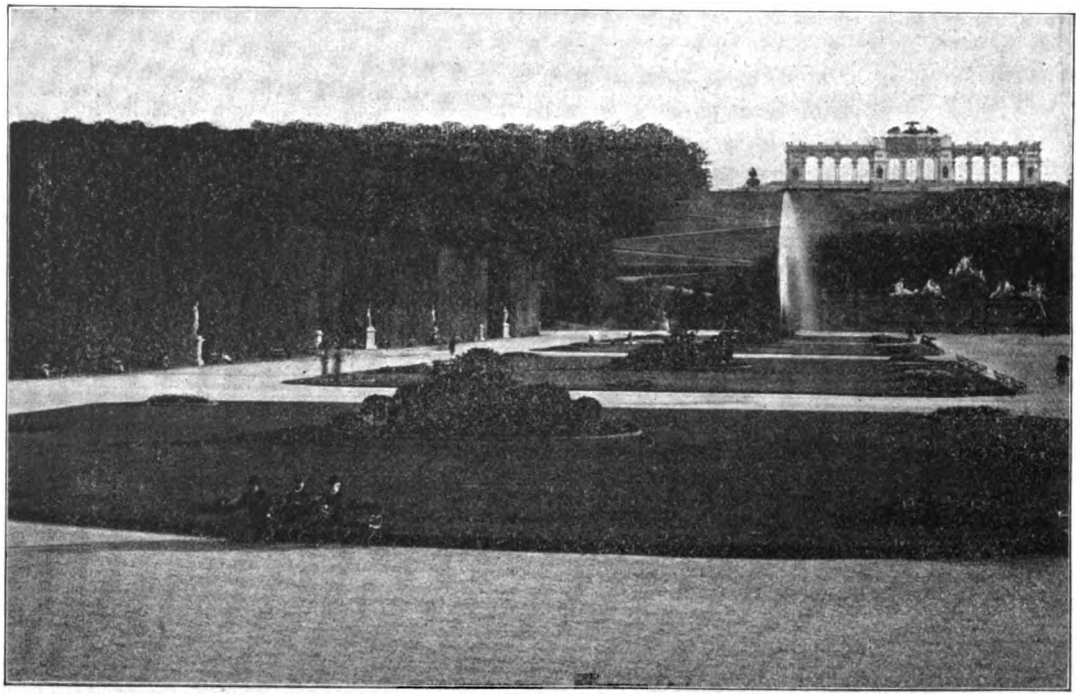

GLORIETTE AT SCHÖNBRUNN

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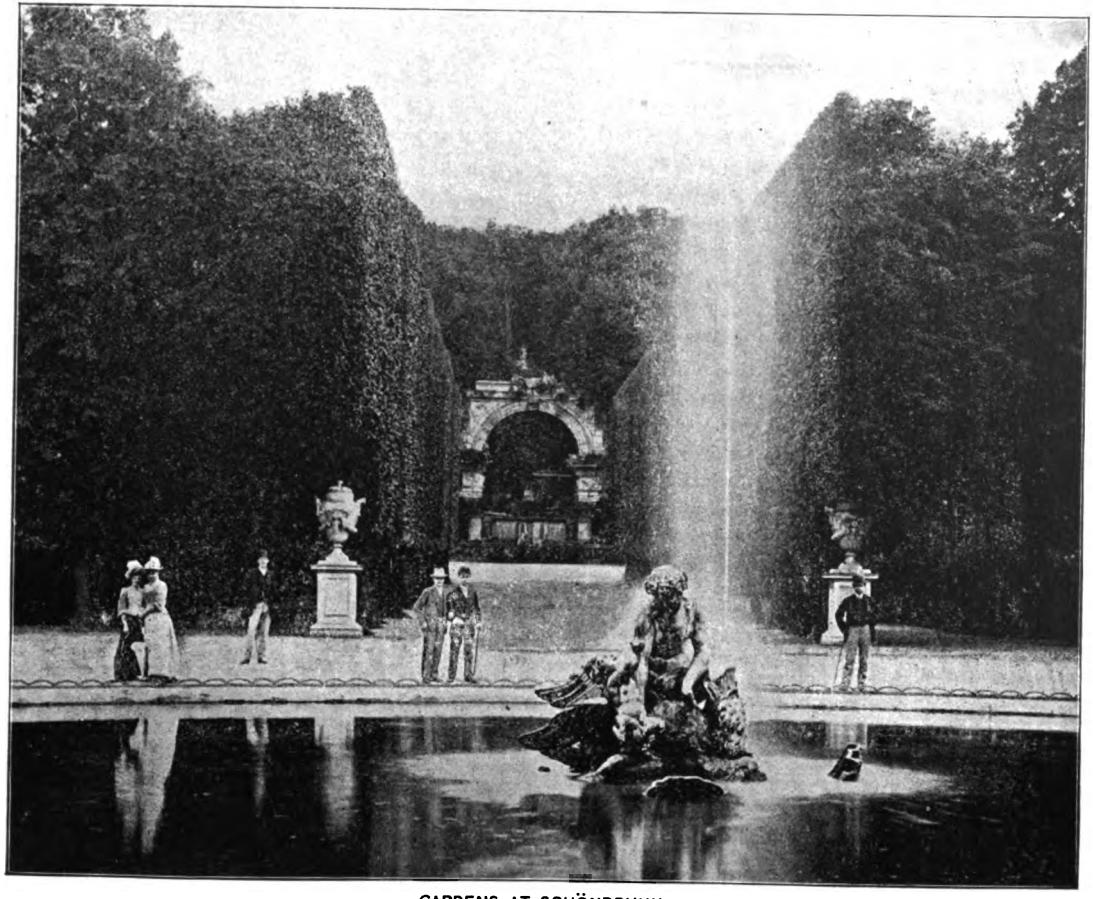

GARDENS AT SCHÖNBRUNN

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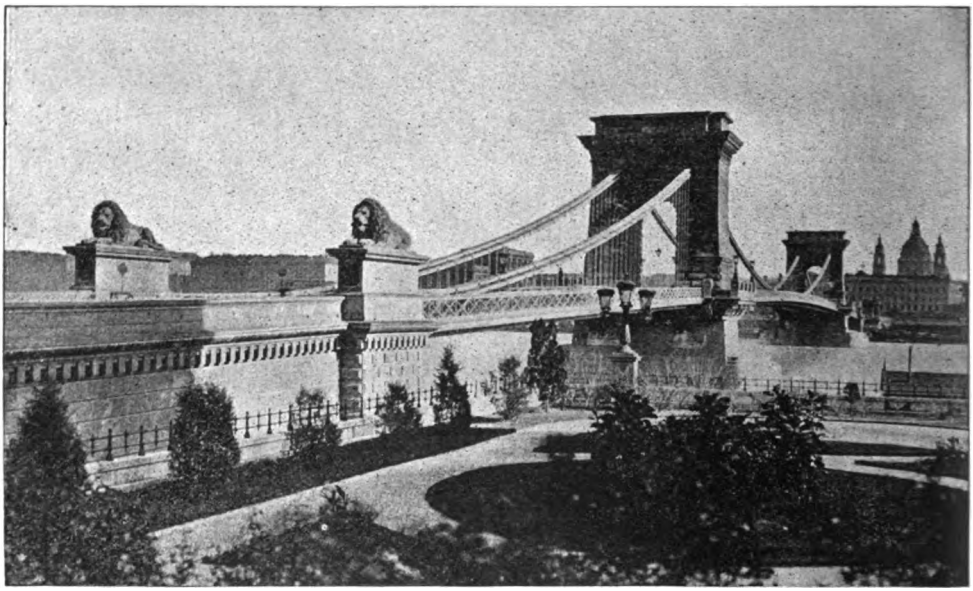
forest are traversed by fine roads, and, radiating from the castle, are broad paths flanked by close cut hedges, with here and there a fountain or a statue. From the Gloriette, a fine colonnade on the hill, we could see across the country for miles, and down paths where the trees are trimmed to form solid walls of green.

The apartments of Maria Theresa, within the castle, are luxurious; especially the room, on the decorations of which she is said to have spent a million florins. The walls and ceiling are of wood mosaic set with delicate, Japanese paintings on porcelain. Upon



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BUDAPEST

the same floor is the little room once occupied by Maria Theresa's daughter, Marie Antoinette, who became Queen of France.

There are several public parks in the center of Vienna, and here, in the evening, people congregate to drink beer or coffee, and listen to the military bands; sections of these parks are inclosed by fences, and an admission fee is charged, enabling those of the upper classes to be by themselves, if they so desire.

On the morning of June 7th we left Vienna, by steamer, for Budapest. The sky was alternately cloudy and bright, affording opportunities to study the effects of light and shade on the "Beautiful Blue Danube." At the Lobau, a wooded island, Na-

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poleon crossed the Danube, and there had his headquarters during the battle of Wagram. On we glided, past the spurs of the Little Carpathians, with, now and then, a ruined castle or monastery to relieve the monotony of the landscape. Late in the day, there burst upon our sight a dazzling vision, an ideal city, bathed in the golden glory of the setting sun. On the slopes to our right, was Ofen, more commonly known as Buda, with the Fortress and Royal Palace; on the left, Pest; while, in the background, rose the old citadel of Blocksberg. Across the river sweep splendid bridges. The Suspension Bridge, with its stone lions, is one of the largest in Europe. All were bright with pennants, and from every tower and turret floated the red, white and green of Hungary.

As the steamer touched the landing below the Franz Joseph quay, we could see gaily dressed throngs upon this favorite promenade. Lounging against trees or leaning over parapets, eyeing their more fortunate brethren, were peasants from the outlying districts. The mothers carried their babies in their arms, and the lunch bags were slung over the shoulders of the men. The latter wore the Magyar skirt of white cloth with a round jacket; the women were clad in short, full skirts, gold-embroidered belts and high-topped boots, and bright-colored kerchiefs were tied over their heads. Old women, with green, earthen pitchers of water, refreshed the thirsty, in return for a small coin. All were in a joyous mood, for, on the morrow, they were to behold the great procession celebrating the thousandth anniversary of the establishment of their kingdom.

We had been warned again and again that we could not secure accommodations at Budapest, as every place was overcrowded, and it was with some anxiety that we disembarked upon the Franz Joseph quay, at the very doors of the large hotels. Going at once to the Bristol, we were informed that they could not give us a bed, as even their billiard rooms were engaged; however, they referred us to a private house near by. There, we secured a comfortable room for five florins per day, with a cheery family of Hungarians, and considered ourselves the luckiest people abroad.

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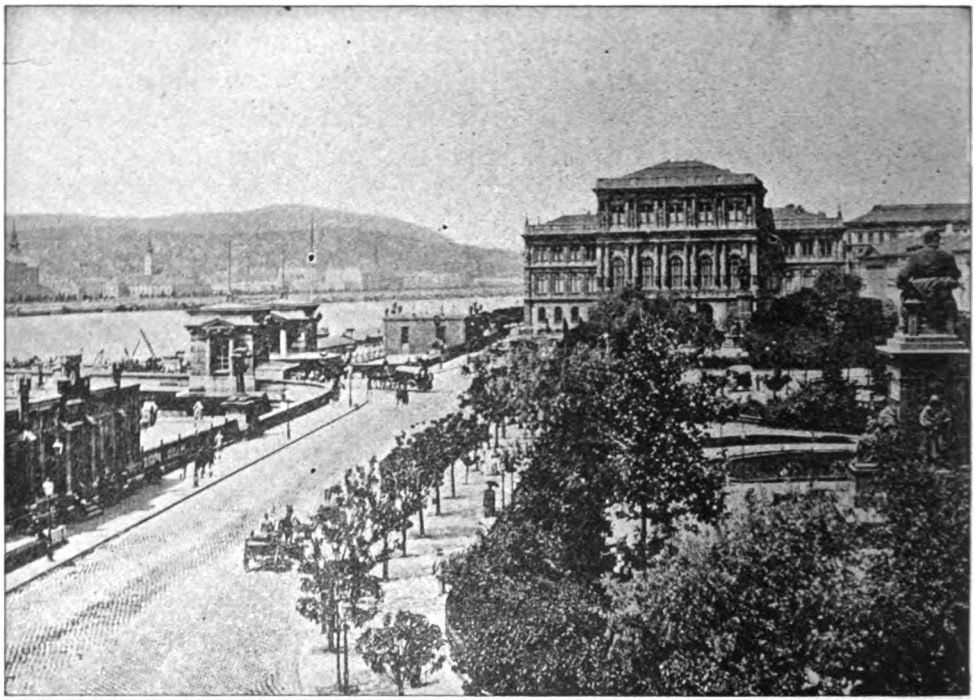
A rain laid the dust during the night, and the morning of June 8th dawned with a glad burst of sunshine. As the order had gone forth that no one would be allowed to cross the main streets after eight o'clock, we were in our seats, on one of the temporary stands erected along the line of march, promptly at that hour, and found amusement in watching the crowds. Men carrying racks of beer and strings of pretzels drove a thriving trade. A Hun-



FRANZ JOSEPH QUAY, BUDAPEST

garian lady, who spoke English, sat next to us and volunteered to tell us the particulars about the parade. At ten minutes of eleven, a platoon of police appeared, clearing the way; then, down the street dashed twelve mounted heralds, in blue velvet, blowing silver trumpets. Cheer after cheer rent the air, as the people rose to their feet to salute the Master of Ceremonies.

It is impossible to give more than a vague idea of the magnificence of the costumes, which, characteristic of the different epochs during the past thousand years, were worn by noblemen representing the provinces of Hungary. Nearly all these men are enor-

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mously rich and had spared neither pains nor money in their endeavors to make the details complete. There were eighty-seven companies, each led by the nobles who ruled over the province. Those of the highest rank carried the ancient battle flags. The prevailing costume consisted of tight trousers, coat of light-colored, embroidered satin, buttoned to the throat, and high-topped boots. A velvet coat, bordered with costly furs, hung from the shoulders like a mantle, the same fur banding the high turban. The belt, coat buttons, clasps, aigrette on the turban, and the sword hilt were richly jewelled. Other companies wore complete suits of mail; some, steel, others, gold, with mantle and saddlecloth of leopard skin. All the horses were superbly caparisoned.

Following the horsemen, came splendid coaches containing dignitaries of the church and state. The coachmen and the footmen, who stood behind, in blue and silver liveries with cocked hats, reminded us of the grand personages of fairy tales.

Next, came thirty-five noblemen ablaze with orders, and costumed even more elegantly, as a guard of honor to the occupants of twin coaches of enamelled redwood, with plate glass panels and gold trimmings. They were drawn by snow-white horses with gold harness, and resplendent outriders accompanied them. In the first coach was the Prime Minister; in the second, upon a daïs, the Crown of Hungary. How the people shouted when they beheld it! remembering that, for a thousand years, the clumsy, jewelled circlet with its bent cross had pressed the brows of all their warrior kings.

The stranger looks with admiration at this ancient, yet modern, metropolis. In spite of the fact that the streets bear unpronounceable Magyar names, we are able to find our way about, and though the inhabitants speak a language strange to our ears, we find them courteous, eminently progressive, and fashionably dressed. An underground railway connects the most important street with the Exposition grounds, in the suburbs; its attractive stations are walled with cream-colored tiles. Broad, well-kept boulevards, electric cars and double-decked omnibuses, as well as the absence of beggars, render the city unusually attractive.

The Exposition is unique. In the center of the grounds, surrounded by a broad lagoon where steam launches ply, is a group

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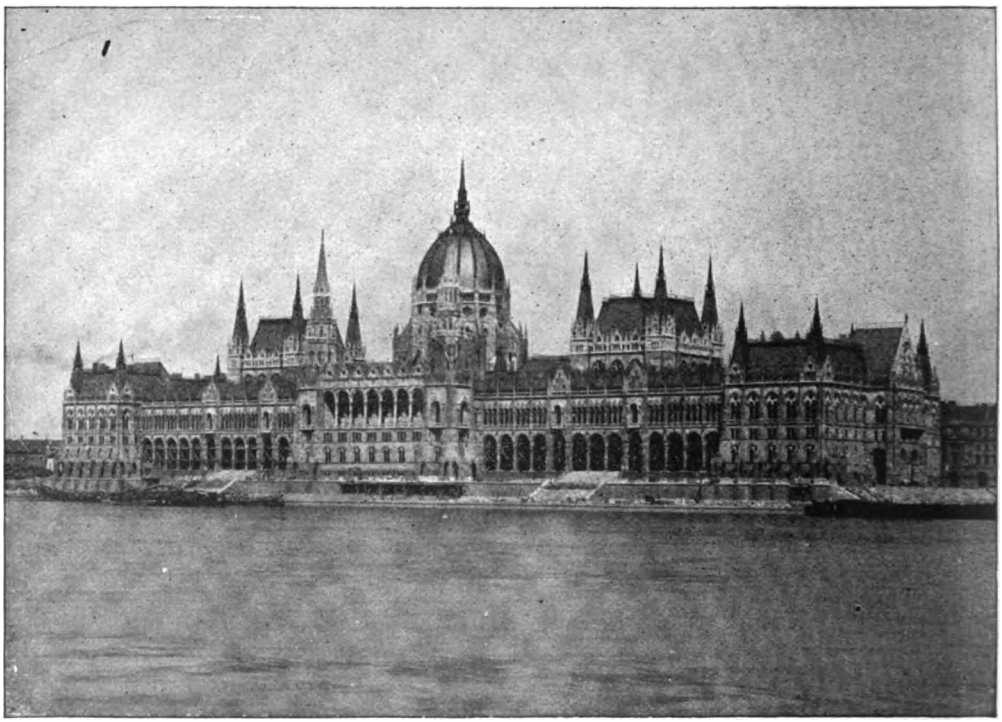
of stone buildings, each, a copy of some famous, old castle in Hungary, fitted up with the original furniture, even family portraits loaned for the occasion. In the great halls of the knights are battle-axes, swords, suits of armor, seals and precious documents. In one of the rooms, a table was set for a state dinner, with a service owned by the Esterhazy family who are one of the most powerful



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, BUDAPEST

in Hungary. Upon a porcelain centerpiece about three inches high, and eighteen feet long, were finely decorated fruit and bonbon dishes.

Among the exhibits of modern workmanship, was an ivory pipe. On its bowl, sixteen inches in length, were carved the heads of the Emperor and Empress. Standing upon the lid of the bowl, was the figure of Hungaria with drawn sword. On the back, connecting with the stem, were five mounted knights in full regalia, the very spurs on their heels brought out in the most delicate carving.

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We had an orange ice in the Royal Kiosk where some "swells" in fine uniform, with clanking swords, were conversing with a number of ladies, every one of them beautiful and exquisitely gowned. From there, we walked across the grounds to a cheap coffee-house to see the humbler folk. The women wear very full skirts which are not gored, and, consequently, form a thick ridge just below the waist line. They walk with a queer little wriggle of the hips which gives them an odd appearance.

The Hungarians drink quantities of plum brandy, which is put up in attractive little stone jugs and sold on the grounds. However, we have not seen an intoxicated or disorderly person since we came. In another part of the park is situated Os Budavara, or Budapest at the time of its occupation by the Turks. Here, are reproductions of the old walls, mosques, and kiosks with people dressed in the costumes of that period. Pretty waitresses flit about, attending to the needs of visitors in the cafés. Hungarian gypsies with swarthy skins dance the *czardas** with an abandon known only to these wild, free children of the mountain fastnesses.

In front of one of these cafés, where the scarlet capes and sashes of a group of Servians made a warm dash of color against the brown walls, we had our first taste of *gulyás*. This is a national dish composed of beef cut in dice, and stewed with vegetables and *paprika*, Hungarian red pepper. *Gulyás* is delicious and so is *Eis-Kaffee*. To prepare the latter, half fill a small goblet with coffee icecream; then, pour in as much sweetened, whipped cream as the glass will hold. When you eat it, thrust your spoon to the bottom of the goblet, bring the coffee cream up through the whipped cream, close your eyes and imagine yourself in Hungary.

The grand tournament took place, the day following the parade, in a large field adjacent to the Exposition grounds, and near the Emperor's exhibit of blooded horses. The royal tent, between the two grand stands, was pitched by means of halberds, as was the custom in times of war, the edges of the crimson and gold canopy being cut in battlements. At the left of the entrance, a pole was

* National dance of Hungary.

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THE PRETTIEST PEASANT IN HUNGARY

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planted, bearing the royal escutcheon. The sides of the tent were open, and, as we sat within ten feet of the Court, we could study the worn face of Emperor Franz Joseph, that "aristocrat of aristocrats," and the delicate, patrician features of the Princess Ste-

FRANZ JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

phanie. For a number of years, the Princess has represented the Empress at Court. The Emperor is straight as an arrow, and has a quick, nervous manner. He wore the uniform of a Hungarian general; upon his breast glittered the orders of the Golden Fleece, St. Stephen, and the Iron Crown. The Empress, once so beauti-

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ful and brilliant, is in wretched health, and has lived in the strictest seclusion since the death of her son, the Crown Prince Rudolph. The members of the Court were assembled when the Emperor arrived, and, when he offered his hand, each person knelt upon one knee to receive his salutation, as ceremoniously as if in a drawingroom. The Court is in mourning for the brother of the Emperor, who died recently, and the ladies presented a somber contrast to the gaily dressed beauties in the grand stand.

Only noblemen participated in the tournament; six men were entered for each of the five contests, which were trials of skill in riding. As the Hungarians are noted for fine horsemanship, they made a splendid appearance as they galloped across the field, exactly at the time appointed; for the Emperor is punctual to a second, and no one dares to loiter in his presence. The riders drew up before their sovereign and saluted; then, rode to the judges' stand, to receive orders. There was some excellent hedge and ditch jumping, and, in the last race, the horses were all of full Arabian blood.

The prizes for the tournament were displayed on two tables near the royal tent. There were two in money; one, of 12,000 florins, the other, of 8,000 florins; several medals, silver cups and tankards. When the Princess Stephanie entered her carriage, the applause was deafening, for this Belgian princess has won many friends in Austria.

We spent a forenoon, walking about the grounds of the Fortress, and Royal Palace, but were unable to enter, as the Court is present. Then we went over to the Matthias Kirche, a church said to have been built by King Bela IV.; here, Emperor Franz Joseph and Empress Elisabeth were crowned, in 1867.

There are numerous important mineral springs in Budapest; for example, the Hunyady-Janos, from which quantities of water are exported annually to America.

Hungary is one of the richest countries in Europe, possessing natural resources which seem inexhaustible. There are fine marble quarries, as well as gold, silver, copper and lead mines. The opals of Sáros are celebrated for their great beauty.

The wines, especially the tokay, grown on the slopes of volcanic mountains near Tokay, are of the rarest.

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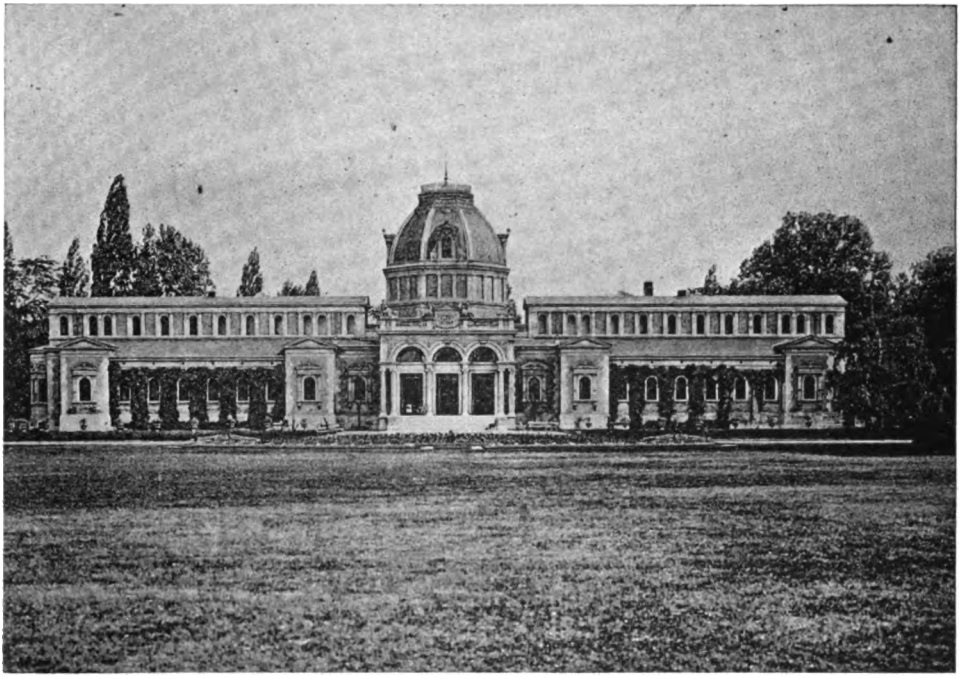
On the last afternoon of our stay, we took the boat going to the island called "Margarethen Insel," lying between Buda and Pest; it has been converted into a beautiful park. A car runs from the lower end, through a forest of trees and flowering shrubs, to the upper, where hot sulphur water from an artesian well falls in



MARGARET ISLAND

a cascade over rocks, into the Danube. A splendid bath house is fully equipped for the needs of invalids, and there are many fine cottages on the island.

All that night, as we journeyed back to Vienna, we inhaled the fragrance of the pines, and, at each station, felt a new longing to turn back to the fascinating land of the Czardas.

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CHAPTER XXI

DRESDEN AND CARLSBAD

AMID the high bluffs overlooking the Elbe, on the way from Vienna to Dresden, are some rocks called the "Basteifelsen," as they resemble fortifications. Pretty, little steamers ply up and down the swift stream, for this river, unlike the Danube, has a rapid current. Miles of hop gardens cover the lowlands, their poles so arranged that they look like regiments of soldiers, with bayonets upright.

Dresden, the capital of the Kingdom of Saxony, lies in the fertile valley of the Elbe, and has been the residence of the Albertine line of kings, since 1485. The royal palace, on the Schloss Platz, is the usual residence of the reigning sovereigns, but, as King Albert is in very poor health, at present, he lives at his country seat, not far from the city, where he finds perfect quiet. As the law prohibits the erection of any building higher than the street is wide, and there are many beautiful lawns, the city is attractive to the eye. Among the fine bridges which connect the two sections of the city is the Augustus Bridge built in 1222.

Early on the first evening after our arrival, while walking about the streets near our hotel, we discovered a poster stating that Eduard Strauss was to give a concert at Lincke'sches Bad, a summer garden in the suburbs. As we had missed hearing him in Vienna, we immediately took upper seats in a double-decked street car, and rode out there, arriving in time to hear the last three numbers of the program, the "Beautiful Blue Danube" being one. I had heard the Strauss Orchestra in America, but it was not quite the same as here; it needed the garden, the tables, the German people shouting out their approval after each number, and, above all, the omnipresent beer mug to make it seem real "Straussy." The very hairs of the little Viennese seemed to

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BASTEIFELSEN

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dance, as, with violin in hand, he conducted his orchestra and brought out, with the touch of his bow, the strains of that waltz, always new, always dear to the German heart.

The best pictures of this Saxon art center are collected in the extensive Zwinger gallery. The building incircles an immense court filled with shrubbery, flowers and statuary. Nearly all the great masters are represented here, and we especially admired a painting of the "Children of Charles I.," by Van Dyck.

In a room by itself is the celebrated "Sistine Madonna," pronounced by many to be the finest oil painting in the world. The earnest eyes of the Virgin looked down upon us with an expression full of sympathy and tenderness embracing all suffering humanity; the very apotheosis of motherhood. From the graceful form radiate strength, purity and love. The very colors in the draperies are imbued with a subtle power, that rivets the attention of the beholder, and haunts him, ever after. There is an appeal in the eyes of the Christ child, who seems to gaze far beyond this world into the next.

In a section devoted to modern art, there is a wonderful picture called "Summer," by Makart. The central figure is a lovely creature reclining on a silken couch beneath a crimson canopy; she is playing with butterflies, her laughing, upturned face displaying, through the lines of scarlet lips, the pearly teeth. Other beautiful forms rise from the water on the left, where they have been bathing. The canvas seems to glow with the peculiar brilliancy for which the Austrian master was noted.

The eight rooms of the Green Vaults, in the royal palace, contain over 3,000 works of art in gold, silver, precious stones, and other materials. Here, are kept the crown jewels of Saxony; among them, the famous green diamond; also, the regalia of Augustus, King of Poland; swords of famous warriors, and cups of amber. There is a jewel case in the shape of a roc, a mythical bird of "The Arabian Nights," carved from a single piece of jasper. We saw, too, a rock crystal goblet once owned by Martin Luther.

On the second evening we heard the opera of the "Trumpeter of Säckingen," at the superbly decorated Royal Opera House. We

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ZWINGER GALLERY, DRESDEN

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THE SISTINE MADONNA

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had often been told that students of music, attending the opera in Germany, sat in the upper balconies; so, we procured tickets admitting us to that part of the house. Our seats were in the midst of a bevy of bright, young girls in shirt waists and dark skirts. They seemed acquainted with one another, and, though they conversed between the acts, or went into the little restaurant connected with the gallery, as soon as the orchestra began to play, they were all attention. The music and words appeared to be familiar to them, and, as the plot unfolded, one interpreted it for us. The opera is founded on a poem written by Scheffel, the much beloved German poet, and the scene is laid in the Black Forest. The heroine is slender, and a beautiful blonde; the hero, dark, strong and brave, played the trumpet magnificently. A weak villain and a stern papa give the trumpeter numerous opportunities to show off, and the fair maiden to faint. Nevertheless, everything ends happily, as it invariably does in a German story. We had to take a carriage to the theater, because of a heavy rain, though we returned in a street car; strange as it seems, our expenses for the evening were only thirty-nine cents each.

CASKET OF JASPER

You will be shocked when I tell you that we came very near being arrested, the day we went to Meissen to visit the Royal Potteries, and the feudal castle of Albrechtsburg. Ever since leaving

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CHILDREN OF CHARLES

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SUMMER

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home, we have been collecting specimens for our herbariums, and, as we rode along, remarked the beauty of the blue cornflowers by the wayside. Once, the train came to a standstill between stations, and beside a most inviting bunch of the coveted posies. At my suggestion, Mrs. M. jumped out and gathered a handful, while I held the door open. The guard saw us and reported the act at the next station, where we received a terrific scolding in German, of which we did not understand a syllable. Our utter amazement and "Ich verstehe nicht"* drove the fat, blustering official nearly frantic. He raved up and down the platform, while we simply stood and stared at him, with an air of injured innocence, holding up the poor little nosegay for inspection. At last, we were allowed to depart. On our return to Dresden, we learned that to get out of a train between stations, in Germany, is an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment; so you see that we had a narrow escape.

THE TRUMPETER OF SÄCKINGEN

Dresden china! What magic in the words! How they smack

* "I do not understand."

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CASTLE OF ALBRECHTSBURG

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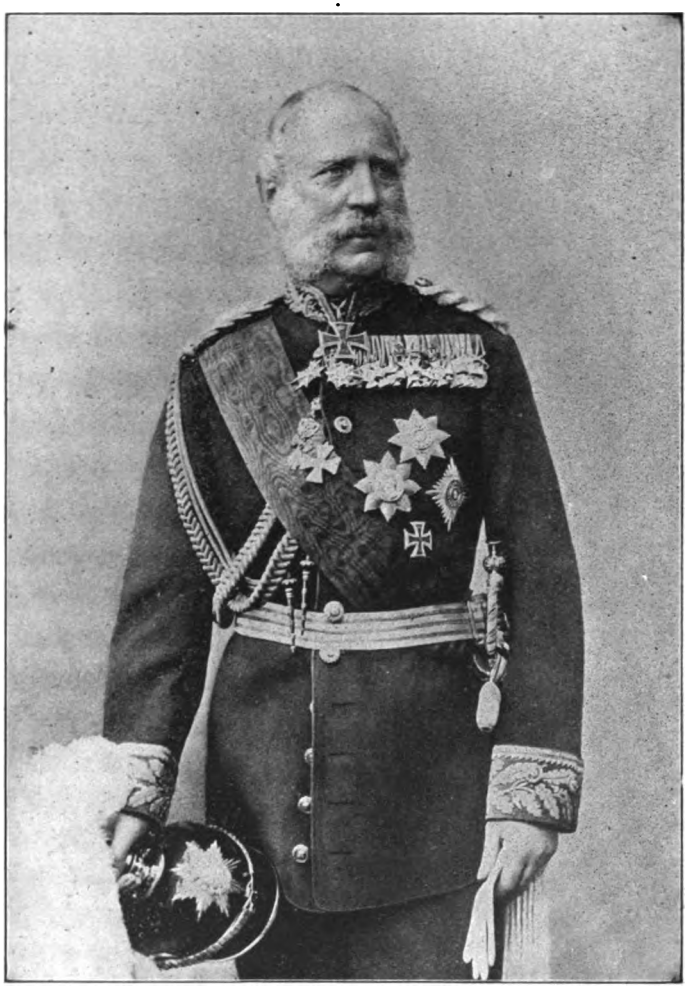
of the court and banquet halls, calling up pictures of powdered dames and beribboned gallants! The secret of making true porcelain was discovered in Germany, in the 18th century, by a man named Böttcher. Its manufacture was carried on for about fifty years, in the strictest secrecy, for the workmen were practically prisoners. The history of the Dresden potteries is divided into three periods. During the first, or king's period, all the best specimens were reserved for the king's own use and for royal gifts. The trade-mark burned into the china was, at that time, the monogram of the king; later, two swords crossed were substituted for it, representing those worn by the Elector of Saxony. In 1796, a new director, named Marceloni, placed a star between the two swords; the porcelain was then sold to the public, and has never since reached its old-time perfection. Authorities upon the subject of Dresden china say that outside dealers can now buy the ware and decorate it themselves; such pieces are known by a line cut in the glaze above the two blue



ALBERT, KING OF SAXONY

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swords. The Dresden hard paste* is considered superior to the Sèvres, though the ground colors, especially the blue, are finer in the French porcelain.

After paying a fee of one mark,† we were furnished with an English-speaking guide, who conducted us through the rooms where 750 men were at work. We saw them kneading the paste, which looked like dough, to get all the air out. Then, rolling it into sheets, and laying it over the molds, they cut off the edge, as a cook would trim pie crust. In other instances, they shaped the dish with the aid of a potter's wheel. At length, all were put into fire brick cases and placed in a big kiln, or oven, to bake. It takes one day to fire the china, and another, for the oven to cool, before the contents can be removed. If an underglazed pattern is to be used, after the first firing, it is

CAROLA, QUEEN OF SAXONY

* Made of kaolin, a clay found at Aue in Saxony.

† About twenty-five cents.

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painted on the dish which is, subsequently, dipped in a liquid paste, or glaze, and fired again. If the underglazed decoration is not used, then the design is painted on top of the glaze, or second firing. During the process of decoration, there are several more firings. Some of the men were modelling flowers for candelabra. They work exactly as if making wax flowers, cutting out the petals from the sheets of dough, by a pattern, and then pinching them into shape with their fingers, and affixing them to the standard, preparatory to firing and coloring. The best artists are employed to model the figures and paint the elaborate designs.

Until 1863, the potteries were connected with the castle of Albrechtsburg. Within the ramparts is a small village. We drove up the long, winding road and under the huge gateway, where, in days gone by, the golden-haired bride of Albert I. rode on a palfrey beside her royal lover. The Saxon dames were of heroic mold and, once, when the castle was attacked, hurled down great stones with their strong arms, upon the heads of the besiegers, below. There are many rare specimens of Royal Dresden in the cabinets of the great dining-hall, where the initials of King Albert and Queen Carola, the present rulers, are carved in the high backs of the chairs.

On the way from Dresden to Carlsbad, the well-known resort, where we are now stopping, we began to worry a little about the condition of our travelling suits, which we had worn ever since leaving America. However, we find that we can walk about among the fashionable folk, without attracting the least attention. The guests at the hotels are chiefly Russian and French; at every turn, one meets people twisted with rheumatism or in the last stages of consumption.

The mineral springs, of which there are now nineteen, were discovered in the 14th century by Charles IV., while hunting; hence, the name, Carlsbad,—Charles' Bath,—although, according to the records, they were known a hundred years earlier. The chief ingredients of the waters are sulphate of soda, carbonate of soda, and salt. They rise from a very hard kind of rock near the Tepl river, the hot water gushing through the broken crust. The main part of the town is built on this crust, and it is believed

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PANORAMA OF CARLSBAD

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that, beneath it, there is a vast reservoir from which the springs flow. The steam escapes through holes that have been made in the rock, and, if they are not freed from the salt deposits, periodically, new openings are forced.

The largest and most popular spring is the Sprudel, which, at times, shoots up to a height of thirteen feet, at the rate of 450

SPRUDEL COLONNADE, CARLSBAD

gallons per minute. It is within an iron colonnade covered with glass.

At all the springs, the invalids begin to congregate as early as four o'clock in the morning, their cups hung from leather straps over their shoulders. Good bands play from six to eight, the bathing hours. Every bather has a ticket and time card and, if more than ten minutes late, he loses his bath. The water is pleasant to the skin as well as to the palate.

Last night, we attended a ball, as spectators, at the Curhaus.* The dining-room opens from the ballroom and, as we went in to dinner about eight o'clock, we were able to enjoy the dancing. There were many beautiful girls, and one, a Russian, was such a

*A club house open to visitors.

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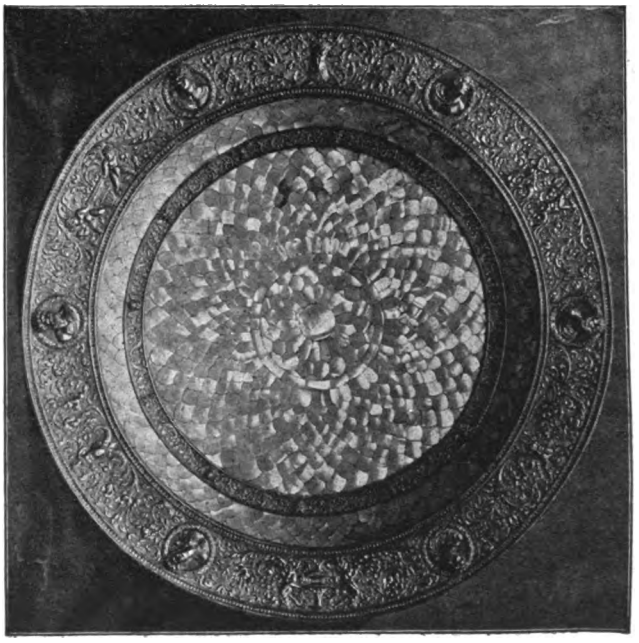
picture that we gazed at her, most of the time. Her jet-black hair was arranged in wide, flat braids, and brought about her head, from the nape of the neck to a peak in front, in the exact form of the Russian headdress. She was so vivacious and sparkling as to keep a dozen officers,—military men predominated,—waiting for a dance, and it was amusing to see the complacency of her chaperon, as one after another claimed the belle's attention. The program was composed principally of waltzes and two-steps, though there was one set where the couples formed in two rows down the hall, after the fashion of the old contra-dances.

We have not seen a single peasant, in Bohemia, wearing the entire, national costume; only, now and then, a bright-colored dress, and handkerchief over the head. Slowly but surely, the picturesque costumes are, everywhere, giving way to the ugly, mutton-leg sleeve, and gored skirt of the present day. It is a pity, for the peasant girl is often very attractive in the simple dress suited to her face and figure, and very commonplace when she apes the lady of fashion.



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CHAPTER XXII

NUREMBERG AND THE BLACK FOREST

OF all the quaint places that it has been my good fortune to see, Nuremberg takes the precedence. The wide ramparts and strong towers were once protected by a moat filled with black water, but, now, grass-grown and dotted with trees. The river Pegnitz flows through the old part of the city, dividing it almost equally. It is crossed by queer bridges, that add one more touch to the general picturesqueness of the town, all towers and turrets, dormer windows and red, gabled roofs.

It seemed incongruous to take a carriage to the hotel, and the sight of a street car positively hurt our feelings, so we gave our baggage to a stout porter and walked under the tower gateway, and over the bridge across the moat. The main street is irregular and narrow, and the hotel that we selected was once the residence of a fine family. How we enjoyed the frescoes on the walls of our room, the great, carved bed and the ornaments on the high chimneypiece! It was like a chapter out of an old story-book!

In the quarter of St. Sebald is a Gothic church of the same name. The "Schreyer Monument" in relief, on one side, and the representation of the "Last Judgment," over the south entrance, are world-renowned examples of stone cutting. They are the work of Adam Krafft, a Nuremberg stone cutter, and were executed in the 15th century.

Within the church, is the bronze monument of St. Sebald, weighing eight tons, the masterpiece of Peter Vischer, who, with his five sons, worked upon it for thirteen years, introducing into the design small figures of the twelve apostles, besides prophets and the fathers of the church.

The greatest artist of Nuremberg was Albrecht Dürer (1471-

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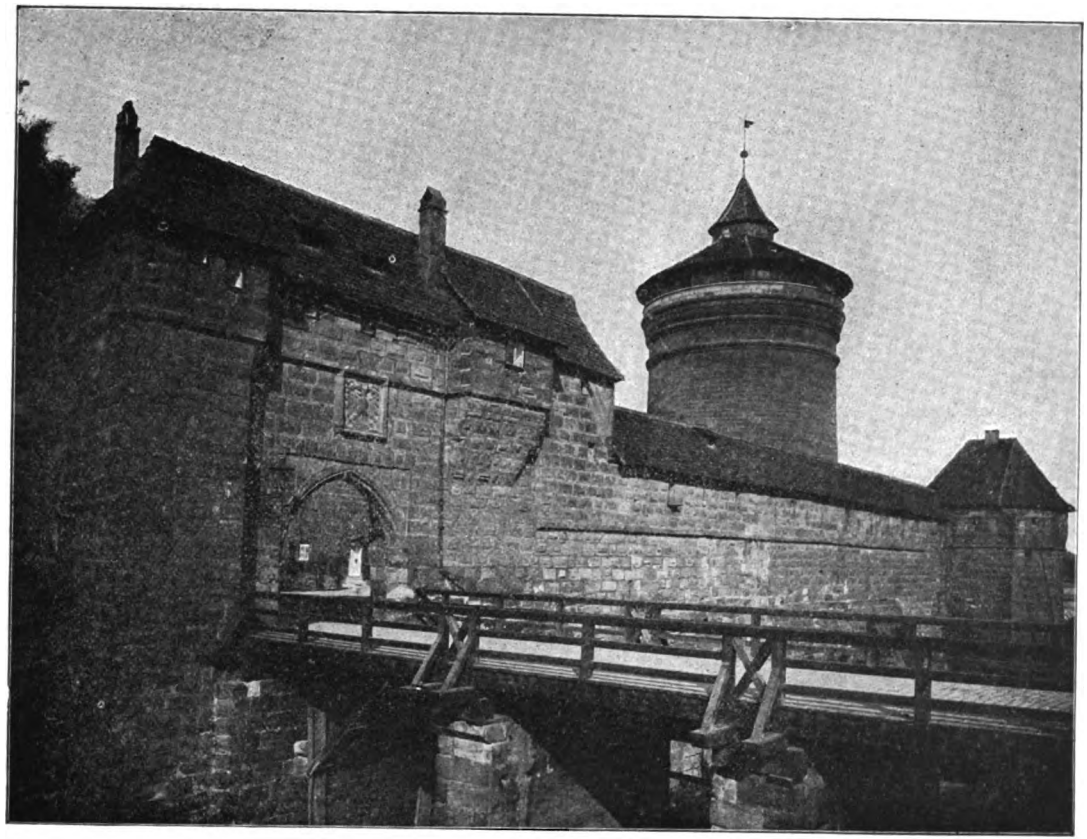

THE MOAT AND WALLS, NUREMBERG

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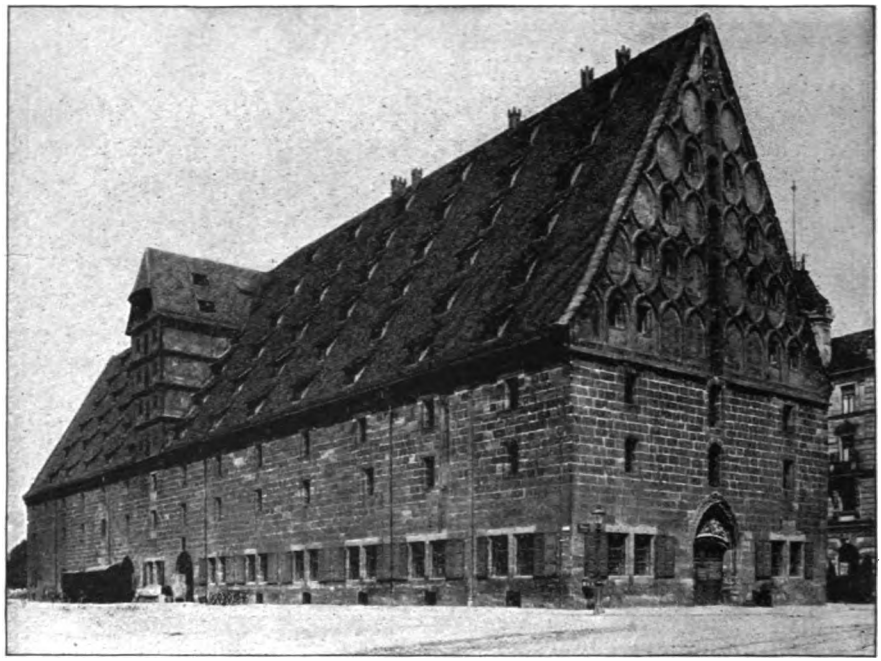
1528), who ranks in the art world with Titian and Rubens. A true German in birth and feeling, he interpreted the rough sincerity, the iron will and the homely tenderness of the race, as no other artist



OLD CUSTOM HOUSE

has ever been able to do. Examples of his work are to be found in all the great galleries of the world. One cannot gaze long at his fine countenance, or at the prim, old city of his birth, without recollecting the lines of Longfellow:—

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

* * * * *

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng.

* * * * *

"Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

* * * * *

"Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!"

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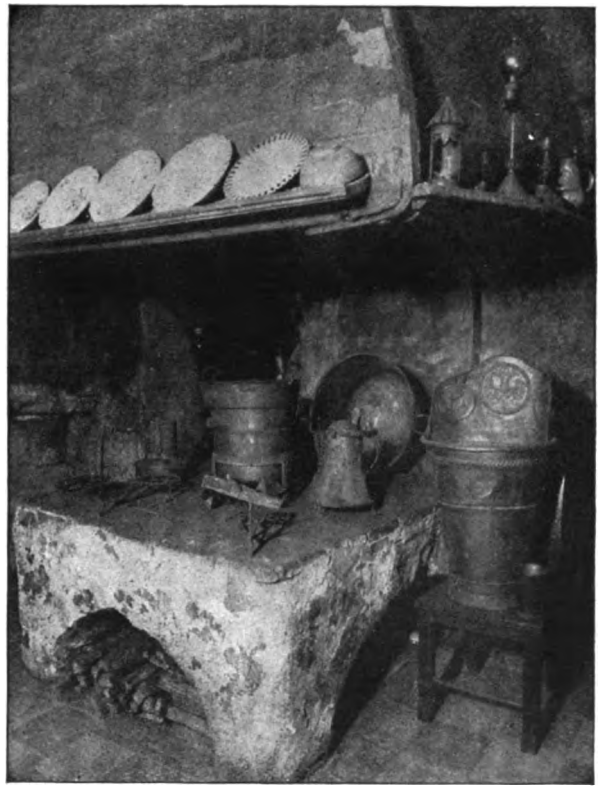
A fine statue of Dürer stands in the square named for him, near his home, now the property of the city. The rooms are just as he left them, with curious old furniture. In the kitchen, the stove stands upon a large brick platform; the wood is heaped on top, under a great iron pot, which is placed on a frame. Near by, is a huge water-bucket, small at the bottom and large at the top, with leathern thongs by which to carry it, on the back, to and from the pump; just such buckets are still in use.



DÜRER'S KITCHEN

Attached to the 14th century Chapel of St. Moritz, like a piece of moss to the trunk of a tree, is a tiny restaurant with a bell on one side, the Bratwurst-Glöcklein,* where Albrecht Dürer, Adam Krafft, Peter Vischer, and Hans Sachs, the poet, used to meet their friends, and, together, have a plate of *Bratwurst*. A delicious sauerkraut is served with this sausage peculiar to Nuremberg,—the crispest, daintiest morsel that it was ever the privilege of a hungry wayfarer to taste. It was great fun to watch the sausages sputtering and sizzling over the embers in the diminutive kitchen. A dish of *Bratwurst*, and two fresh rolls cost only nine cents, and I am afraid we were careless of our digestion while in Nuremberg.

Upon the walls of the long, low room, lighted by odd, little

* Little bell.

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windows, are portraits of the artists, and the sketches and autographs of other famous people.

A memorial tablet on the house of John Palm, a bookseller, records that he was condemned by a court-martial and shot, at Braunau, by Napoleon's orders in 1806, because he had published a pamphlet on the "Degradation of Germany," which was not at all flattering to France.

Although the permanent buildings of Nuremberg appeared strange to us, the temporary structures on the grounds of the Exposition did not; for, they are almost the same as some of our World's Fair buildings. The walks, too, are bordered with the same little, colored cups with lighted wicks. While we were eating an ice at a café table, the evening we were there, a family of Germans sat down beside us. Perceiving that we spoke English, they began to ask us questions in our own tongue. Of course, we were delighted, and spent a pleasant hour. They seemed much surprised when we told them that the same method of lighting the walks had been used in Chicago, and one old lady seemed to doubt our veracity, when we said that our Exposition was about six times as large as theirs, if not larger. All about, under the trees, are wooden images of gnomes, their odd, little faces screwed up in all sorts of shapes, rascality stamped upon every one.

We travelled from Nuremberg to the Black Forest by way of Carlsruhe, the capital of Baden, where we stayed over night, going on to Baden-Baden, a watering place of note, the next morning.

After engaging a room at the Hôtel Müller, we ordered a carriage and span of stout horses, and, with a driver recommended as reliable, we plunged into the Forest, on our way to Gernsbach.

This section is rich in legends that have inspired poetry and prose, times without number. I wish I could make you feel the solitude, solemnity, and mysteriousness of a great forest, where one rides for hours in the subdued light that, filtering through the tops of giant firs, and slanting downward, flecks the gray, leaf-strewn earth with yellow. The roads are perfect and, as there is no underbrush and the trees are pruned nearly to the top, one can see for a great distance. As we drove along, we were more and more impressed with the unusual height and straightness of the trees.

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THE BRATWURST-GLÖCKLEIN

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Though they sprung from the valley below us, their tops towered far above our heads. As soon as a tree shows signs of decay, it is cut down and a new one from the nurseries set out in its place. The branches are trimmed so that balance is preserved and the trunks are kept straight. From this forest the finest logs for ship-building are obtained. Growing beside the pines were delicate, waving ferns, bluebells and tall foxgloves. Birds chirped among the branches, or hopped along in a friendly fashion beside the carriage. Green lizards, horned beetles, and smaller bugs of all species crawled over the moss-covered boulders that border the roadway. We looked in vain for a fat, little elf to pop up from behind a stone, or a sprite to shake leaves upon us from an overhanging bough, for no one goes through the Black Forest without remembering that it is their favorite abiding-place; we finally concluded that they were all away in distant glades, hatching up a new prank to play upon the unwary traveller.

Our first halt was at the Alte Schloss, or Old Castle of Baden, the former residence of the Grand Dukes, who, since its destruction by the French, in 1689, have lived in the town below. This ruin, a mere pile of stones overrun by vines and mosses, is on a cliff overlooking the valley of the Rhine; the walls date in part from the 3rd century.

About an hour's drive brought us to a path leading to the Wolfsschlucht, a romantic ravine. Leaving the carriage, we walked down into the glen, and crept to the very edge of some rocks, which overlook a rushing stream at the bottom. All about us were tall pines; their fragrance filled the air, and whispering beeches seemed to reveal the secrets of the wood nymphs and the satyrs. It was here that Undine, the water nymph, playing on her lyre by the banks of the stream, bewitched the young forester.

The telltale hands of our watches soon reminded us that time was flying, so we were forced to return to the carriage and press onward and upward to that romantic stronghold, the Castle of Eberstein. It stands on the brink of a precipice, 1,000 ft. above the Murg. From the parapet of the castle, we could look down into the valley with its wooded sides, and see the shining

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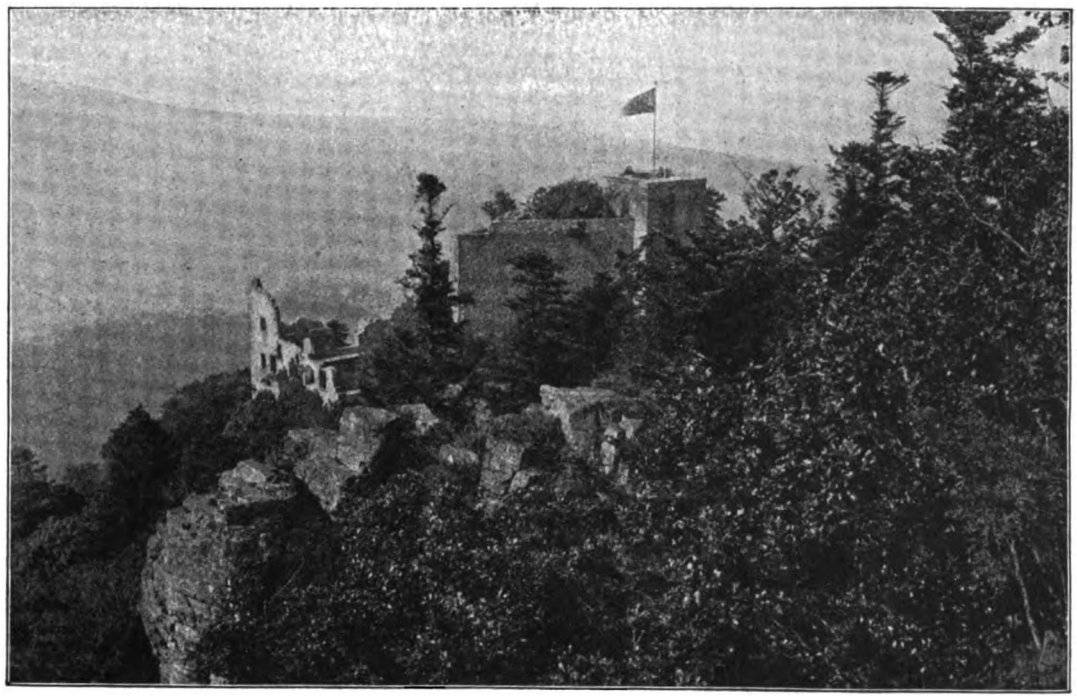

ALTE SCHLOSS AND RHINE VALLEY

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river winding in and out among little towns. It seemed to me one of the wildest and most beautiful scenes of our entire trip.

About five centuries ago, a faithful subject of the lord of the castle had a beautiful daughter named Hildegard. One day, while her father was up at the great house, Hildegard saw a hostile force climbing the rocky height crowned by the castle. Recognizing the Würtemberger, deadly enemies of Wolf, the Count of Eberstein, she ran swiftly to the castle, and bursting into the midst of the unsuspecting company in the courtyard, cried, "Beware! the Würtemberger are coming!" The horn of Count Wolf summoned his men to arms, the bridge was drawn

CASTLE EBERSTEIN

up with all haste, and, when the bold invaders made their attack, they found the castle prepared for defense. Deprived of their expected victory, they instituted a siege, but, after many days, were obliged to abandon it.

In the meantime, Hildegard had shown such bravery and solicitude in caring for the sick and dying soldiers, that she had completely won the heart of the proud Wolf, and he demanded of her father her hand in marriage. On the very day of the wedding, when all was in readiness, Wolf of Wunnenstein suddenly appeared at the castle and craved the assistance of the bridegroom-elect in recovering his castle, and the provisions that the retiring enemy had stolen and were carrying off. The Count refused it,

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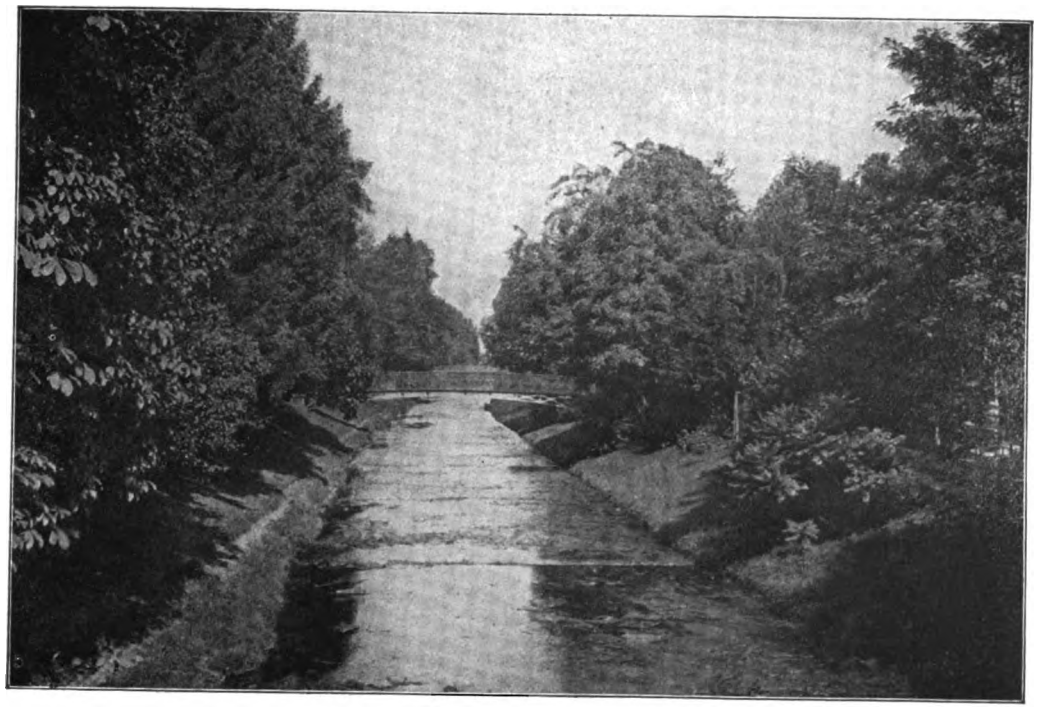

THE OOS RIVER

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at first, but, as the lord of Wunnenstein was persistent, and Hildegard signified her desire to accompany her betrothed and share his dangers, he could no longer refuse. Calling his retainers to arms, he set out, with the maiden riding by his side. They overtook the enemy in a few hours beside the river Murg, and a terrible battle insued. The two Wolfs fought bravely and, even in the thickest of the fight, Hildegard was beside her lover, warding off stroke after stroke intended for him. At last, her spear was torn from her hands, but, seeing a lance aimed at the breast of the Count, she threw herself in front of him and received the murderous point in her own bosom. This so infuriated the knight and his followers that they redoubled their efforts and were left masters of the field. The fair Hildegard was laid to rest in the old church of Gernsbach, and the bereaved Wolf, who had sworn never to call another woman, wife, passed the remainder of his days, alone.

All about the castle are beautiful roses, and ivy climbs lovingly up the massive walls. In the court is a fountain, and a carved stone shrine. On either side of the entrance are bronze statues of several Counts of Eberstein, in full armor; their escutcheons line the passages, though the carvings are nearly obliterated.

We had dinner at Gernsbach down in the valley, where we could look up at the very heights from which we had looked down The meal was served under a spreading beech in the hotel garden, on the banks of the river, and we then returned to Baden-Baden, passing a number of foresters with baskets strapped to their backs, and great logs being hauled to the town, by oxen. We could smell the new-mown hay in the valley, as the farmers' wives and daughters turned it over with their wooden forks.

Although we were anxious to see a real nunnery, we lifted the old iron knocker of the Cistercian Convent, near the town, with a tremor of doubt as to our admittance. In a moment, a pleasant face, framed in a snowy cap, peered out from the window above, and a gentle voice bade us enter. Ascending a stone staircase, we found ourselves in front of a heavy oaken door, in the center of which was a metal lattice. A nun wearing a peculiar, winged headdress and a fluted collar, both of spotless linen, appeared at the opening. Greeting us with a few, kind words, she pointed to the door of a large

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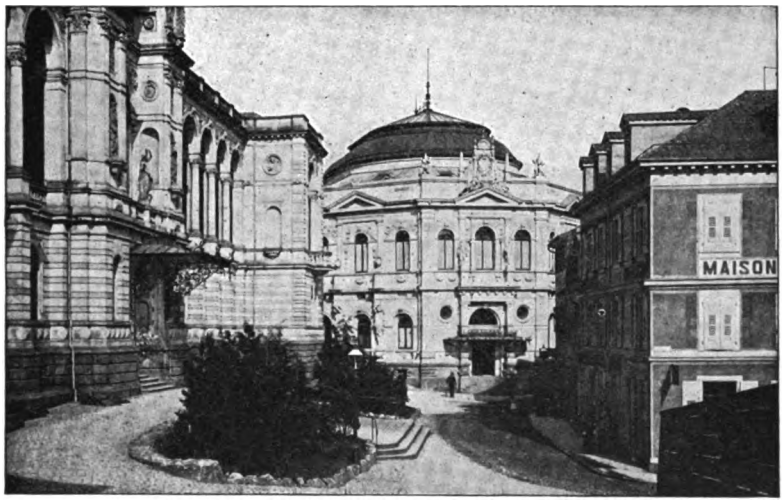
reception-room, opposite, where a lay sister explained the pictures upon the walls and exhibited a statuette of Irmengard, widow of Hermann IV. of Baden, who founded the convent, in 1245, and whose tomb is in the chapel.

We consider Baden-Baden much more delightful than Carlsbad. The drives on the banks of the river Oos are charming, and the baths, notably the Kaiserin Augusta Bad which is exclusively for ladies, are luxurious in the extreme. One feels like a princess,



THE KAISERIN AUGUSTA BAD

when stepping into the marble basins inclosed by frescoed walls. Upon emerging therefrom, enveloped in a long, white robe, with a cap, socks and slippers to match, and wrapped in a blanket, one is stowed away for a quiet snooze.

The fine building called the "Trinkhalle," where the waters are drunk, is adorned with frescoes representing the fourteen legends of the Black Forest. That of the "White Doe" runs something like this: One day, deep in the glades of a forest, a famous hunter caught sight of a snow-white doe. He pursued it in hot haste, but it was swift and ever evaded him. The chase led him, at last, to the huge rocks of the Battert, where the doe suddenly disappeared. A moment later, the rocks seemed to open and from a cleft stepped a beautiful woman with the white doe by her side. The hunter, lost in amazement at the apparition, could not speak, when rebuked

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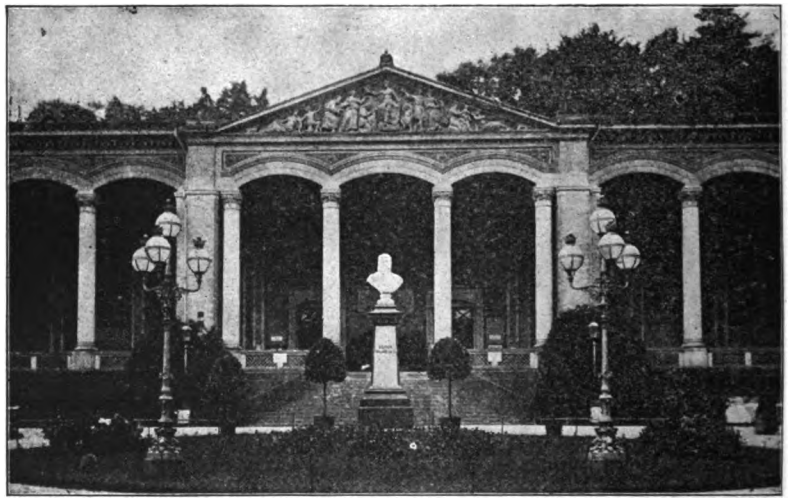
for his heartlessness in pursuing the doe with a desire to kill it. Finally, hearing the words, "You must depart from my province and never hunt again!" he obeyed with bowed head, and spent the remainder of his days in clearing the forest. It is said that he was the first person who opened the valley of the Oos for cultivation.

While at Nuremberg, I so admired a cute wooden model of the Bratwurst-Glöcklein that, as it cost only six marks, I could not resist the temptation to buy it. My friend sent several wood carvings from Switzerland, by post, and I thought nothing could be easier than to mail the toy to you. So, having carefully tied



THE TRINKHALLE

it up in a box, on my way to the postoffice, I attempted to mail it. Not being able to speak the language or to understand it very well, I could not comprehend exactly why they refused the parcel, but guessed that it was because it was not sealed. I was obliged, therefore, to take it to Baden-Baden. Yesterday about noon, we started for the postoffice, with the box, after having paid a boy twenty pfennigs * for sealing it. The clerk, however, contemptuously tore off the paper, examined the box, and informed me that they could not accept it unless wrapped in "Voxline," or something that sounded very much like that. Rather discouraged, we walked

* 100 pfennigs equal one mark.

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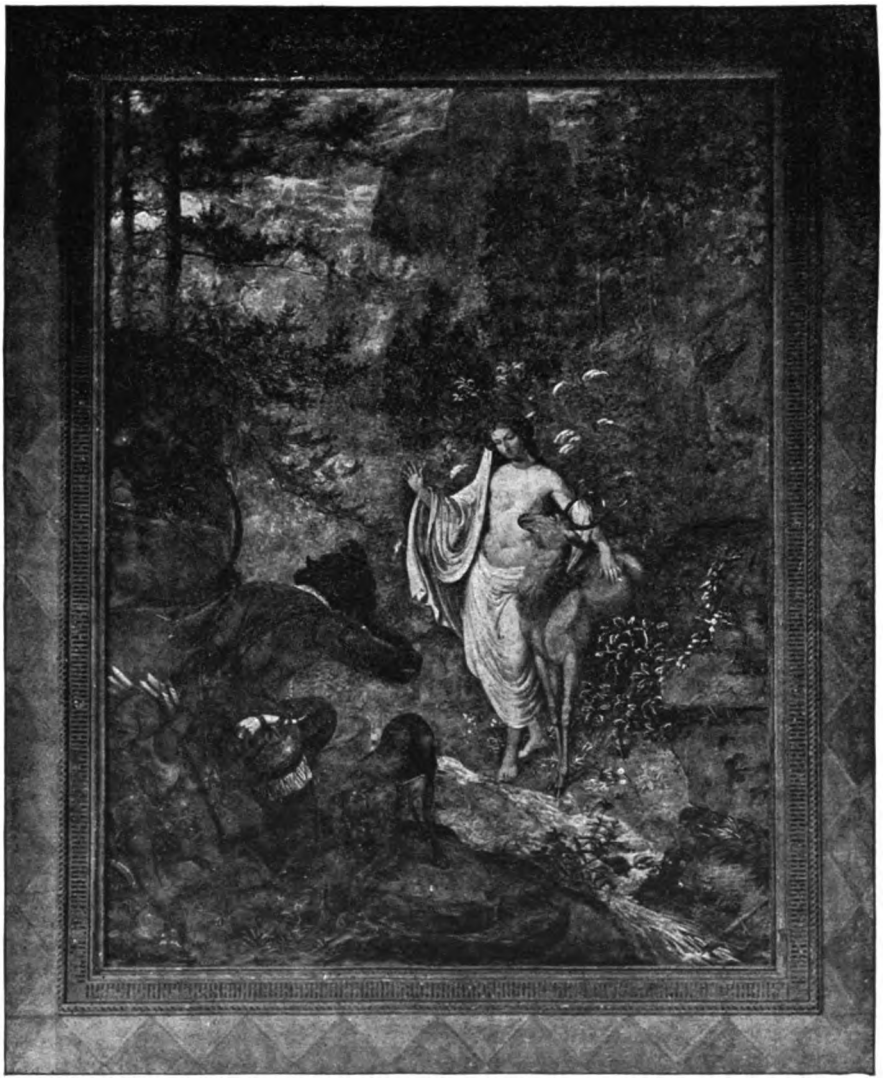

FRESCO, LEGEND OF THE WHITE DOE

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EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY AND FAMILY

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several blocks, and, at last, found the needful article, and a very obliging young man spent a full half hour folding and sealing the waterproof paper, for such, "Voxline" proved to be. After his extraordinary efforts, I timidly asked his charge. He said, one mark and fifty pfennigs; then he produced three formidable, printed sheets, declarations to the different customhouses through which that wretched little box must pass. When these had been properly filled out, the parcel weighed, and an address blank prepared, mourning that about an hour and a half of our precious time had been wasted, we returned to the postoffice and again presented the parcel, with the invoice, to the august person at the desk. Turning the package over several times, glancing critically at each seal, he permitted a clerk to weigh it, to see if the weight exactly corresponded with the description, and then announced that there must be a receipted bill sent with it. This he kindly made out for me, and, after exacting a fee of four marks, fifty pfennigs, said that was *all*. I departed, a sadder, but wiser woman. The costly souvenir is on its way to America. What the duties will be, there, I dare not even think! I only advise that, if it reaches you safely, you put it under a glass dome and label it "Adelaide's Folly."

The most imposing ruin in Germany is the old castle of Heidelberg, where we stopped for a few hours on our way to Mayence. It was built between 1294 and 1319, and was blown up by the French, in 1689. It surely must be more beautiful in its decay than in its completeness, for the ivy runs at will over the moldering walls; flowering shrubs and graceful ferns fill the broad, dry moat, and magnificent old trees, some of them of the rarest species brought from far away lands, lift their leafy heads above the crumbling walls and arches. The outer walls are quite plain, all the decorations being on the façade toward the castle yard, where, in niches between the windows, are life-size statues, in full armor, of Charlemagne and many of the Counts Palatine.

In the cellar, is the famous Heidelberg tun, the largest cask in Europe; it is made of oak, without hoops, and its capacity is 49,000 gallons. A wooden figure of Perkeo, a court jester, stands near by, a funny little fellow, with a bright red wig, holding an old clock. When asked the time of day, the jester was in the

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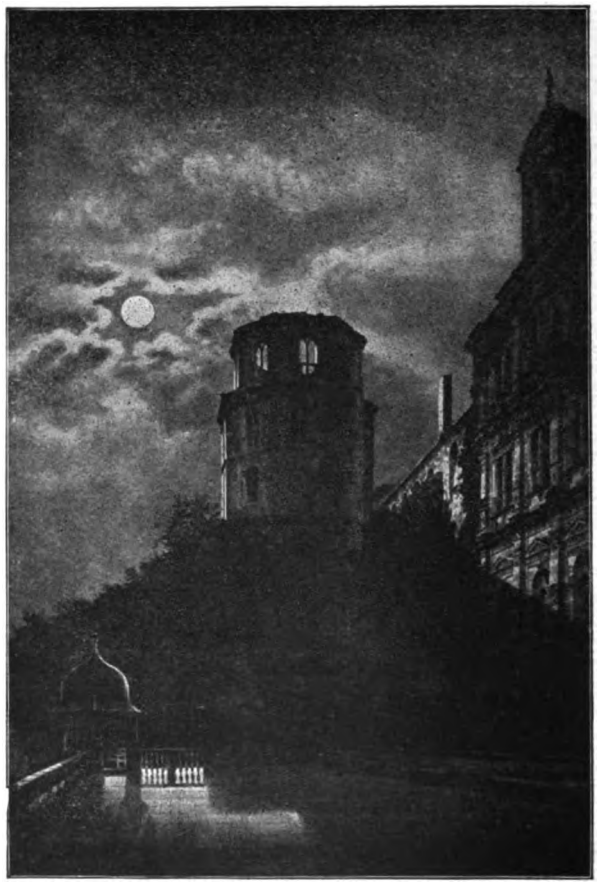

HEIDELBERG CASTLE

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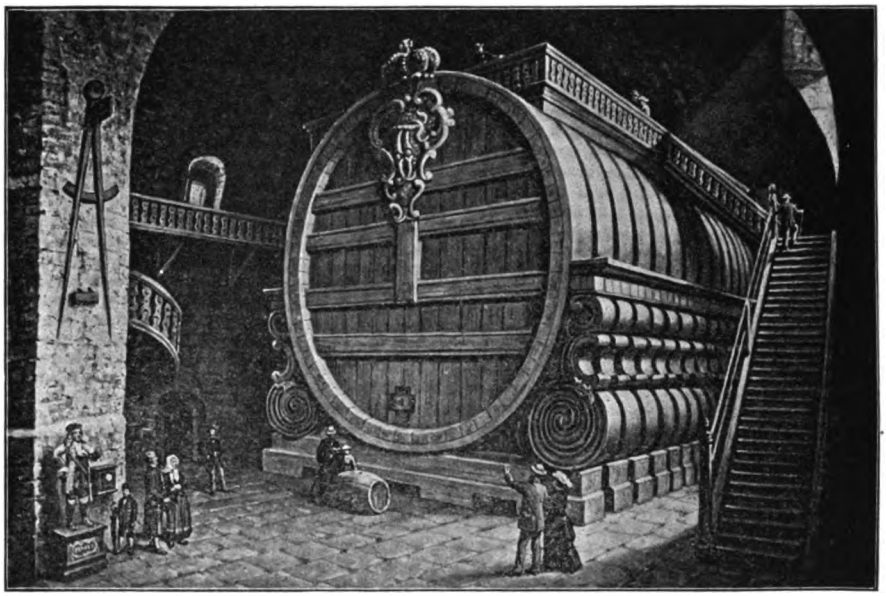
habit of telling people to pull the cord which hung from the clock; whereupon, the door would fly open, and the bushy tail of a fox fastened inside would strike the inquirer full in the face. Perkeo used to boast of drinking eighteen bottles of wine every day.

On an upper floor is a museum, where we noticed the engage-



MAMMOTH CASK, AND FIGURE OF PERKEO

ment ring given by Martin Luther to Katherine von Bora, and a set of rare, painted wooden plates.

To see Heidelberg Castle at its best, one must view it by moonlight, while standing by the parapet along the river. Then the grandeur of its proportions and the grace of its mantle of ivy are brought out, and one realizes to the fullest extent the beauty of its situation.

"Oh a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made

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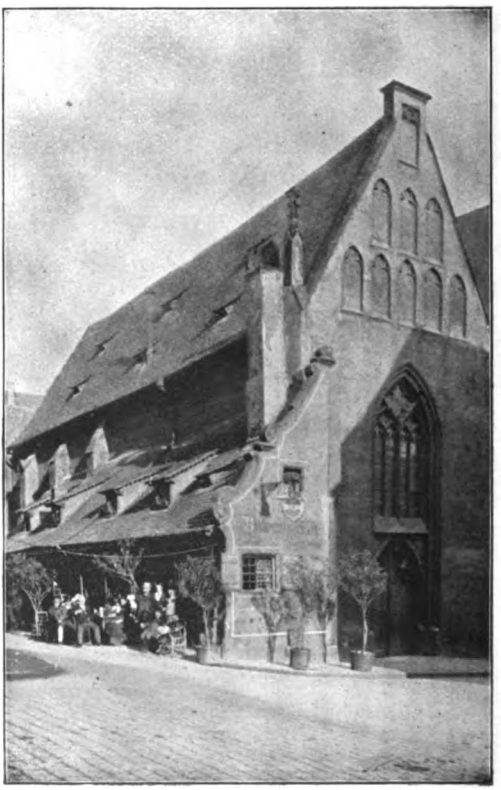
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

* * * * * *

"Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen
A rare old plant is the Ivy green."*

*Charles Dickens.



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CHAPTER XXIII

THE RHINE, COLOGNE, AND AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

WHILE we were in Mayence, on June 28th, awaiting the boat to take us down the Rhine, Mrs. M. had quite an adventure. As I was busy writing to you, she went out alone to see something of the town. Wishing to enter a church, she opened the heavy outer door and passed into the vestibule, leaving the door, as usual, to close itself, which it did with a sharp bang. The vestibule was perfectly dark, and as she could not see the inner door, she attempted to open the outer one again, but it refused to yield to her efforts. Groping her way to the inner one, she found it, also, locked, and her repeated raps brought no response. The church was not much frequented, and it was a question whether any one would come to her relief before the time of evening service, and the boat was to leave in an hour. After being thoroughly frightened, she discovered, by the sense of feeling, a knob on the outer door, far above her head, and, as she pulled upon it with all her might, it moved a bar below and she was released.

On our way down the river, we suffered somewhat from the cold, but the scenery was so varied and beautiful that, in spite of chills, we remained on deck all day. Rugged mountains rose in the distance, sometimes dark with pine forests; while upon heights far above the water were ruined castles. At every bend of the river, towns and villages appeared, some surrounded by fields and vineyards, others nestling at the foot of cliffs.

The sight of Bingen brought to mind the poem of "Bingen on the Rhine." Opposite, on the Niederwald, 740 ft. above the Rhine, is the colossal monument of Germania, erected by the German people in memory of the foundation of the new empire in

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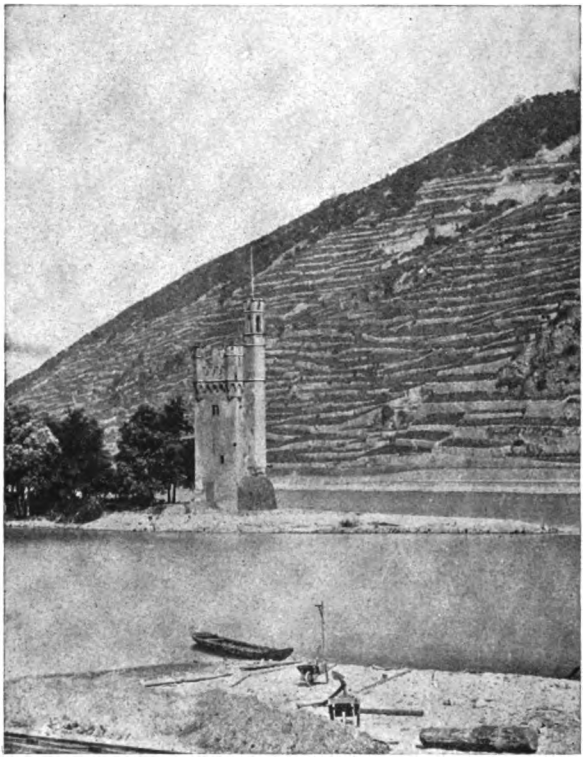
1870-71. Splendid reliefs adorn the base. The one on the side facing the river is symbolical of the national song, "The Watch on the Rhine."

Below Bingen, is a small island, and on it, the little stone watchtower called the "Mouse Tower." It is said that an arch-



MOUSE TOWER

bishop of Mayence, during a famine, once burned a number of peasants in a barn, ironically comparing them to mice bent on nibbling the corn. He was afterwards devoured alive by mice which chased him to this refuge. Opposite, is a ruined castle, a vivid contrast to the vine-clad hillside.

A little further on, is produced the choice Rhine wine called "Assmannshausen." In the 15th century that of Bacharach, one of the greatest wine-marts on the river, was far-famed. The town of Nuremberg obtained its freedom in return for a yearly tribute to the Emperor Wenzel of four tuns of Bacharach wine.

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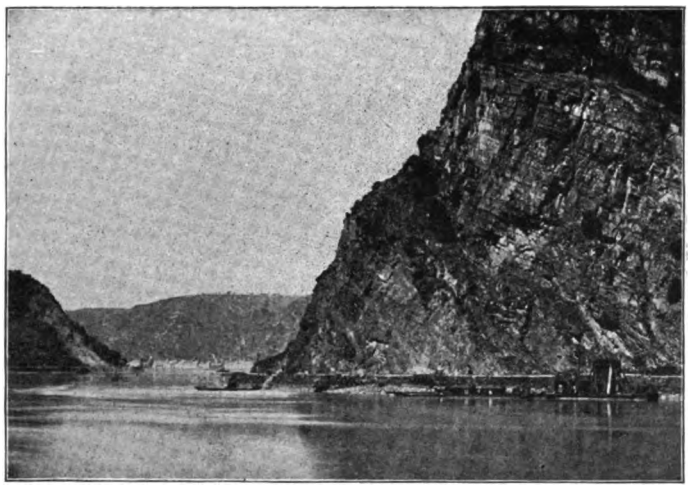
We waited anxiously for a view of the Lorelei rocks, where legend says that a siren sits and sings, luring the unwary mariner into the rapids at the base of the cliff. The great bluff with its many-colored stones juts out into the river, and looks so wild that it is not at all difficult to believe that a water nymph might choose such a glittering precipice for her habitation.

The scenery near Rolandseck seemed to us the most beautiful on the Rhine. On the right, are the Seven Mountains which form



THE LORELEI ROCKS

the northwestern boundary of the wood district. They are all of volcanic origin. There is a cavern in the side of the Drachenfels, where Siegfried, the hero of the Niebelungenlied, is said to have killed a dragon and anointed himself with its blood, thus becoming invulnerable to the attacks of his enemies. The great castle above is one of the most renowned on the river.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,

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Have strewed a scene, which I should
see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

"And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of
gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;
But one thing want these banks of
Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!" *

Opposite, on the left bank, is the Roland Arch, all that is left of a castle said to have been built by Roland, the paladin of Charlemagne. Although historians affirm that Roland died in the battle of Roncevalles, the following legend is cherished by the peasants:—

One night there came to the castle of Drachenburg a brave young knight named Roland. Count Heribert, lord of the Seven Mountains, welcomed him royally and bade his lovely daughter, Hildegunde, set bread, wine and fish before their guest. As she touched her dainty lips to the wine cup before presenting it, according to the custom of the day, Roland fell desperately in love with the fair face and golden tresses of the maiden. She had never before seen so gallant a knight, therefore, it was not strange that her heart was captured, and that they became affianced lovers. But, unfortunately, the mandates of Charlemagne broke in upon their brief happiness, for Roland was summoned to join the crusades. Weary months rolled away, and, receiving tidings that her hero had been slain, Hildegunde retired to a nunnery on the little island of Nonnenwerth, directly opposite the old arch, and there took the veil. But the report of the knight's death was untrue; Roland, though wounded, recovered, and hastened to claim his bride, only to find

* Lord Byron.

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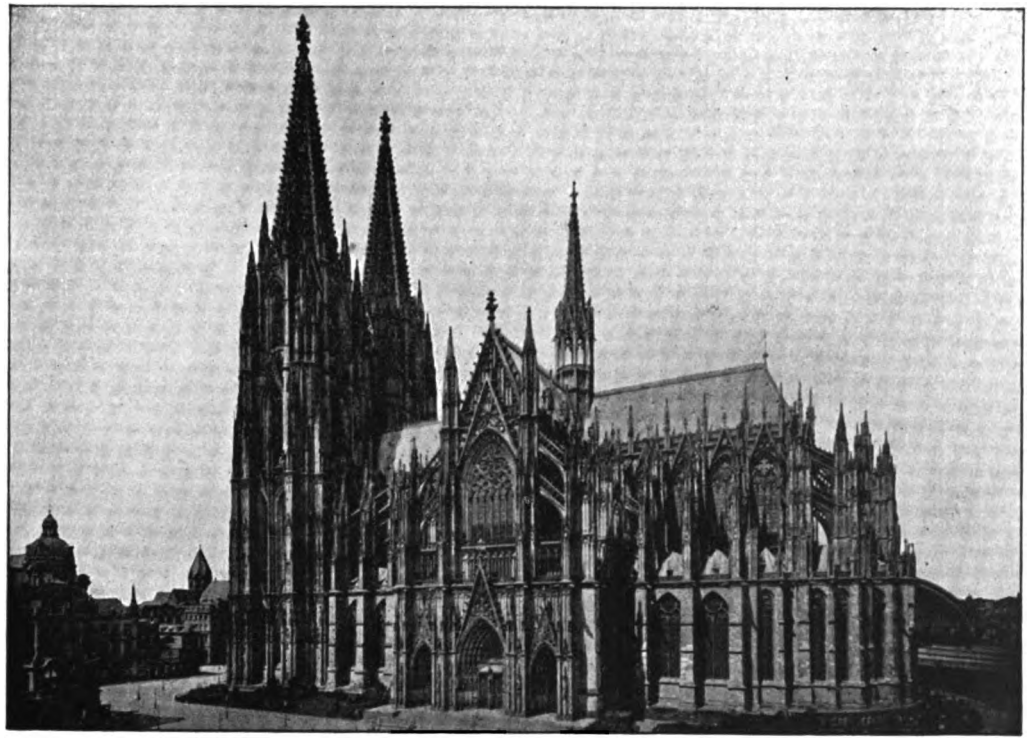

CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE

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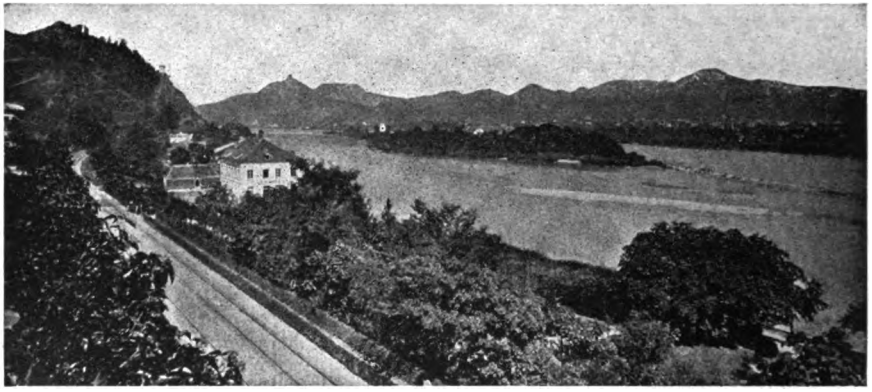
that she was lost to him forever. In despair, he built a castle, of which only this one arch remains, and there he lived in solitude, watching for an occasional glimpse of his beloved, as she passed to and fro between the little chapel and the convent on the island below him. One day, the tolling of the bell announced her death, and at that moment his heart broke. A girls' school now occupies the convent about which such a tragic romance clings.

The Rhine wines are among the finest in the world; especially, the white wines. On the banks between Mayence and Bonn, the



ROLANDSECK AND NONNENWERTH

vines may be seen in their highest state of cultivation. These wines retain their excellence for fifty years, although they contain only eight or nine per cent of alcohol, showing conclusively that the state of fermentation is nearly perfect. At Schloss Johannisberg are the most celebrated vineyards. As the grapes are selected one by one from the most perfectly ripened bunches, the quantity of this wine is limited, and the price accordingly high. The vineyards along the Moselle river are in a narrow valley, between rocks, and, lacking the sunshine of the hillsides, the grapes do not ripen so perfectly as those of other sections; but the wines are recommended as particularly healthful.

The Emperor Charlemagne, or "Charles the Great," as the Germans called him, on account of his enormous size, had many palaces on the Rhine, but there is now little trace of them, as the few remaining fragments have been incorporated in castles of a later date.

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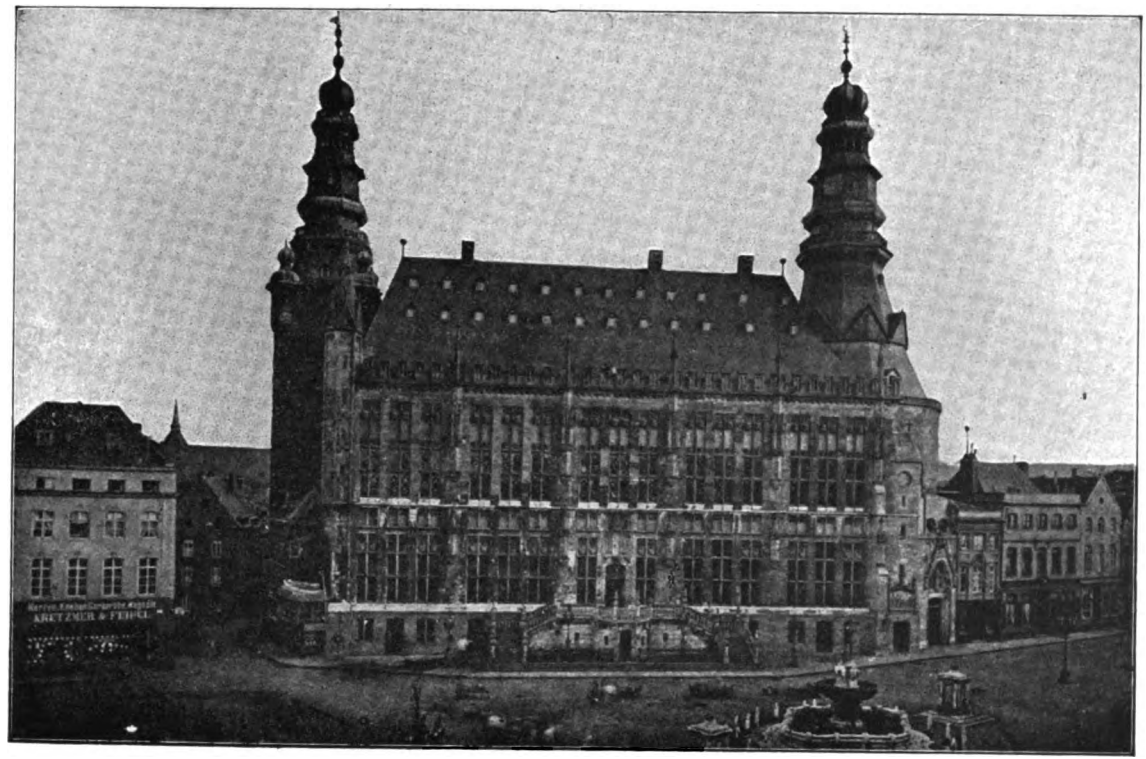

TOWN HALL, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

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As we neared Cologne, we were struck with the beauty of its site, and with the grandeur of the Cathedral, which is generally considered to illustrate the principles of Gothic architecture better than any other. We had thought that we could admire no Gothic structure as much as the Duomo in Milan, but, when I left Cologne, my opinion wavered. Though lacking the many statues which so add to the effect of the Italian cathedral, the flying buttresses of the one in Cologne are things of beauty. There is not sufficient space to enable one fully to appreciate the proportions of the latter, for, instead of being on an open square, it is hemmed in on all sides by buildings, and one has a frantic desire to tear down a dozen blocks and clear the way for its majestic presence.

Our special letter of introduction gave us a privilege in Cologne which was most enjoyable, that of inspecting the large, chocolate manufactory of Stollwerck, whose "nickel-in-the-slot" machines are seen everywhere in America. We were provided with a special escort, and the tour of the extensive buildings occupied more than two hours. The process of grinding the chocolate in the huge mills was very interesting, as well as the mixing of the candy, the finishing and boxing. Everything which is used is made in these works. The wood for the boxes is cut in a private sawmill; the nickel machines are made here, and printing presses in the establishment supply labels and posters. In the bakeries, biscuits are turned out by thousands, and, there, we tasted several varieties of cakes covered with chocolate. The many hundred employees are provided with a good library, dining-hall, bath-rooms and dressing-rooms.

Most tourists pass by Aix-la-Chapelle, but we felt that such a historic spot should not be neglected. The warm sulphur springs at Aix are visited annually by thousands of invalids.

The Town Hall, begun in 1353, is the chief point of interest. Within its walls were, doubtless, signed three famous treaties; namely, the peace compact between Louis XIV. and Spain, in 1668; that of Aix-la-Chapelle, terminating the Austrian War of Succession in 1748, and the treaty of 1818, when the German armies were recalled from France. In the Kaisersaal, fifty-five yards long by twenty yards wide, thirty-seven German emperors have been

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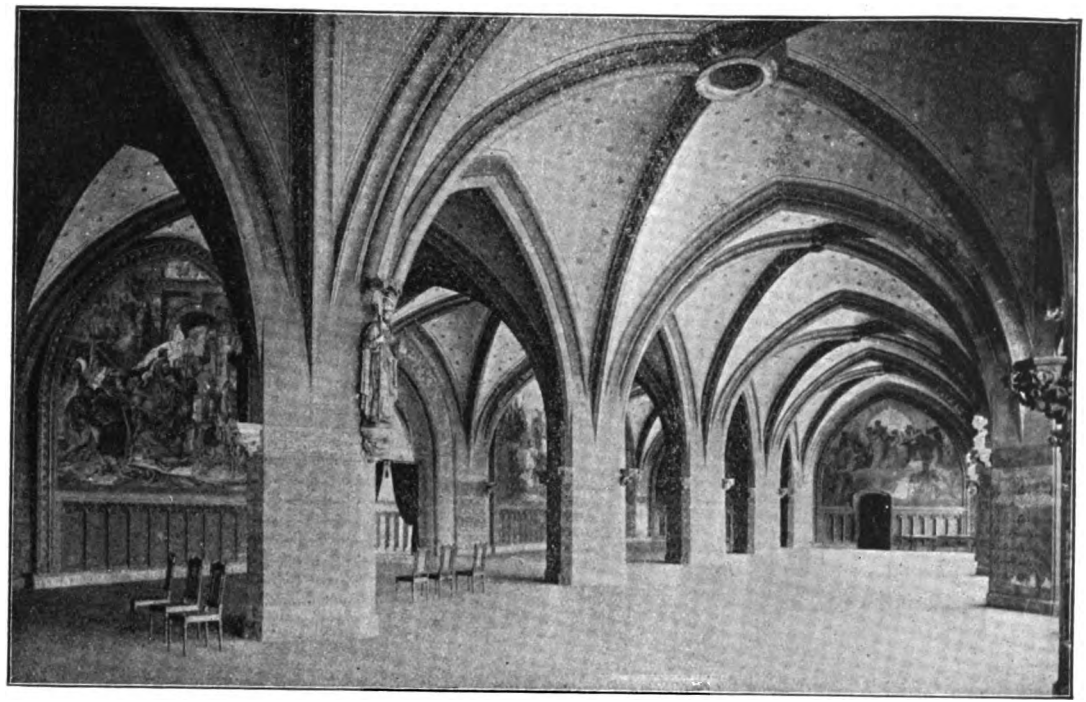

CORONATION HALL, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

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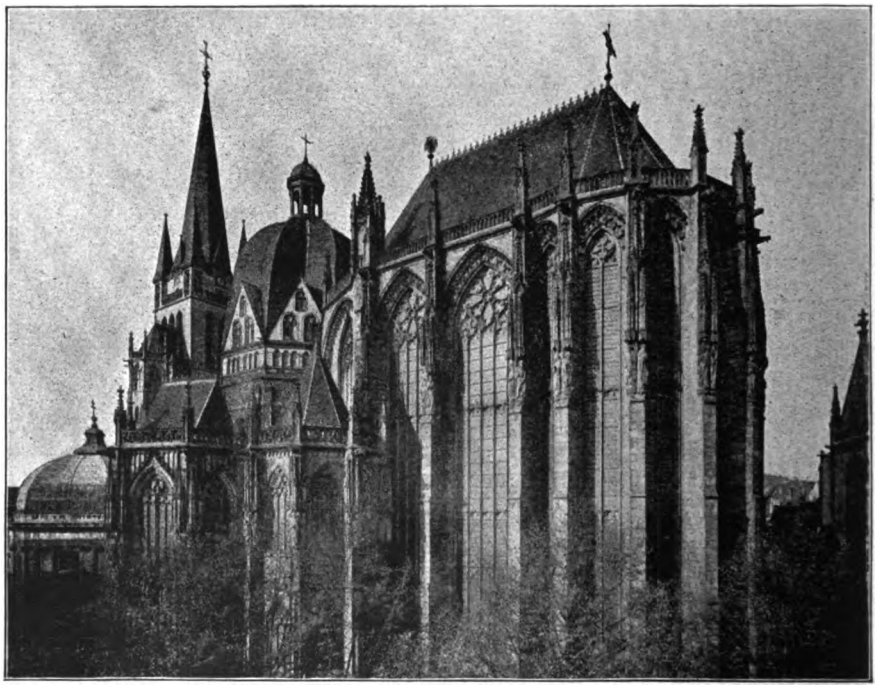
owned. Upon the side walls are eight frescoes, four by Alfred ethel, valuable both from a historic and artistic point of view. hey illustrate, chiefly, scenes from the life of Charlemagne, but one entitled the "Emperor Otho III. opening the Burial-Vault of harlemagne." The aged emperor was interred sitting upright, in ll coronation robes, with scepter and ball in hand. When the vault as opened, nearly two hundred years later, the skeleton, still per-ct, was found in the same position, and wearing the robes and own with the dignity of the living Charlemagne. The Emperor



CATHEDRAL, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

tho is depicted kneeling in homage before this ghastly sovereign, hose figure is illuminated by the torches of the workmen.

The marble slabs which composed Charlemagne's tomb were nverted by Frederick Barbarossa into a throne, used thereafter at e coronation of the emperors. The bones were transferred to a rcophagus, and, later, to the reliquary where they now are. This ceptacle is in the Treasury of the cathedral, which boasts of ssessing the most precious relics in the world. The royal insig-

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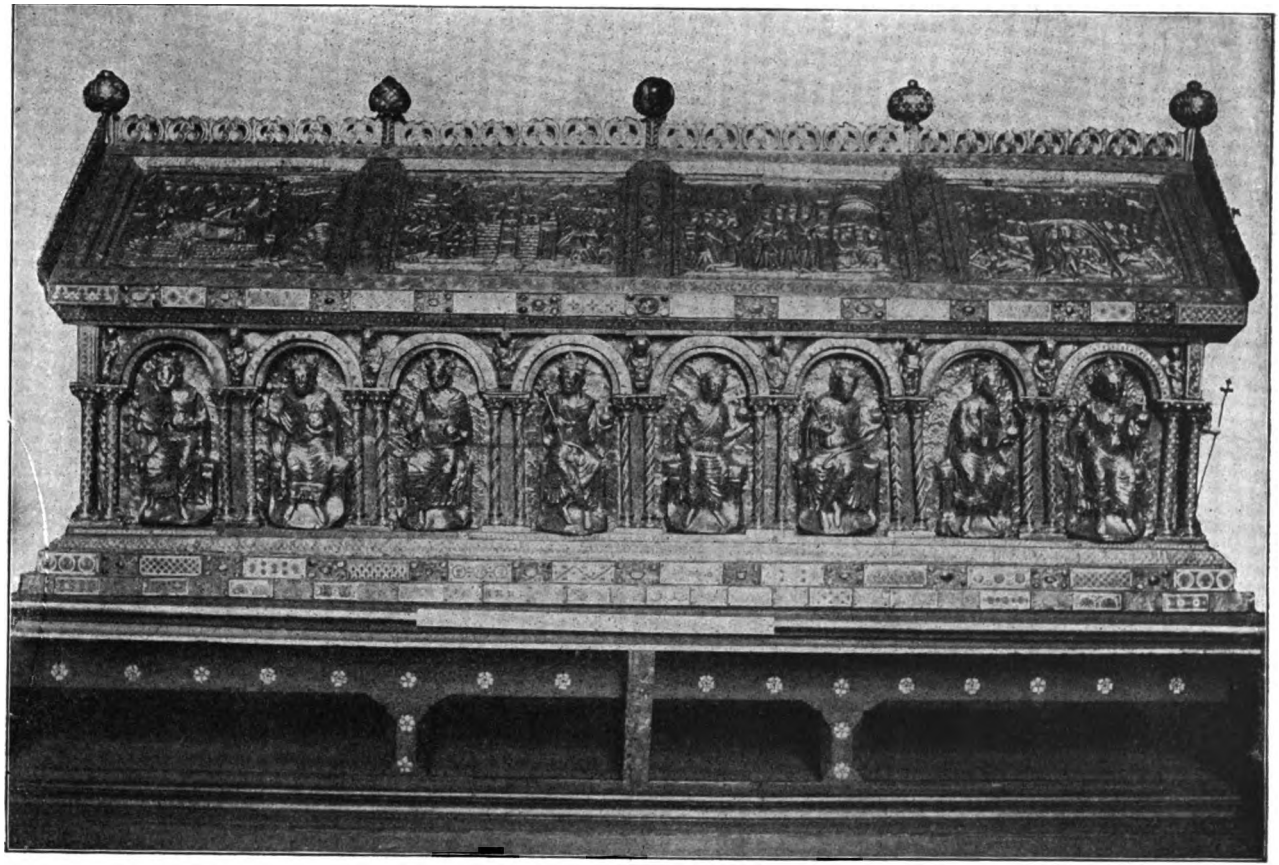

RELIQUARY OF CHARLEMAGNE, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

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nia were removed from Aix to Paderborn, in 1794, and, four years later, to Vienna, where you will remember that we saw them. The treasury is in a chapel opening out of the octagon, erected by Charlemagne between 796 and 804; it is now the central part of the cathedral. Here are kept the Four Great Relics, i. e., the swaddling clothes of the infant Christ; the blood-stained cloth in which the body of John the Baptist was wrapped; the linen cloth with which the Saviour was girded on the cross; and the robe of the Virgin. These are believed by most Roman Catholics to be the originals. An Irish gentleman, who was among the group looking at the relics, when we were, informed us that he had seen all those of importance in the world, and considered these the most authentic.

The German soldiers wear handsome uniforms, some with white broadcloth collar and cuffs, which are always spotless. This is also true in Italy and Austria. On the Continent, even the street car drivers wear suits of fine cloth, with light-colored trimmings. How they keep so free from dust is a mystery, but probably their neat appearance is largely due to the cleanliness of the streets.

We had read that in Germany women were hitched with the ox to the plow, but supposed that such customs belonged to the Middle Ages. Not so! Yesterday, we were eyewitnesses to just such a sight; the man guided the plow, and the woman trudged beside the ox. It is a common thing for the women, like the donkeys, to carry huge loads strapped to their backs, and yet Germany boasts of being an enlightened country.

It seems to us that the Germans have little patience with people unfamiliar with their ways, and none at all with those who are unable to speak their language. But, if they are not generally agreeable, they are upright and energetic, and we respect them for these qualities.

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CHAPTER XXIV

THE HAGUE, AMSTERDAM, AND DELFT

THE scenery changed rapidly as, leaving Aix, we entei Holland. The mountains and dense forests disappear and, in their stead, were marshy meadows intersect by rivers and canals. The verdure became lighter color, and the only objects that broke the line of t horizon were the sails of windmills, and an occasio church spire.

We stopped a couple of hours at the interesting town Maastricht, the capital of the Dutch part of the province of Li burg. Just outside the town gates are the Petersberg quarri whose subterranean labyrinth is visited by thousands, each ye The stone, a chalky tufa mixed with shells, fossils and bones, l been deposited by the ocean. It is sawed into blocks, and harde on exposure; the excavations date from the time of the Roma

Holland, like Venus, was born of the sea, for the greater p of its surface has been recovered from the ocean. The canals, which float craft used in carrying on traffic, help to drain the lar the smaller ones marking the border lines of farms. The sea, all times, a formidable enemy of the Netherlands, has also beer protector against invasion; for the network of canals and ditcl could not easily be traversed by those unacquainted with th intricacies. Peat bogs cover the greater part of Northern Hollar The peat, which is a partially decomposed vegetable matter, sho mosses, heather and even the trunks of pine trees in its compc tion. It is dried, and used extensively for fuel.

A large part of the country is below the level of the sea, a its safety depends upon dykes. They are made of mud and sar planted either with pines or with ash trees, the interlocked a spreading roots of which form strong foundations. Sometimes, th

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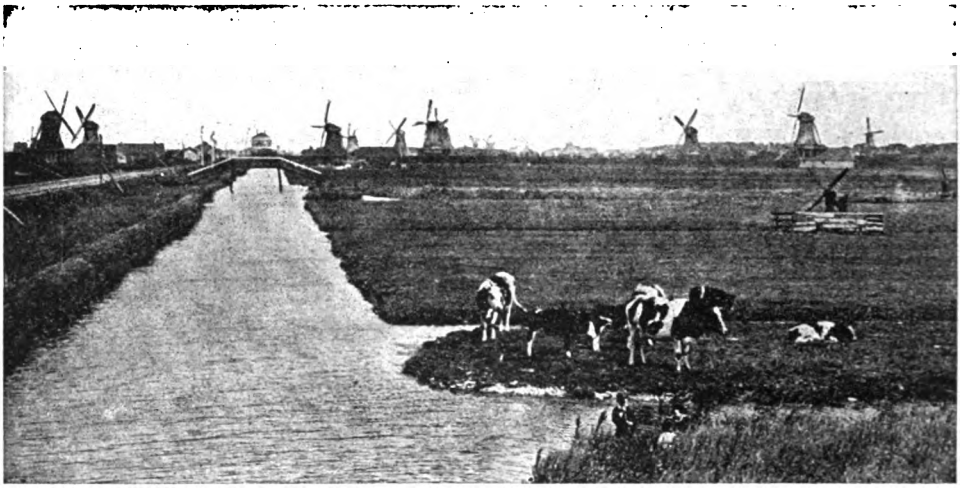
are covered with small branches of willow, woven together and filled with clay. The most important dykes are covered by flat-headed nails, set closely together in order that the teredo worm, which is so destructive, may be kept out of the wood. It is said that 6,000,000 florins are spent annually in protecting the land. Until about thirty-five years ago, the water in the bogs defended by the dykes was removed by means of pumps run by gigantic windmills, but steam is now almost universally employed. These



MARSH LANDS OF HOLLAND

windmills, which pepper the landscape, have sails sometimes sixty feet in length and are often used in the manufacture of paper, and for grinding corn.

Low sand hills called dunes, which have been thrown up by the action of the waves, extend along the coast. The matted roots of the reed grass, which grows upon these dunes, prevent them from encroaching upon the arable land.

As rain falls nearly every day in the year, and fogs are frequent in Holland, its general appearance is softened by the gray atmosphere, and, therefore, this country is a delight to the artists, who flock there from all over the world.

When we approached the capital, the day was nearly spent. As far as the eye could see, were green pasture lands, crossed by shining bands of water; in the deep grass, cattle were grazing, the

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FARM LIFE, HOLLAND

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tch cattle that artists love to paint, with big blotches of brown l white on their sleek sides. In the distance were the faint out- :s of the city, enveloped in the radiance of the sun, that was slowly king into the sea. It seemed as if we were looking into the :n gates of the New Jerusalem with the glory shining through.

The Hague was once the hunting ground of the Counts of lland, and was therefore called, 'S. Graven Hage, or "the count's lge." It has many broad, shady streets and large squares. e style of architecture is homely and unpretentious, narrow, red :ks being generally used as building material. The Hall of the ights, the Chambers of the States General, and the Courts of tice form a group of mediæval buildings on the southeast side the Vyver.* Not far away is the Mauritshuis, containing a collec- ı of pictures made by the House of Orange.

The artist, Rembrandt van Ryn, born at Leyden in 1607, might called the pride of Holland. He was both a realist and an alist, for the rudest subject which he treated was filled with poetry that always emanates from truthfulness of purpose. mbrandt was married early in life to Saskia van Ulenburgh, a ightful companion, if one may judge by her picture in "The :akfast," where she is portrayed seated upon her husband's knee. a painter of lights and shadows, he was unsurpassed, and as etcher, his superiority over all others is admitted. Rembrandt's liest manner in painting is represented by five works, including famous "School of Anatomy," a picture well known to students medicine, as well as to lovers of art, for copies are found in many dical colleges in Europe and America. It depicts a scene in a :secting room. The anatomist, Nicolaus Tulp, is lecturing on a :w of the arm of a subject, lying at full length on the table;)ut him are grouped several surgeons, but the position of the :urer indicates that he is speaking to others beyond this group, l not visible in the picture; thus, the scope of the canvas seems be enlarged. The masterly treatment of light and shade cannot described. One always feels the thick darkness of a Rembrandt, l it is a relief when a figure emerges from the shadows into the den light so cleverly introduced.

* A fish pond.

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THE BREAKFAST, DRESDEN GALLERY

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Of course, we admired Paul Potter's Bull, a canvas that the French captured and carried off to the Louvre. While there, it ranked as the fourth picture in the world, in importance; afterwards, it was restored to the Dutch Government. I am afraid, however, that I lingered longest in front of the cheerful, home picture called the "Young Housewife," painted by my Dutch favorite, Gerard Dou. I cannot enjoy all the works of Dutch masters, because many of them are so hopelessly ugly. In a representation of the Madonna, one expects to see a sweet, intelligent face and a graceful form, not a pear-shaped wooden mask without expression, coupled with a contorted body and lanky limbs. To be sure, such pictures were the best that the artists could produce in their times; in fact, it was "their way," but, then, it is some people's "way" to be ridiculous. Nevertheless, they need not be admired for it.

From the picture gallery, we took a tram to Laan van Meerdervoort, a fine avenue upon which is the home of Mesdag, the greatest of Dutch marine painters. His pictures of the North Sea beach at Scheveningen are well known in America. We rang the bell at the entrance of the small brick lodge, which is connected by a covered passage with the mansion. The maid, who answered the bell, was attired in a neat gown and kerchief, and wore the oddest Dutch headdress that we have yet seen. Wings of lace spread out from a close-fitting cap, and elaborate gold ornaments, joined by a band incircling the head, emerged from under the muslin border above the temples. Having heard that the artist was always gracious to Americans interested in art, I sent up my card with the name of our Art Club in one corner. In a few moments, the maid returned and we were ushered through corridors, hung with costly tapestries and furnished with cabinets containing rare specimens of porcelain, into the Studio. The panels of the doors were covered with sketches; one, of a dear old lady, whose face was framed in a quaint cap; evidently, a family portrait. But we had little time to look about us, for, from behind a canvas that blocked one end of the room, there appeared a figure with hand outstretched in welcome, and a hearty voice greeted us.

Mynheer Mesdag is a large and well formed man of about

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fifty-five, with kindly blue eyes, ruddy skin and the proverbially bluff Dutch manners. He speaks excellent English, and seemed very much interested in hearing about our artists. He said he hoped that American students would not come abroad with the idea of studying any master; but he would urge them to learn drawing and coloring, thoroughly, and then go straight to Nature and copy her, not the work of some man. He affirmed that many came to Holland and spent months copying the style and method of prominent artists, thereby destroying originality.

OLD ROAD TO SCHEVENINGEN

In the studio there was a fine marine upon which the artist had been working. It suggested the story of the man, who, gazing at a realistic painting of the sea, forgot the gilded frame, and, imagining that he was on the shore, began to disrobe, preparatory to a plunge. The paintings of the Barbison School, which are owned by Mesdag and exhibited with others in his galleries, form, undoubtedly, the largest and finest private collection of that School, in Europe. It includes thirty pictures by Daubigny, and a number by Corot, Millet, Rousseau and others. The modern Dutch School is well represented, and it was a treat to see again Joseph Israel's "Alone in the World," that pathetic picture which daily attracted

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crowds during the Columbian Exposition. In the corridors are fine specimens of wood carving and bronzes.

After taking us through the suites of rooms, and telling interesting stories connected with his treasures, the artist invited us to visit his panorama, the "Beach at Scheveningen," about seven or eight blocks from the house. This we did, and enjoyed it immensely.

Naturally, after seeing such a splendid representation of the beach, we were impatient to visit the real one; so we boarded a car that took us along the "Old Road," and in less than half an hour we were standing on the shore of the North Sea at Scheveningen, one of the most fashionable seaside resorts in Europe. Its season of two months begins July 15th, and closes September 15th. We were told by the head waiter of the hotel, where we lunched on fresh turbot, that all the rooms at the various hotels were already engaged. The Curhaus with its broad verandas is the most prominent building and is quite close to the water. The sea has so steadily encroached upon the land, that it threatens the Curhaus; so, a great sea wall and promenade, extending for several miles along the beach, is now in process of construction, and, at present, spoils the pleasure of those desiring to go to the water's edge. Beyond the line of grand hotels, whose dining-rooms overlook the water, were numerous *pinken*, fishing-boats, drawn up on the sand or putting out to sea; while, back on the dunes, lay the village. It was ingulfed several centuries ago, and the old Gothic church is now half a mile nearer the sea than when erected. Thirty thousand people, it is said, visit Scheveningen each season. The sands are as firm as a floor and as fine as table salt. During bathing hours, the beach presents a very gay appearance, being literally covered with wicker chairs shaped like beehives, tents, and portable bath houses drawn by horses.

We had great sport in the fish market with a couple of jolly fishwives. I wanted to buy one of the ornamental headdresses that they wore, but the price was too high. A number of storks are kept in the market, at the public expense; doubtless, because the bird figures in the armorial bearings of the city.

We noticed inscriptions over the entrance of some of the city

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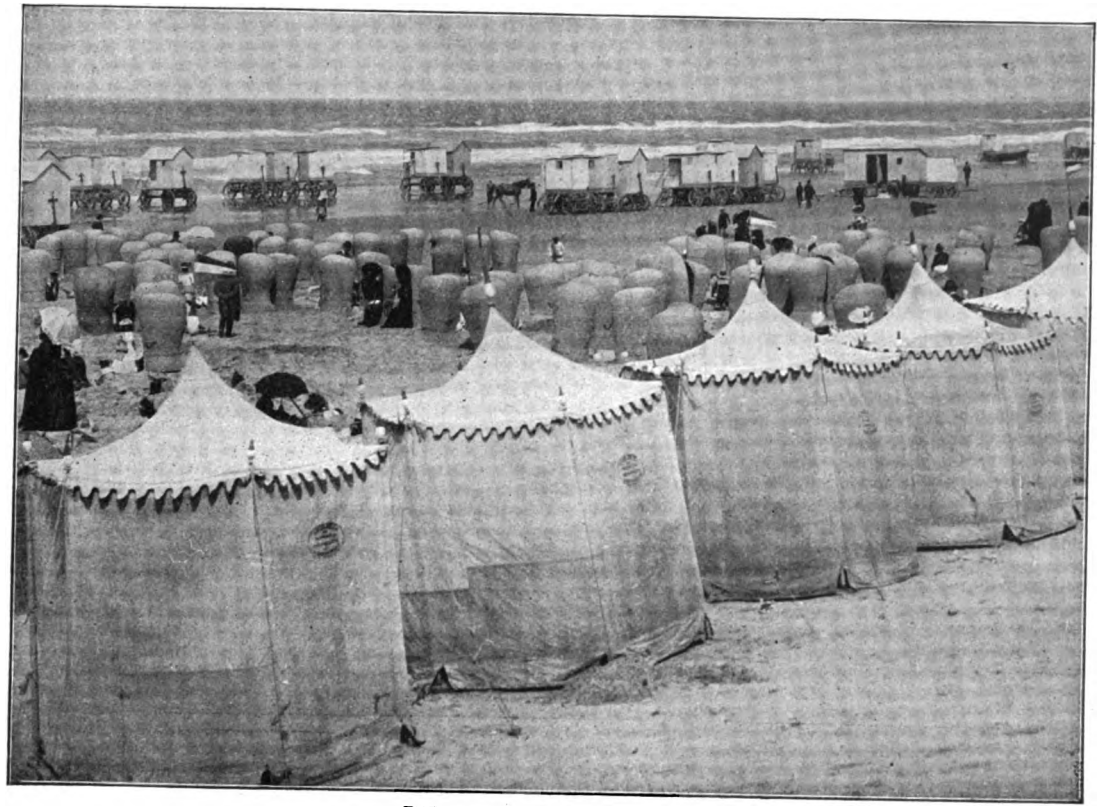

THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN

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residences, and country houses in the suburbs. Upon inquiry we found that they were sentiments, placed there by the owner, such as, "Rest and Happiness," "Joy and Peace." By the way, the Dutch, like the Germans, are very fond of sentimental inscriptions on many things; even their beer mugs are so decorated. The shops, also, have certain odd features. For instance, instead of colored lights in a drug store, there is a Turk's head, incircled by a turban, to indicate the dispenser of medicines.

In Holland, we are able to get postage stamps in the hotels, which is a comfort. In Italy, we were always obliged to go to a tobacco shop for them.

Mrs. M. spent yesterday in Amsterdam, leaving me behind to doctor a bad cold, and rest. She returned very enthusiastic over the great, commercial capital of Holland, which, like Venice, stands on piles and is intersected by canals, and a river. However, she says it differs from the Italian city, as it possesses broad streets with plenty of shade trees. The canals are often as wide as small rivers, and are crossed by bridges traversed by street cars. Therefore, it is more like a modern city, though very picturesque.

The North Sea Canal, built at a cost of 35,000,000 florins, connects Amsterdam with the North Sea. In the middle of the great dam which separates the North Sea Canal from the Zuiderzee, are fine locks, the largest, 110 yds. in length; the gates, of which there are fifty-six, weigh thirty-four tons, each. Mrs. M. said that, although the locks were a fine sight, they did not seem to her any more wonderful than those of the Sault Ste. Marie, in Michigan. Mrs. M. also visited the Ryks Museum, which covers nearly three acres and is filled with valuable works of art. There she saw the celebrated "Night Watch" by Rembrandt.

As she entered the Zoölogical Garden (second in size only to that of London) it began to rain, and the effect upon the parrots, on perches beside the entrance, was comical. They set up such a screaming and scolding that the wild beasts were aroused, and, in a moment, the howls and roars were almost deafening.

Wilhelmina, the young, uncrowned Queen of Holland, is the daughter of William III. Her photographs are in every shop window and public building; one has only to mention her name to bring

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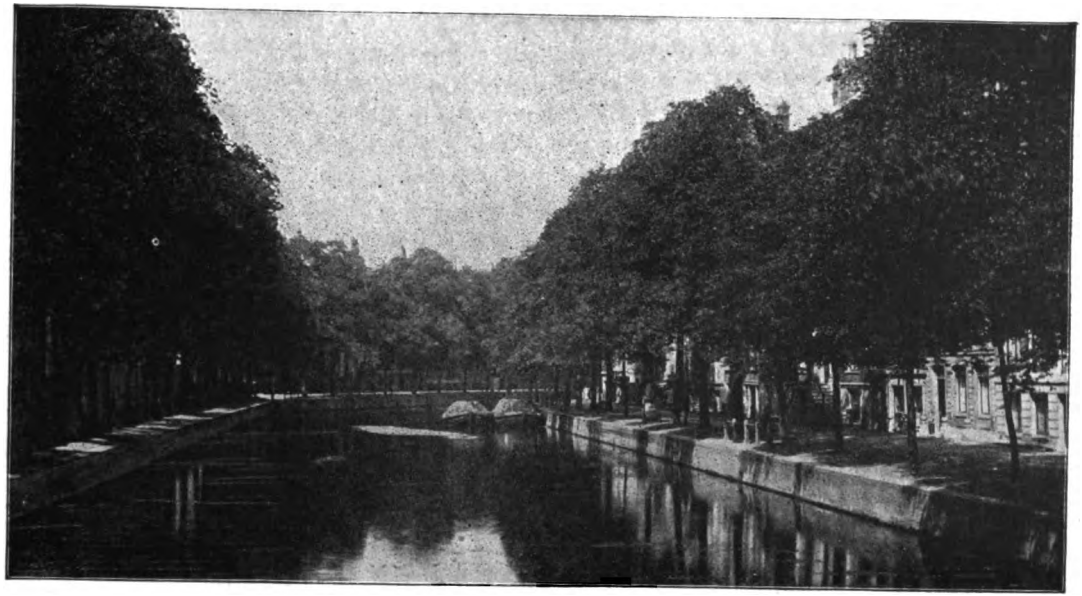

A STREET IN AMSTERDAM

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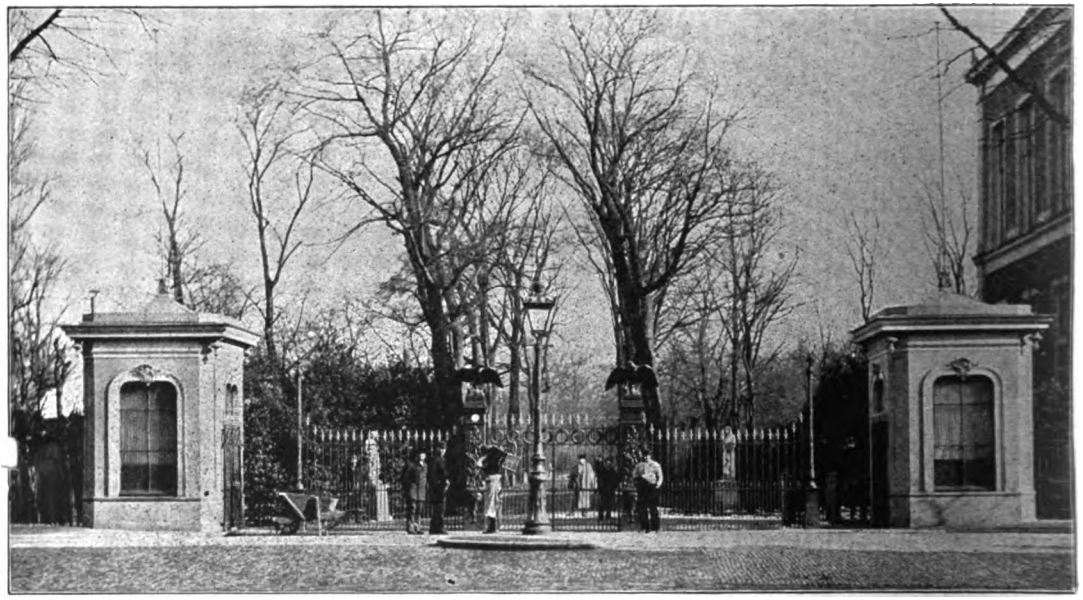
a bright smile to the face of a Hollander. She is just sixteen, and in two years will ascend the throne. Under the supervision of her mother, Queen Emma, who is the regent, she is receiving the most careful education, and already speaks several languages fluently. Wilhelmina has a passion for pets, and owns a small menagerie and aviary. In her walks, she is generally attended by a big Irish setter. Skating is a favorite amusement in Holland, and it was interesting to hear a shop girl speak of the young queen's skill in that sport, and of her beauty and amiability. Though the aver-



ZOÖLOGICAL GARDEN, AMSTERDAM

age Dutchman is satisfied with the present administration, all are looking forward to the reign of this promising sovereign, whose good sense and tenderness of heart are proverbial.

Leaving the Hague, July 1st, we made a stop of two hours at Delft, on our way to Brussels, via Rotterdam. It is a quaint, old town, with broad canals, running through the center of the main streets, which are bordered by lime trees. The river Schie flows by it, and empties into the Maas at Delfshaven. On the Oude Delft, one of the prettiest of the canals, is an old church with a leaning tower, built in the 15th century. Opposite, is the Prinsen-

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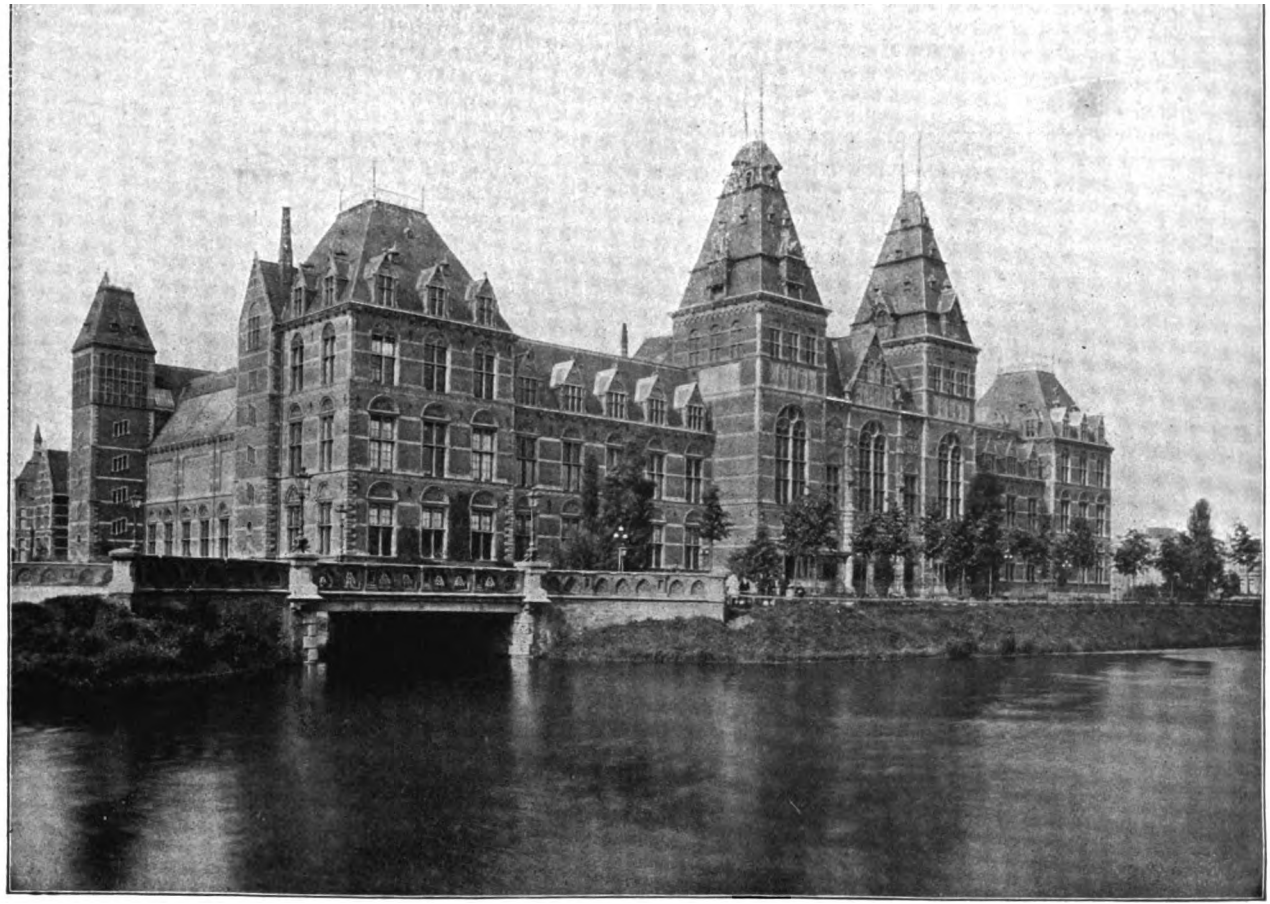

THE RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

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hof, where William the Silent, the founder of Dutch independence, was cruelly assassinated, in 1584, by a man named Balthasar Gerhard. We walked up the staircase where the deed was done, and saw the ugly bullet holes in the old plaster. A tablet is set into the wall above the spot where the monarch fell.

The porcelain industry of Delft, so celebrated in the 17th cen-

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND

tury, has been revived in late years, and a great quantity of Delft ware is sent out, monthly, from the manufactory of Joost Thooft. Mesdag's designs are used with great effect by the potters.

The Dutch women are inveterate house-cleaners; up with the sun, they do not cease the rounds of scrubbing and polishing, until it goes down again. I heard an amusing story, once, about a cer-

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tain Dutch preacher, who was unusually successful in drawing large congregations of women. He interested them by stating that, in heaven, they would have bright, new pots and pans, and plenty of soap and sand to scrub with.

It is a pleasure to buy cooked food at the little shops, for the counters are so white and clean, the knives scoured so brightly. I am unable to satisfy my craving for Dutch buns, which are delicately browned and have a spicy flavor never tasted except in this land of good cooks. I am sure that, when Dutch women go to heaven, they are kept busy supplying the winged messengers with these buns, that are so ethereal as to be suitable Angels' Food.

At Rotterdam, two hours more were spent in roaming about the wharves and walking up and down the broad Boompjes, a quay laid out like a park with trees, flowers and well kept walks. Here the Dutch steamers plying between Rotterdam and neighboring towns, the Rhine and foreign ports, load and unload their freight.

Standing on the quay and gazing at a ship just putting out, whose nationality and destination were alike unknown to us, we thought of the beautiful poem of "The Ship," by Wordsworth, and, if you are not already tired of my quotations, my friend, you will read it.

Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?
  Festively she puts forth in trim array;
  As vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry? Neither friend nor foe
  She cares for; let her travel where she may,
  She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
  And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
  (From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
  Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!"

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CHAPTER XXV

BRUSSELS AND WATERLOO

ALMOST every one is familiar with the French monetary system, which is used in Belgium, and it was a relief to reach a country where we could count our change without spending several minutes in the operation. The franc, like the peseta and the lira, is worth about twenty cents in our money, and is divided into a hundred centimes. In Holland and in Austria, we paid our bills in florins. After crossing the Belgian frontier one might easily imagine himself in France, for, although Flemish is still used in some of the provinces, French is the official language. Nearly every one speaks it, and most of the signs and the newspapers are also in French.

Brussels (population in 1892, 183,800) is a handsome city, and has an air of importance and progress. In the upper town, which is built upon the heights, are the royal palaces, the embassies and mansions of the nobility. On the Rue Royale is the house where the celebrated ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond, June 6th, 1815, on the eve of the battle of Quatre Bras.* Some claim that the ball occurred on the evening before the battle of Waterloo, but this has been decided to be impossible. The conflict at Quatre Bras was so terrible that officers who took part in it could scarcely have attended festivities on the following night; moreover, several officers were found dead or wounded on the battlefield of Quatre Bras in the very dress in which they were dancing, when summoned to the fray.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

* A small town about four miles from Genappe. Waterloo lies half way between Quatre Bras and Brussels.

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Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamp shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

"Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

The Palace of Justice is considered the largest architectu work of the 19th century, its area exceeding that of St. Peter's Rome. It is oriental in style, having an immense base from wh a pyramidal structure rises. From the terrace of this building, c

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PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS

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obtains a splendid view of the lower town, which is intersected small canals and branches of the Senne river. The façade of Hôtel de Ville,* in the lower town, is literally covered with statu The tower and turrets were once covered with plates of gold

Directly opposite is a remarkable specimen of semi-Got architecture, the Maison du Roi. It was in this building that Counts Egmont and Hoorn passed the night of June 4th, 15 following the sham trial accorded them by the infamous Duke Alva, and previous to their execution.

No industry so appeals to the feminine taste as that of la making, for which Brussels is especially noted. There are two ki of "real lace;" "needle point," made with simple thread and nee and consequently, the most valuable, and "pillow lace," made o cushion by means of pins and bobbins. The latter was inven in Flanders. These two styles date from the beginning of 16th century, though lace in the shape of darned net, twisted lo and embroidery was known long before that period. The ea patterns in "needle point," doubtless, originated in Greece, w transported to Venice, and thence to Flanders. We spent an h watching the women at work in one of the lace factories. Th were, without exception, the most pathetic-looking human bei I ever saw. Their faces were colorless, and their eyes dim a weak from the constant strain. Probably no toilers are so poo paid or so hard-worked as these poor creatures. One, who v making a very costly piece of "needle point," looked more lik galvanized mummy than a woman.

In doing this work, the pattern is first sketched on pap attached to a piece of linen. Threads are then laid upon the li of the design and caught through to the linen by stitches, t forming a skeleton design of thread. The interstices are then fil in with a needle and thread, and, when the pattern is entir finished, the stitches, which caught the skeleton design to the lin are cut, and the lace, freed from its support. With "pillow lac the pattern drawn on the paper is pierced with minute holes an expert, who marks the places where the principal pins are

*Town Hall.

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be stuck, for guiding the threads. The pattern is then sewed to the cushion, the ends of the threads on the different bobbins being fastened to the top. We saw one girl working with 300 bobbins on a piece of lace not over ten inches deep.

There were extensive show-rooms, where quantities of lace were displayed for sale, and where voluble saleswomen discoursed upon the low price of the gossamer fabric and the starvation wages of the makers. It seems a sin to pay so small a sum as

HILL OF THE LION, WATERLOO

they ask for lace; it is fully a third less than in the United States. One feels like making a gift to the women, who have no share in the profits, and yet do all the work.

Another point of interest is the Wiertz Museum, once the home of the eccentric painter Wiertz (1806-1865) who refused to sell his pictures, and painted for the love of his art, alone. After his death, the government purchased his residence and collections, and now admits the public free of charge, just as the artist would have wished. The subjects are mostly of a grewsome order, as "Resuscitation of a person buried alive," and "Demented," painted in a preparation neither water color nor oil, but a mixture of the two; in a kind of distemper,* I should say.

* Painting in colors mixed with fig juice or white of egg, instead of oil.

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DUKE OF WELLINGTON

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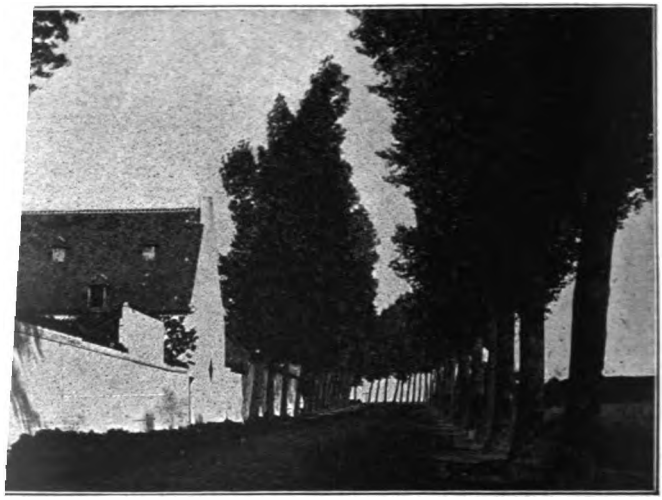
ıterloo, one of the world's great battlefields, and delightful. After an omnibus ride of one ı the station of Braine l'Alleud, we alighted at , an artificial mound occupying the exact spot ıf Orange was wounded in the battle; it is ɔlace where the regiments of cavalry, the flower engaged desperately in the decisive struggle. d to the summit, where there is a bronze lion; guide informed us, as its tail hangs between



LA HAIE SAINTE

at of the British lion is curled up over its back. ed of four English tourists, and four Americans. e, who has lectured on the battlefield for years, and stone, and I might almost say, every blade

beside the lion, the most important part of the en. Before us was the low, undulating line of ılied army commanded by Wellington took its ɛft, at right angles, ran a highroad almost on a ɔnument; on that road was the farm, La Haie by a battalion of Germans. Just one mile distant d lay the farm, La Belle Alliance, Napoleon's alfway between the two farms, so that the three

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NAPOLEON

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positions formed a triangle, stood the old Château of Hougomont, defended by troops of the allied army.

When the battle began, the two armies were drawn up in semicircles, facing each other. There were about 68,000 men, all told, in the allied army, and in that of Napoleon, about 72,000. The Duke's command was made up of four or five different elements, many of the soldiers, raw and unreliable, whereas their antagonists were admirably disciplined and full of confidence. The French artillery also was far superior to the English. The rain, which had fallen steadily throughout the night, had so thoroughly

LA BELLE ALLIANCE

saturated the ground that the moving of cannon was a difficult task, and several of the best hours of the morning were wasted by Napoleon in arranging his troops and guns, preparatory to the attack.

It is said that the first shot was fired from the Château of Hougomont, which the French endeavored to take by assault; many times during the day, the same attempt was made, only to result in failure, the thick walls resisting shot and shell, and the trees in the grove furnishing natural redoubts for the Britishers.

La Haie Sainte was captured by the French, about five in the afternoon. The numbers of the allied army had been terribly re-

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LEOPOLD II, KING OF BELGIUM

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duced, but their courage still remained unbroken, and the victories of the day about balanced. In the meantime, relief had arrived in the shape of the Prussian troops headed by the faithful Blücher, who had promised Wellington to come to his assistance. He had dragged his men through the marshy valleys of St. Lambert and the Lasne, with a determination second only to that of Napoleon himself. It was about five o'clock, when the Prussians opened fire from Frichemont, and succeeded in a few hours, after severe losses, in reaching and occupying Planchenois, a little to the rear of the

HOUGOMONT

French center at La Belle Alliance. During that time, the French attacked the allied center and the famous charge of Maitland's Guards, who had been concealed behind the hills, took place. The French army was completely routed and, at last, Napoleon gave up, in his despair endeavoring to dash into the thickest of the fight, that he might end his disgrace by death; but he was prevented by his Guards. About eight o'clock, he gave this final order to his troops, "Tout est perdu! Sauve qui peut!"* and the defeated soldiers began their hurried retreat.

The guide explained that the meadows before us were a vast cemetery, where trenches had been dug in which men and horses

* "All is lost! Save yourselves if you can!"

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were buried together. It took three days to clear the field of the dead, of whom it is estimated that there were 50,000.

Various officers made requests as to the naming of the battle, but they differed from one another, each wishing it to be named from the quarter where he had been engaged. The Duke, therefore, thought best to avoid bad feeling by naming it after the village of Waterloo, where his headquarters were located, three miles from the field.

Thus ended this decisive battle, in which three world-renowned commanders had taken part. Napoleon's iron will was broken. Later, he was exiled, and died at St. Helena, May 5th, 1821.

Léopold II., the present king of the Belgians, was crowned, December 10th, 1865. Though he is deemed penurious, and lacking in some agreeable qualities, Belgium has certainly prospered amazingly during his reign. Queen Henriette Marie, a slender, active woman, is much respected by her subjects. Like all the rest of the world, this royal pair have had their trials, not the least of them being the demented condition of the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico, widow of Maximilian, and the King's sister.

The more we see of Brussels, the more favorably we are impressed by it. It seems a city of fine residences rather than a commercial center. The working people are examples of courtesy and hospitality, and an air of court elegance pervades the entire metropolis.

"Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke.
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed." *

* Lord Tennyson.

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CHAPTER XXVI

PARIS

AT last we are in Paris!—the Mecca of the tourist, a metropolis of such individuality, despite its cosmopolitan population, that no one, be he scribe or orator, can exactly set forth its irresistible charm. Nevertheless, the city is a disappointment to me, in many ways. Though it is laid out on a grand scale, the buildings are too uniform and the architecture is generally florid. A spirit of gaiety is in the very atmosphere, but it seems to come principally from the classes who frequent the dance halls, or occupy the seats in front of the innumerable wine shops. Paris seems to be all open-air cafés, and it is painful to see how many young men and, alas! women too, sit at the tables, drinking the body-wrecking, soul-destroying absinthe.* Paris flaunts her vices in the face of the stranger, and seems amused if he is discomfited. We are told not to judge the Parisian wife and mother by the fashionably dressed women, with rouged cheeks and pencilled brows, that frequent the shops and theaters, and drive in the Bois de Boulogne. It is to be regretted that we see so few women with that wholesomeness of face and manner to be expected in the mothers of a nation. However, it is midsummer, and doubtless, many people are at the summer resorts.

On the day after our arrival, we sought to obtain a bird's-eye view of the city from the Eiffel Tower, in order to fix its plan in our minds. In spite of the strength of this relic of the Exposition of 1889, it is airy and graceful, and its iron framework, 984 ft. in height, is no detriment to the environment. Standing upon the topmost platform, we could see that Paris occupies both banks

* A cordial of brandy flavored with wormwood.

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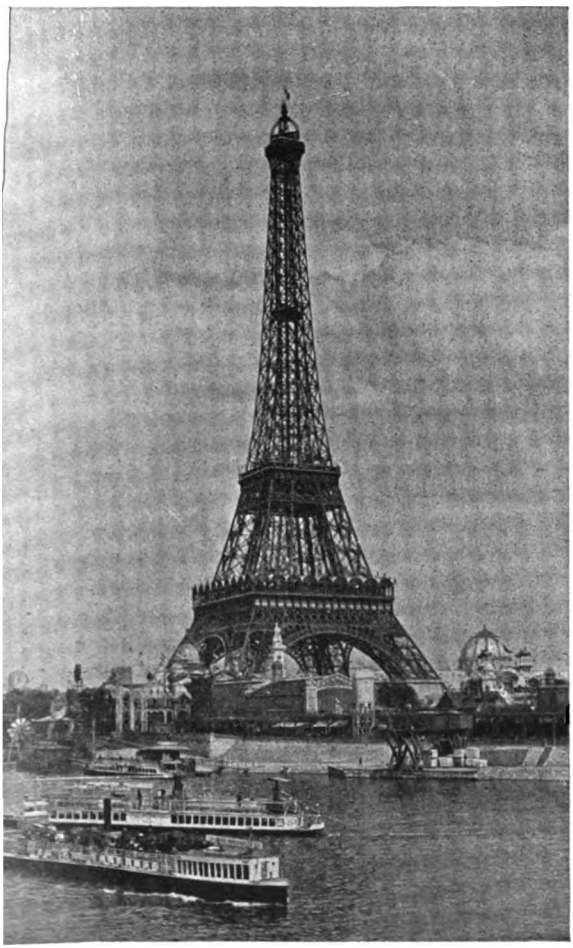
of the Seine, and that there are two islands in the river, within the city limits, namely, the Cité and St. Louis.

The Cité was the seat of ancient Paris. There, the Cathedral of Notre Dame was established in 1163. Near by, on the site of the old royal palace, is the Palace of Justice, the Sainte Chapelle,* and the Conciergerie. The latter is a prison, where most of the celebrated victims of the Revolution were confined; among others, Marie Antoinette and Robespierre. At the southeast end of the Cité is the morgue, where bodies of persons who have met with violent deaths are exposed for identification.



EIFFEL TOWER

On the right bank of the Seine is the Place de la Bastille, where formerly stood the great castle-prison; a splendid column bearing the Genius of Liberty now marks the spot.

The Place de la Concorde, probably the largest square in Europe, is situated between the gardens of the Tuileries† and the Champs Elysées. this square, between 1793 and 1795, more than 2,800 persons l by the guillotine. Brought in a common cart to the place

* Chapel connected with the old royal palace.

† The royal palace destroyed by the Communists in 1871.

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where they had often driven in state, the sovereigns, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, were put to death by the people who thirsted for their blood.

Beyond this fatal spot, at the top of the long avenue of the Champs Elysées, rises the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, called the Arch of the Star because of the twelve avenues that radiate

NOTRE DAME

from it. One of them leads to the Bois de Boulogne, a forest park of 2,250 acres, including the lakes.

Near the Eiffel Tower, on the left bank of the river, is the Champs de Mars, an open space where, on July 14th, 1790, the King, with others, took the oath of fidelity to the new constitution; here, also, three important expositions have been held within the last thirty years.

Far to the north is the hill, Montmartre, while incircling the city are small towns; St. Cloud, Versailles, Fontainebleau and St. Denis being the most important. The panorama, as we took a final look, seemed like a gigantic piece of tapestry woven in shades of gray, brown and green. What a history this tapestry suggests! the varying history of a long line of sovereigns and their restless

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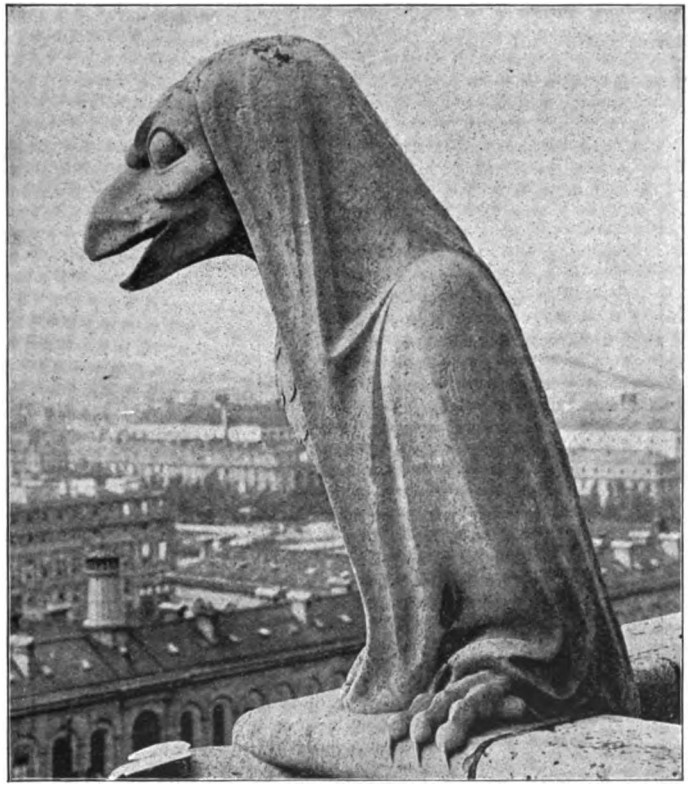
subjects; of times of peace; of bloody strife; and yet these seemingly capricious people have made their power felt to the uttermost parts of the globe; they have been among the foremost in Science, Art and Letters.

From the Eiffel Tower, we drove to the Luxembourg Palace, erected (1615-1620) for Marie de Médicis, second wife of Henry IV., to resemble her old home, the Pitti Palace, in Florence.



GROTESQUE ON NOTRE DAME

Although the French structure is impressive, and the gardens are beautiful with unique fountains and shaded walks, it does not compare with the Italian palace. A portion of the building is used by the Senate. In a new building, connected with the palace, the works of living artists are exhibited. Ten years after the death of a distinguished master, his works are usually transferred from this gallery to the Louvre, or to provincial museums.

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PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

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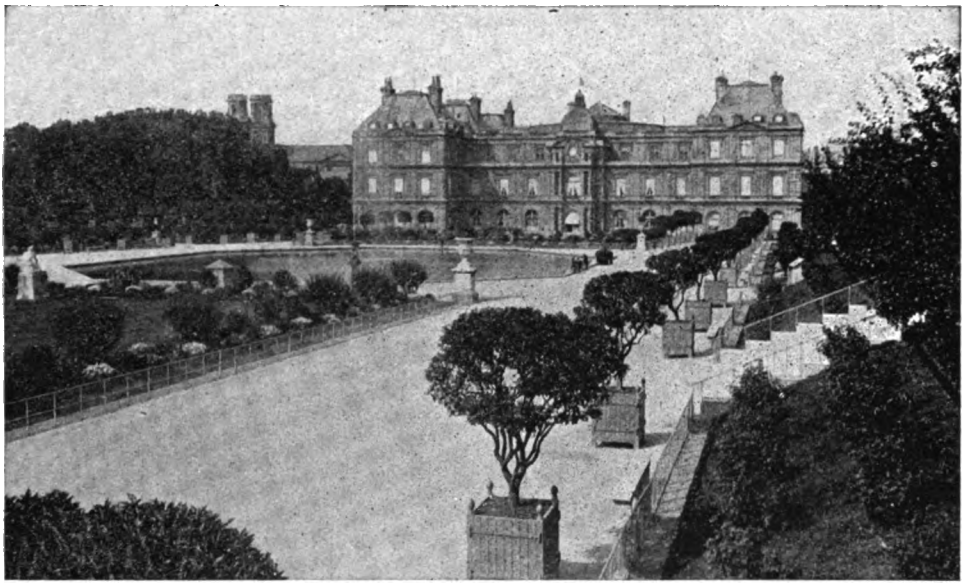
In the Luxembourg is Detaille's painting of the "Soldier's Dream," which we especially admired. It represents a battlefield at break of day. The sleeping soldiers are stretched upon the ground in every conceivable position; overhead, in the soft, gray clouds, from which the blackness of the night is just rolling away, and touched by the first glinting light of the coming morn, is the



THE LUXEMBOURG

army marching to battle, with banners flying and the light of anticipated victory on each beaming face.

Not far from the Luxembourg, is a group of important buildings, the Panthéon, the Sorbonne and the church of St. Etienne du Mont. The former occupies the site of the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, who by her purity and faith is said to have persuaded Attila, the Hun, to abandon an attack on Paris. She went forth alone to meet this warrior, whose very name struck terror to the hearts of the bravest, so dreadful was the record of the cities plundered and the thousands slain by him. The Panthéon has the form of a Greek cross surmounted by a vast dome; it is reached by a flight of broad steps; the sculptured relief in the tympanum represents France bestowing wreaths upon her sons, illustrating the inscription, "*Aux grands hommes la patrie*

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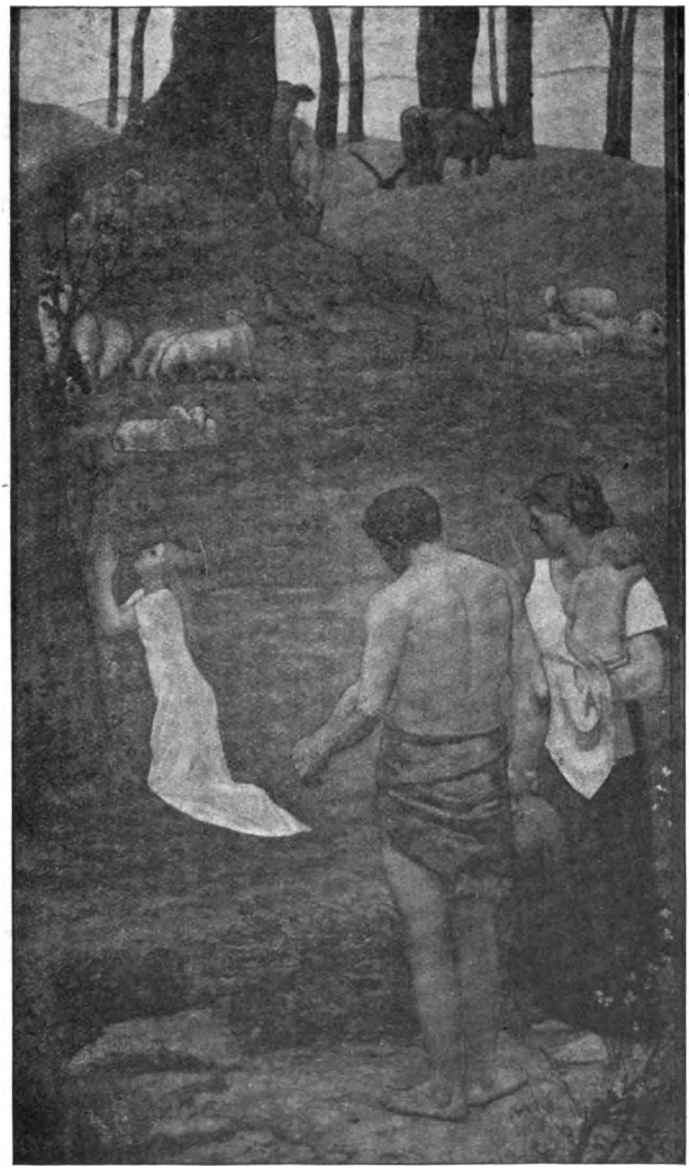

CHILDHOOD OF STE. GENEVIEVE

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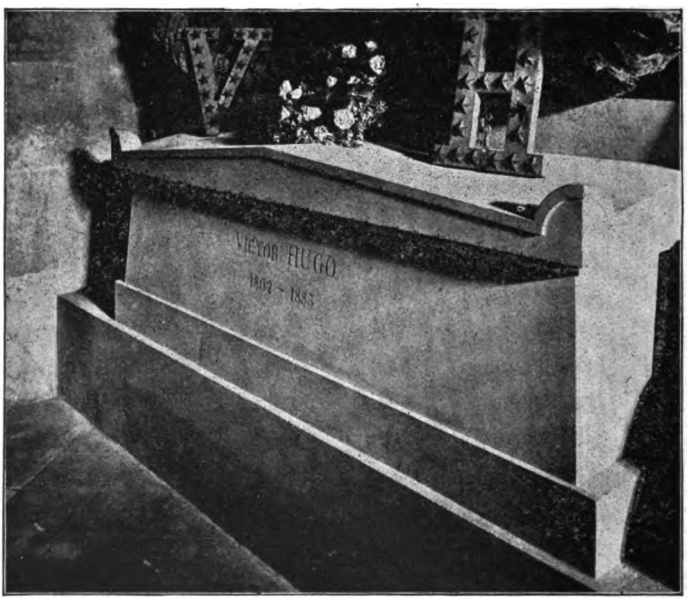
reconnaissante." * Splendid frescoes cover the walls of the interior. Especially charming and poetical is the work of Puvis de Chavannes in his portrayal of the childhood of St. Genevieve, and Lenepveu has nobly depicted the heroism of Joan of Arc. Below in the vaults are the tombs; among others of note, we saw that of Victor Hugo.

On the Place du Panthéon is the church of St. Etienne du Mont, with a memorial chapel dedicated to St. Genevieve, and containing her remains, inclosed in a silver and gold casket.



TOMB OF VICTOR HUGO

We were greatly interested in the Sorbonne, a great institution of learning founded by Robert de Sorbon, which occupies the old building erected in 1629 by Cardinal Richelieu. The new building is not yet finished. Within the Sorbonne are several masterpieces of Puvis de Chavannes. On one of the walls in the hall where lectures on chemistry are given, is a lurid painting by Besnard, dated 1896. It is called the "Birth of Life from Death;" one half of it is like fire; the other, like sunlight. In the center, under the blazing rays of a noonday sun, and lying with head

* "The grateful Country to her great men."

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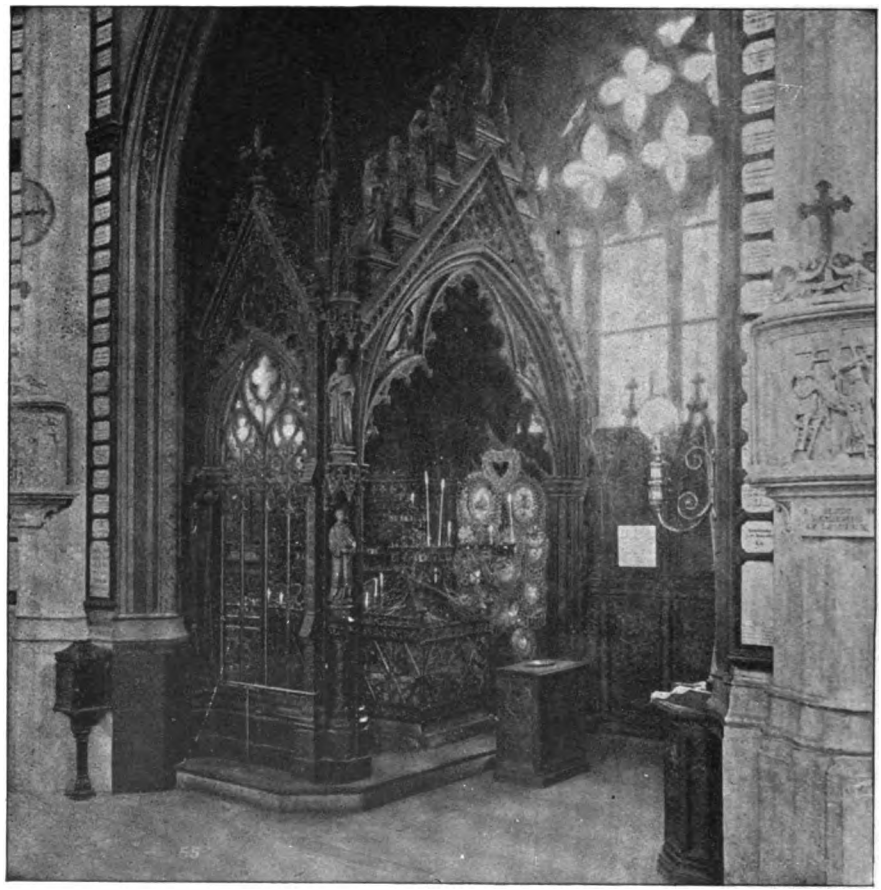

TOMB OF STE. GENEVIEVE

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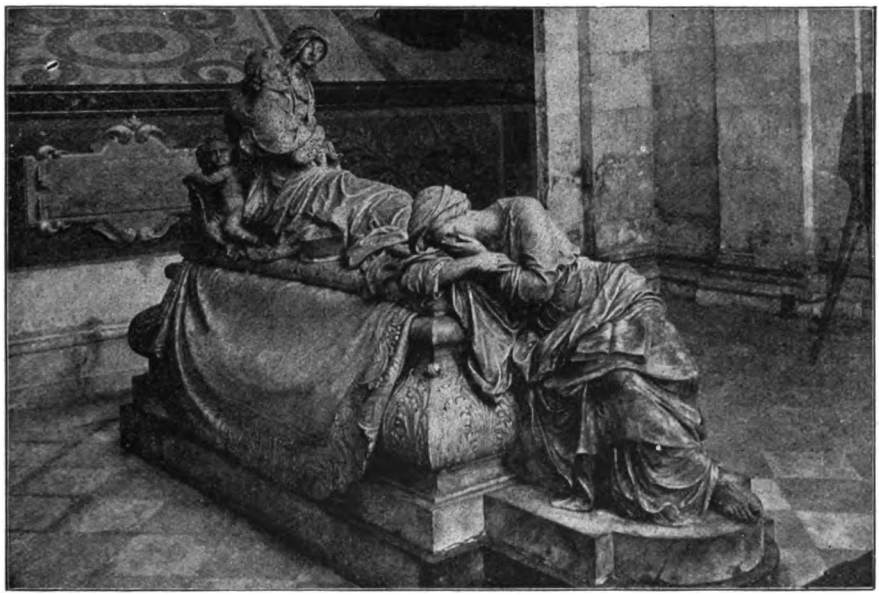
downward on a wave of vegetation, is the nude corpse of a woman. An infant ghoul is seeking to draw nourishment from the lifeless bosom, while a swarm of butterflies feeds on the germs coming from the mouth; everywhere in the design, one sees life sustained by death.

Every evening after dinner, we take a ride on the top of a double-decked omnibus, selecting a new route each time. This is a simple matter, as we are staying at the Hôtel Ste. Marie on the



TOMB OF RICHELIEU, CHURCH OF THE SORBONNE

Rue de Rivoli, about a block from the Louvre, where these vehicles from all parts of the city stop. Under the guardianship of the driver and conductor, we can ride into the most dangerous quarters of Paris and, without descending from our lofty perch, see a great deal of the life of the common people; for the weather is so warm that they almost live out of doors. We noticed several families, one night, eating their supper in the open air. They had brought out rickety tables, and stuck a candle in a bottle, for illumination. The café tables in these quarters are crowded with dissipated-looking men and reckless women, but nowhere in Paris does one see such abject poverty as in Italian cities. There is a sprightli-

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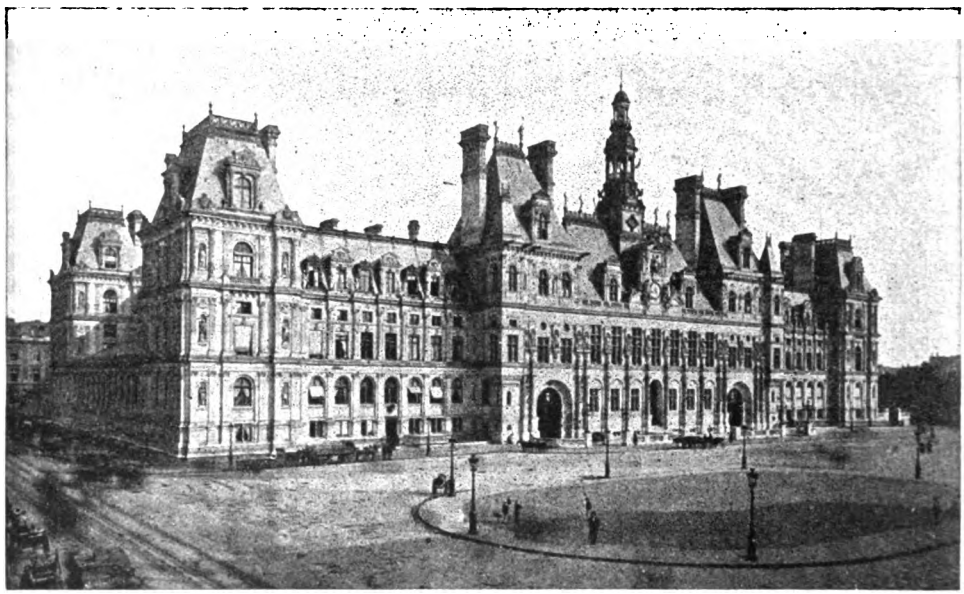
ness, an energy about the Parisians that is attractive, no matter what their surroundings may be.

Though many Americans pride themselves on their superior way of doing things, they do not know how to live as well as their French cousins. Here, both rich and poor have their hours of leisure; they do not grind every moment as we do, but take an



HOTEL DE VILLE

hour each day to sit down and sip their wine or coffee and *rest*. How little we Americans know how to rest! Many of our men stand up at a counter to eat a luncheon, spending, at the most, ten minutes over it, while the Parisian will take a half hour, out of the busiest part of the day, to drink a glass of beer; but in that half hour, he will relax nerves and muscles, and be better prepared in mind and body to continue his work. I heard the other day of a dealer in picture frames, who every summer hangs out a sign: "Gone to the seashore for three weeks." Here is a man with gumption enough to rest! He shuts up his shop while he and his employees take a vacation. What a contrast to our average business man! His wife goes to the seashore, while he stays behind and works all the harder to pay her bills.

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One evening, the omnibus took us up to Montmartre, past the old cemetery, and down a broad avenue where nightly turn the huge, red sails of the Moulin Rouge,* one of the popular dance halls; a mill that grinds out all the sweetness and innocence of the youth that enter its doors.

We have taken our meals at many different restaurants during the three weeks that we have been in Paris, and have enjoyed the French cooking, which is supposed to be unexcelled; but we prefer the Dutch. In Holland, we found more appetizing food than in any other country. The other day we dined at a modest little establishment, where the price for dinner is fixed at two francs. We were permitted to choose from the menu, and, of the side dishes, selected one of chicken, with a very high-sounding name. Imagine our consternation, when there was placed before us a slice of toast on which were the head, comb, and yellow feet of a rooster. When we recovered from our astonishment, we had a hearty laugh, for they looked so comical. What there was to eat on the head and claws is still a mystery, as you may be sure that the dish went back to the kitchen, untouched.

In order to observe the manner of serving in one of the best Parisian restaurants, we took dinner one day at the Café de la Paix, connected with the Grand Hôtel. I can assure you that we left with a greater respect for American modes of living than ever. The table appointments did not equal ours, nor was the meal as well cooked, in our estimation. When the roast was served, a waiter wheeled a small stand, upon which it was placed, close to our table and sliced the meat, thick or thin, rare or well done, as we desired. The prices are exorbitant at such grand establishments, and, if one dares to give the waiter a moderate fee, he generally stares at it, and then at the donor, and, after waiting a moment to see if is to be enlarged, walks off with an air of disdain, and without a word of thanks.

An American is amazed to see how the French treat the "Staff of Life." The bread is baked in loaves about three feet long, and sold by weight. In delivering it to the families in an

* Red Mill.

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ire house), the
iem against the
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der their arms.
the Madeleine.
completed until
luring the reign

THE BOURSE

00,000 francs are
has several times
e a Greek temple
nded by a colon-
e about the Ma-
s, but the church
n.

Bourse,* which is
he shouts of the
ie great hall pre-

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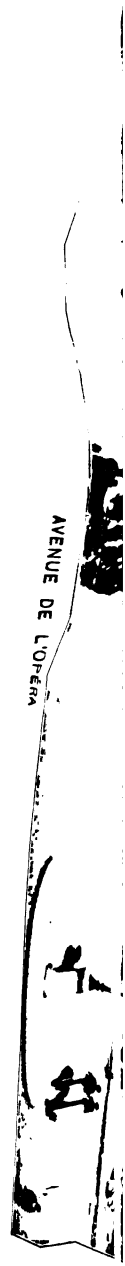
an François Raffaelli, the well known
ıerica, where I became quite well ac-
ɜrnoon, we paid a visit to his home
ghtfully entertained. He lives in a
.re some fine old trees and a pretty
/here land is so valuable. We found
ng younger and more truly Parisian
laughter, a maiden with the head of
t and modest as a June rosebud.
ırt, we were shown into the dining-
:nd those of the studio, are covered
in a conventional design. All over
in oils, water colors, bronze and
f Paris. If ever a man was im-
place it is Raffaelli. Nature has
rs to this son of France. Gifted
ıe power of delineating the ma-
yet is spiritual enough to make
ɜetry in seemingly sordid things.
ɜt sweeper resting on his broom,
idle, while his thoughts seemed
time of youth and love, when
ɜd the face, all the unsatisfied
resignation of advanced age
wrinkled visage. Taking up
de a few strokes of the pen
a woman, her hair blowing
ıere could be none like her;

Impressionist, as he so often
n, Realist or Idealist. He
lists and idealists; Raphael,
ad of the Idealist School,
:cendio del Borgo," in the
f on his realism, was an
nes "so as to make them
'haracterist, for it requires



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face of an old apple
beauty of a Venus

aris was transformed.
t handsome boulevards
ghter and wider. The
ere, many of the best
the Place du Théâtre

t, is the gorgeous Opera
t 47,000,000 francs, in-
ere used in its construc-
Finland, and granite from
ificence, is overdecorated
l foyer are unsurpassed.
walk abreast, are of white
,* and the hand rail, of

te," on the evening of July
tickets, by paying a small
women, we were seated in
alk in the foyer, and there
costumes of the women.
a as those on the Champs
by hiring four or six men to
hile walking down the streets
leaders start the tale, chant
t up.
day, we rose at five o'clock,
rales, the great market in the
t over 66,000,000 lbs. of meat
yearly, to say nothing of fish,
realize the importance of the
rtist in her own way, and takes
ck. The fish were laid in pat-

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placed symmetrically on masses of brown
d brethren were trussed and set up as
At the vegetable stalls, the same love
The potatoes, polished until they shone,
of color, such as a pile of tomatoes with
mid of carrots or radishes. At the fruit
hes lay in dewy grape leaves, side by
and purple damson plums. Raspberries,
ıched, were heaped next to a mound of
hells. Pyramids of roses, garden pinks
ıg air with sweet odors, but, prettiest of
from the country, fresh and bright-eyed,
fashionable dames with laced waists and

leisurely along between the banks of
light blow on the back of my head and
. Turning, I met the roguish eyes of a
ith a bunch of ferns. The market girls
ise and amusement, immensely.
rom the market, we crossed the Seine
of Notre Dame. There is something
ʒ about this building, with its massive
es. The stone monsters, that perch on
hird story, seem to grin and blink with
Twice this renowned church has been
ıt, during the Revolution, was lost to all

he Bastille was destroyed by the people
beginning of the Revolution. With the
ille!" a fierce mob, bent on destruction,
numbers as it swept through the streets,
ıotwithstanding the defenses of a strong
accomplished their object. The prison,
ıy, was guarded by less than 150 men.
d, and the supply of water was soon cut
, De Launay capitulated, with the under-
should be protected. But, as is generally

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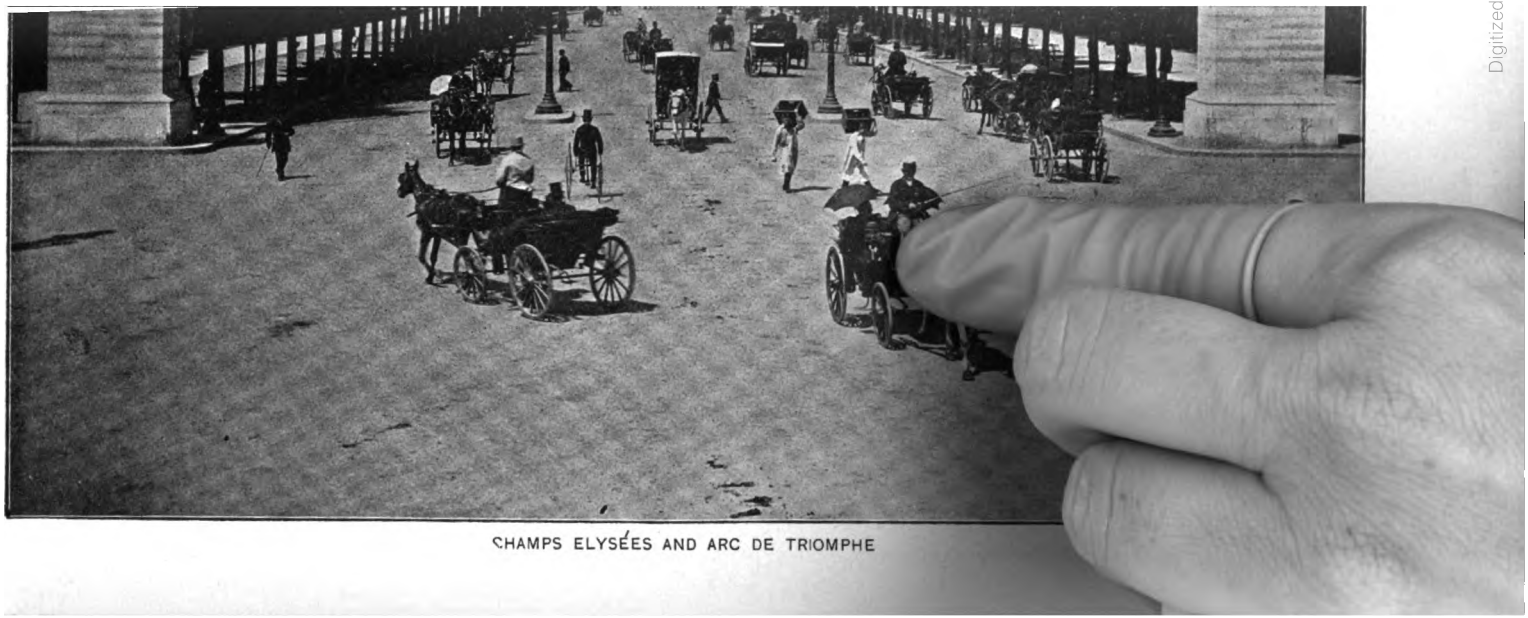

CHAMPS ELYSÉES AND ARC DE TRIOMPHE

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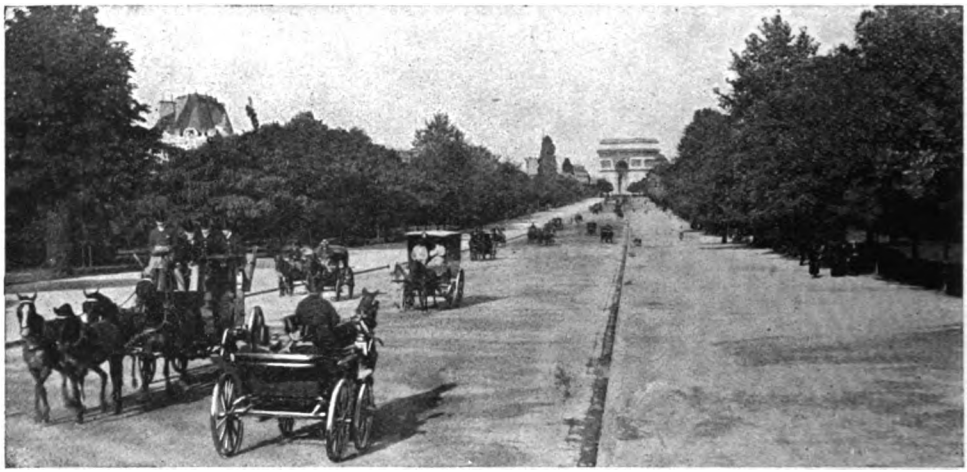
the case, the undisciplined and reckless mob became uncontrollable and the promises were not kept; although some of the common soldiers were saved, the officers were slain.

The celebration of the fall of the Bastille took place as usual on July 14th. The city was most elaborately decorated with flags and bunting, and even the statues were hung with wreaths. All the morning, people were pouring out of the houses, and by two o'clock in the afternoon the streets were crowded. About that



AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE

time, taking a cab with a jolly, red-faced driver, who proved most skillful in selecting points of vantage, and obliging about explaining things, we started for the Bois de Boulogne, where M. Félix Faure, the President of the French Republic, was to review the troops at Longchamp. In order to see him twice, we halted on the Champs Elysées, both going and coming, and were well rewarded by the sight of a handsome, middle-aged man with white hair and mustaches, whose gracious bearing and winning smile will linger long in our memory. He was seated in a landau drawn by four horses, with outriders, and escorted by a detachment of the Paris Guards, whose furious pace and peculiar red and black uniform gave them the appearance of a band of Indians in war paint and feathers. The maneuvers of the cavalry were especially interesting, and the regiments made a striking picture as they marched, with their helmets glittering in the sun, and naked swords upright;

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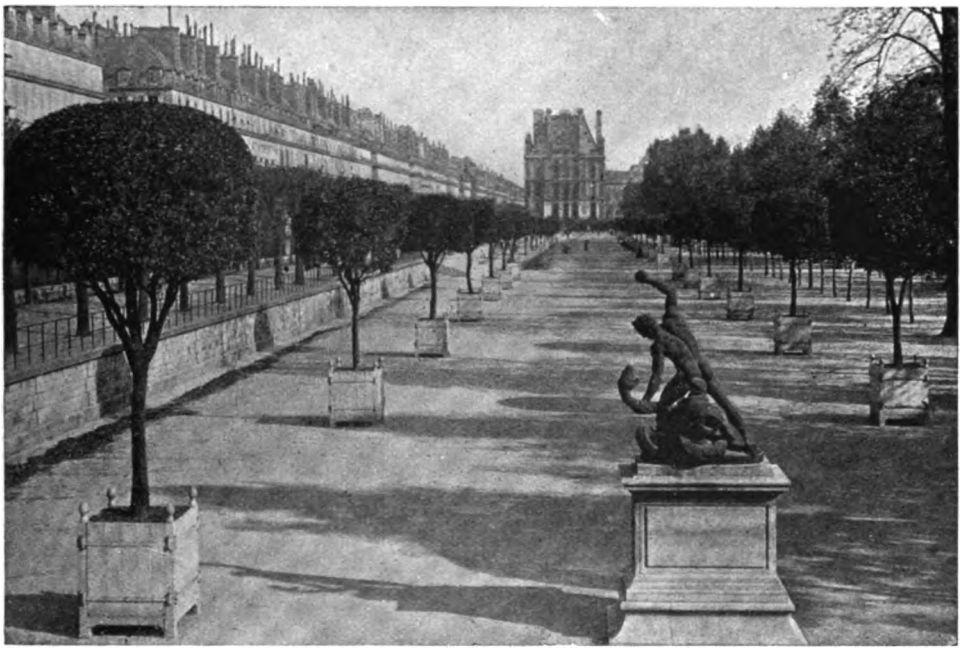
but I am afraid we forgot France when our rubicund coachman frantically assisted us to a standing position on the seat of our carriage, exclaiming in excited tones, "*Voila les Chinois!*" In a moment, down the avenue dashed a company of Guards, followed by three carriages filled with Chinese in gorgeous apparel, and, in the first, who, but Li Hung Chang, the greatest of Chinese statesmen! He is a fine-looking man, apparently about sixty years old, with long mustaches and a small beard. When we saw him, he



GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES

was laughing heartily with his companion, evidently, about the rapid rate at which they were being whirled along.

The illuminations in the evening were beautiful; all the important buildings were decorated with the sparkling banner of the Republic, and incircled with lights, like ropes of diamonds. We were surprised to find that, instead of electricity, tiny, colored cups, containing oil and a lighted wick, were used. In every square was a band stand, whence floated the strains of a waltz or two-step. Everybody was happy; a couple would be walking soberly along, when, all at once, the music would strike up and they would

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break into a hop, skip and jump and away they would go in the merry whirl of dancers. They would often occupy the entire street, stirring up clouds of dust; for carriages were not allowed to circulate through the center of the city, after eight o'clock. We sat down at one of the many hundred tables in front of the Café de la Paix, on the Place de l'Opéra, and enjoyed some delicious ices, while we watched the crowd for a couple of hours. The band stand opposite was brilliant with red and yellow lanterns, and the Grand Hôtel behind us floated the Chinese flag from the apartments occupied by Li Hung Chang. There was very little real dancing here, on account of the density of the crowd. Many made desperate efforts, but after a few rounds invariably ending in an embrace and a resounding smack, they would give it up and await the opportunity for another turn. No one seemed in the least shocked or surprised at the open love-making. It appeared to be perfectly proper for a well-dressed woman to promenade the boulevard with her escort's arm about her, and, if a pair of lovers wished to exchange a salute, no one commented or smiled, but took it as a matter of celebration, merely. Everywhere, until after midnight, ladies in couples, many of them foreigners like ourselves, walked about unnoticed. I am told by the *concierge** of our hotel that it is not unusual for ladies to go about at night without escorts, on holidays, and at her suggestion, we have attended the Théâtre Français, and the Opéra without the least annoyance.

Now and then, one becomes tired of martyred saints on walls and tombs, but of the living people, never, and nowhere in Paris can they be better studied and enjoyed than in the Champs Elysées. On both sides of the broad avenue leading to the Arc de Triomphe, are public gardens filled with booths, miniature theaters, Punch and Judy shows and merry-go-rounds. Lovers sit side by side on the comfortable seats under the trees, and little children, with their white-capped nurses, frisk about with hoops and balls. Everywhere are the good-natured, pleasure-loving people. It takes so little to make Paris content! I mean the Paris of the blouse and cap. A tune from the fiddler, a few feet of pavement, a convenient wine

* Portress.

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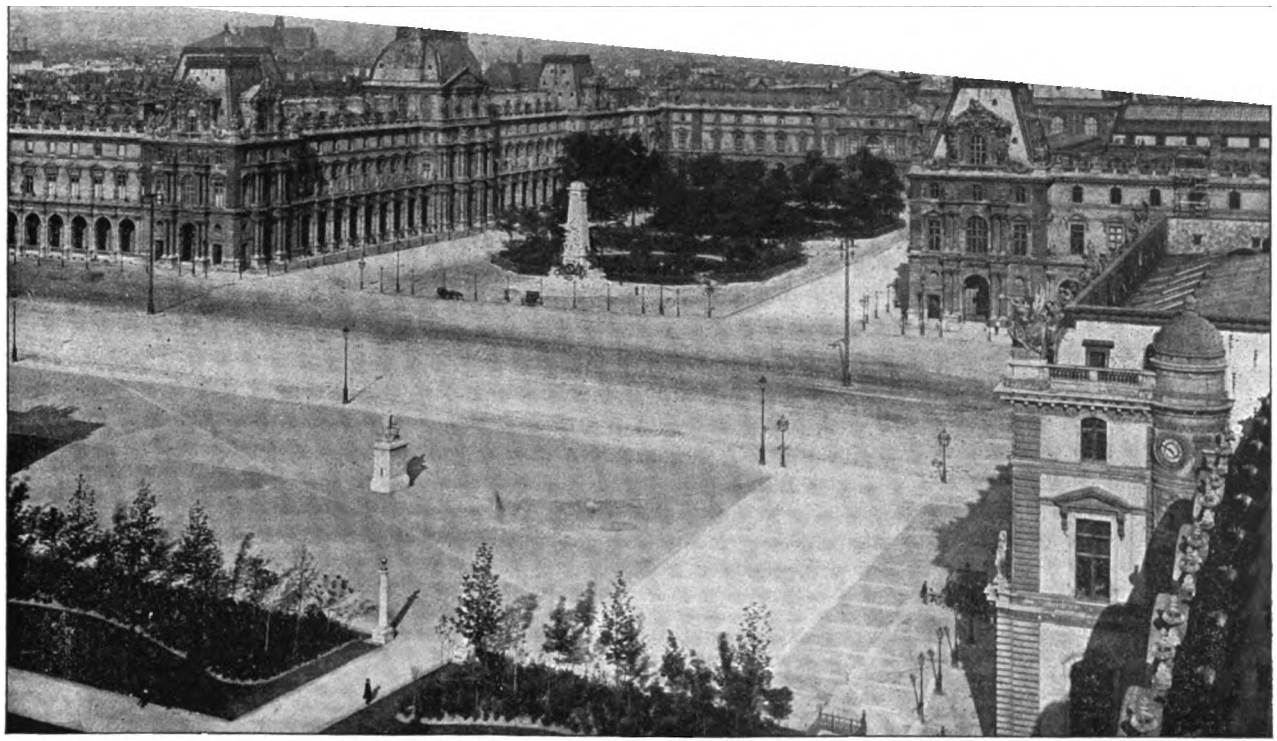

THE LOUVRE

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shop, and they are deliriously happy. Parisian anger lasts but a moment. I have seen two cabmen fly at each other as if about to indulge in fisticuffs over some disputed point; but, in a moment, the war of words would be over, and they would pass on amid the laughter of the bystanders, who dearly love a row. The people, always impulsive, jealous of their rights, yet have a wholesome respect for the law; a policeman does not need to argue; his commands are obeyed, and, no matter how great the crush of carriages or pedestrians, all are managed so skillfully and with so little fuss that one is filled with admiration.

One evening about six o'clock, as we were going to our hotel, we saw four young men and women abreast, skipping down the center of one of the principal streets, their arms locked about each other, kicking up their heels, and singing at the top of their lungs. We wondered what Chicago people would think, if such a thing should occur on State Street. After all, is it not refreshing to find a place where people who must live in the city can let off some of the pent-up steam, and not feel obliged to bottle up their emotions for fear of disturbing the peace?

The Louvre is probably the best-known of all the art galleries in the world. The foundations of this vast palace, standing between the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine, were laid by Francis I., and the building was continued by subsequent monarchs. In the Louvre, Margaret of Valois was married to the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France. Five days later, August 24th, 1572, the horrible massacre of the Huguenots, instigated by the infamous Catherine de Médicis, took place, the signal being given from the palace. The greater part of the vast pile has been used as a museum, since 1793, and is open to the public, free of charge. Nearly every artist of note is represented in this treasure-house of statuary, paintings and curios.

Of all the marbles imbodying the beauty, grace and nobility of womanhood, none can surpass the Venus de Milo. Discovered in 1820 by a peasant on the island of Melos, it was purchased by the French, and installed in a room by itself in the Louvre. This room is the last of a long suite, and, as one enters it, the figure of the goddess is seen standing out against a crimson background,

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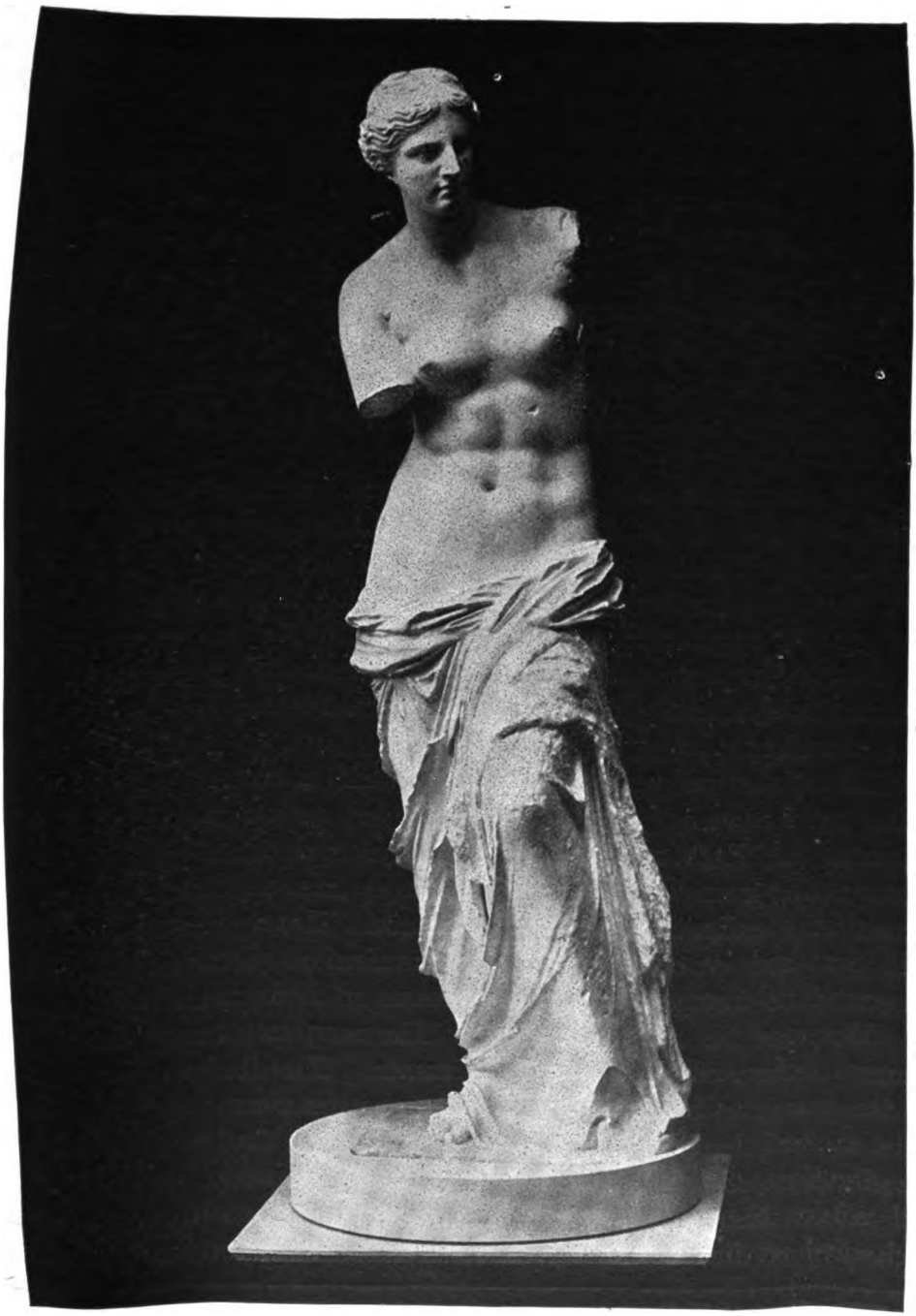

VENUS DE MILO

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Among the large paintings that line the picture gallery, two comparatively small ones seem to "sing out," as an artist would say. They are Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," whose magnetic gaze seems to follow one about the room, and the "Laughing Girl," by Frans Hals, the Dutch portrait painter (1584-1666). Mona Lisa was the wife of Leonardo's friend, Francesco Giocondo, and, in this portrait it is said that the artist imbodied all he considered most beautiful in woman. He worked upon it for four years, painting and repainting, never feeling that it was complete. Very attractive also is the "Broken Pitcher," showing the delicate coloring, the tender modelling of Greuze. Murillo's masterpiece, the "Immaculate Conception," hangs in Le Salon Carré,* where the chief treasures are collected.

No finer schools of art exist at the present day than are found in Paris, the most prominent, doubtless, being the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Thousands of students, from all over the world, come here, annually, to avail themselves of its splendid opportunities. The greater number live near the school, in the section known as the Latin Quarter, which has been so admirably described by Du Maurier, and others. There is an art atmosphere in Paris, impossible elsewhere.

Of course, we went to see the Gobelin tapestries. Long ago, in the 15th century, Jean Gobelin, a dyer, set up a modest establishment in Paris and began to weave tapestries. By the 17th century, the manufactory had become so famous that it was purchased and enlarged by the government. The tapestries are never sold, but are reserved for the decoration of public buildings, or presented to foreign courts and persons of high rank.

We saw the artists at work. The warp is strung on upright frames, before which the weaver stands. The design is stamped on the warp, as for embroidery, and the water color picture, which is to be copied, hangs directly before the weaver. On his right, he has a collection of hand shuttles, long pieces of wood, round at one end where the yarn is wound, and pointed at the other. Glancing backward at his design, he selects a color, and, with an automatic

* The Square Hall.

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THE BROKEN PITCHER

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movement of the left hand, separates the double threads of the warp and thrusts the shuttle through; while, with the pointed end, he presses the thread close against the thread last inserted. It is exceedingly slow work. At rare intervals, silk threads are used,

LA MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

and even gold, but, generally, wool, as it keeps its color longest. The composition of the dyes is a secret known only to the manufacturers.

That pleasure-loving monarch, Louis XIV., having taken a dislike to the palace of St. Germain, decided to build another, more sumptuous, at Versailles, about ten miles from Paris. The labor and expense involved in such an undertaking were increased by the fact that water had to be brought from a great distance.

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PALACE AND PARK, VERSAILLES

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DUCHESSE DE LA VALLIÈRE

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Finally, however, he succeeded in carrying out his wishes and those of his favorite, the Duchesse de la Vallière.

During the reign of his successor, Louis XV., Mme. de Pompadour was the ruling spirit at Versailles, where many extravagant improvements were made, that her beauty and talents might have an appropriate setting. Guizot says that Mme. de Pompadour was fond of porcelain, and conceived the idea of imitating Dresden china in France. She, therefore, founded, first at Vincennes and then at Sèvres, a porcelain manufactory, which the king took under his protection, requiring the courtiers to purchase the product, at high prices.

In the time of Louis XVI., Versailles was sacked by a mob, and here, on January 18th, 1871, King William of Prussia was hailed as the Emperor of Germany. It is now a mere show place and museum.

Our first impressions of the palace were satisfactory, for the general effect is harmonious, when seen from a distance; but a nearer view reveals a distressing lack of harmony in the architecture. There are five large courts, the most interesting being the "Court of Honor," which contains a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV., and also statues of eminent men. Here, the cynical Cardinal Richelieu gazes at one with an imperious air; yonder, is the noble figure of the Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"*

The historical paintings, which cover the walls of endless suites of rooms, are superb; but the other decorations are not what we expected to see. Even the celebrated Gallery of Mirrors would have been a disappointment, if it had not been for the effective ceiling paintings by Charles Lebrun. From the windows one looks down into the gardens.

The Hall of Diana, though lined with marble, is ugly, and the room where Louis XIV. breathed his last is narrow and overdecorated with carving and gilding. From the balcony of this room, which overlooks the Court of Honor, the first chamberlain pronounced the famous sentence, "*Le roi est mort!*"† immediately

*"Without fear and without reproach."

† "The King is dead."

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* "Long live

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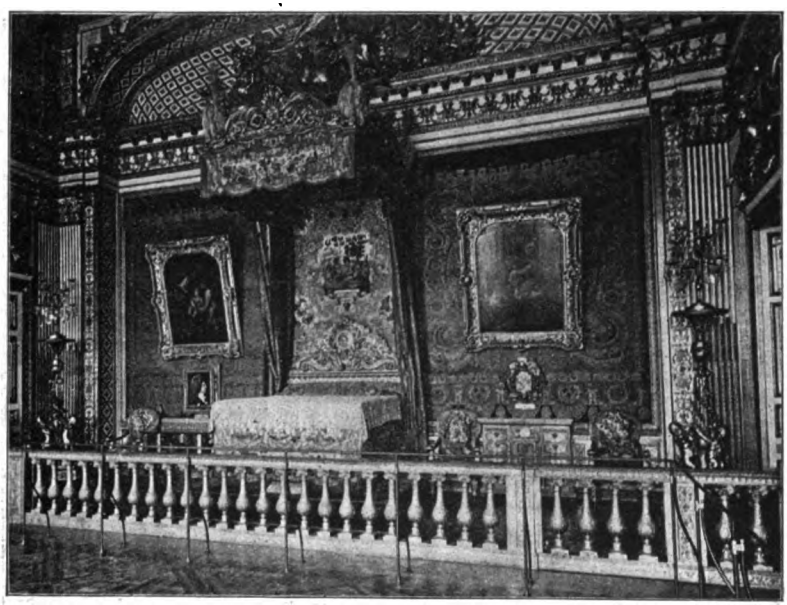
breaking his wand of office; then, taking a new one, which he held aloft, exclaimed, "*Vive le roi!*"*

Of the portraits, we most admired that of Marie Antoinette, by her friend, Mme. Lebrun, and one of Napoleon's second wife, Marie Louise, and her babe, the King of Rome.

Catching only a glimpse of the park with its fountains, statues and fine landscape gardening, we drove to the Grand Trianon,



ROOM OF LOUIS XIV., VERSAILLES

a villa about half a mile distant, erected by Louis XIV. for Mme. de Maintenon.

As we traversed corridor, salon and chamber, the history of this strong character filled our thoughts. Ambitious, determined and imbued with a spirit of piety, she dominated the aging monarch as no woman had been able to do in earlier years. "Mme. de la Vallière had held sway over the young and romantic heart of the prince. Mme. de Maintenon alone established her empire over the man and king." "The date has never been ascertained exactly of the king's private marriage with Mme. de Maintenon. It took place eighteen months or two years after the queen's death.

* "Long live the King!"

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MARIE LOUISE AND THE KING OF ROME

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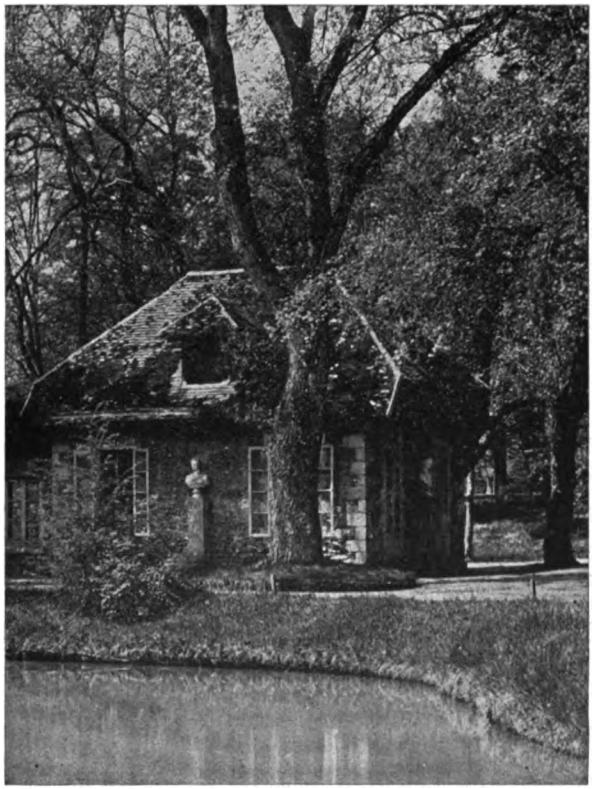
The king was forty-seven, Mme. de Maintenon, fifty. She still showed traces of great beauty,—an air of ease, and yet of restraint and respect; a great deal of cleverness, with a speech that was sweet, correct, in good terms, and naturally eloquent and brief."

Adjoining the villa, which is in the shape of a horseshoe, and only one story in height, is a museum of carriages. There is



DAIRY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

among others a gilded and enamelled coach of Charles X.; the coach in which the Empress Josephine, after her divorce, drove to Malmaison; and the one used by Napoleon and Marie Louise on the occasion of their marriage.

In the garden of the Petit Trianon, a smaller villa built by Louis XV., is the dairy where Marie Antoinette spent her happiest days. Here, with her courtiers and ladies, attired in becoming peasant costume, she played at the simple life of a country maid,

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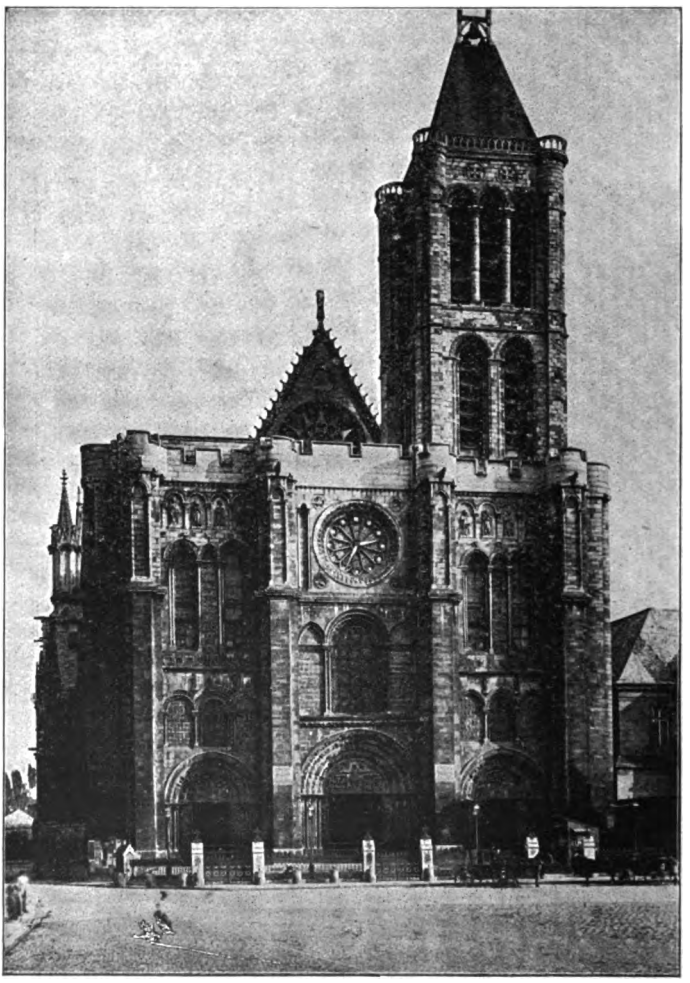

CHURCH OF ST. DENIS

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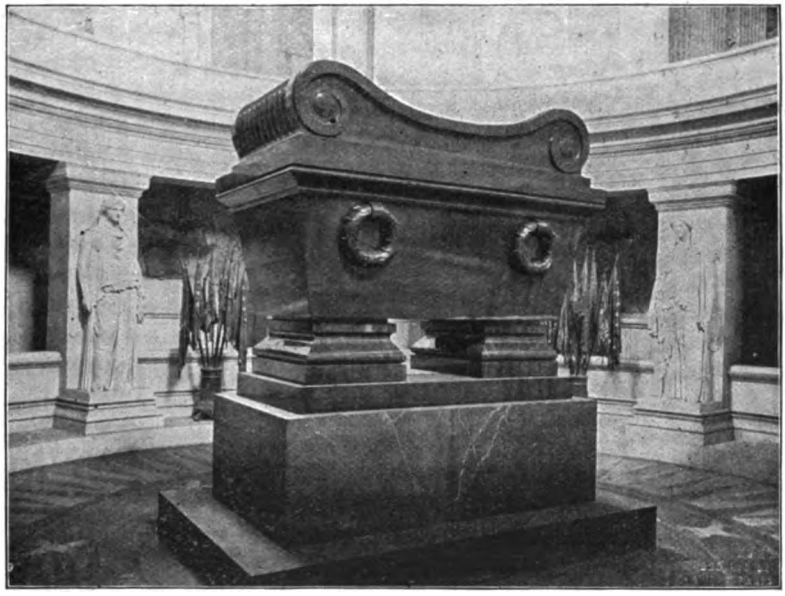
making butter in golden bowls and skimming cream with a jewelled ladle. The neighboring woods are indescribably beautiful, and the hamlet on the bank of a winding stream is still attractive enough for any princess. Visitors are not admitted to the dairy, but through the open window we could look in. Upon a marble table at each end, a big "L," standing for Louis, is carved. We could imagine the delight of the highborn dames in their pretty pastime. How delicious to the sated palate of a gentleman of



TOMB OF NAPOLEON

the Court must have been a draught of new milk, when presented by the hand of the beautiful Queen! With the Kings of France, Marie Antoinette and her royal spouse sleep in the old church of St. Denis, which is literally a church of tombs.

As the name of Napoleon is preëminent in the annals of France, so his last resting-place is grand beyond all other tombs. Above the entrance, is an inscription taken from the will of the Emperor:—"*Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple francais que j'ai tant aimé.*"* Be-

*"I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have so loved."

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neath the glittering dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, is an open, circular crypt of marble. In the mosaic of the pavement is a laurel wreath bound with purple ribbons, and there, also, are recorded the names of battles. In the center stands the sarcophagus, cut from a solid block of red Finnish granite, weighing sixty-seven tons. As if on guard about the crypt, are twelve statues of Victory and sixty battle flags recalling the triumphs of the Emperor. The light, tinged with blue by the glass of the dome, sheds its dim rays over the polished marble, enhancing its solemn grandeur. Opposite the entrance is the high altar bathed in a golden glory, which streams through the orange glass of the side windows in warm contrast to the cold, blue shadows of the crypt, symbolizing, in the language of sublime color, Death and Immortality.

When one studies the life of Napoleon, seriously, he finds that it is a difficult matter to avoid admiring intensely his courage, executive ability and tireless energy; on the other hand, how much there is to blame! Said Wordsworth:—

"I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires
To genuine greatness but from just desires,
And knowledge such as he could never gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these."

The Hôtel des Invalides is a home for wounded and disabled soldiers, and it seems fitting that Napoleon should be surrounded by those who have suffered for their country. In the museum are preserved the Emperor's swords, camp bed, flags and many famous documents.

One day, after a three hours' walk in the cemetery of Père

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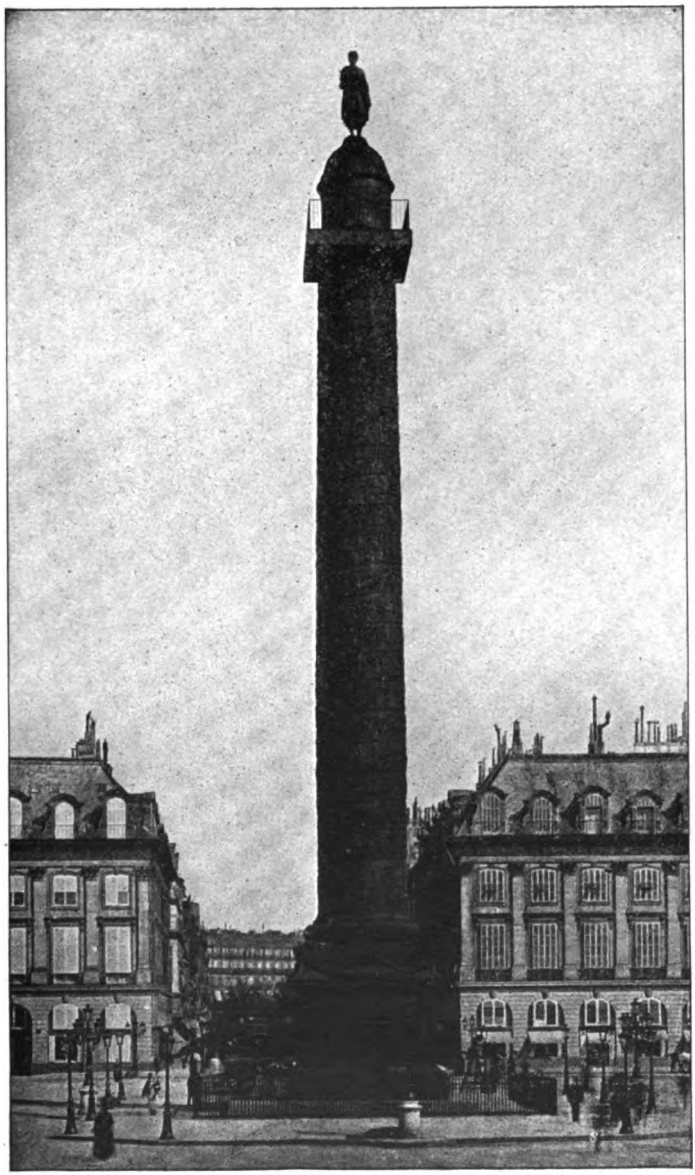

VENDÔME COLUMN

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Lachaise, we stopped at an attractive restaurant near the gates, for our midday meal. On the menu, among the vegetables, I saw *petits pois*,* and, thinking they would be appetizing, ordered some. They were brought in smoking hot, but, when I lifted up a spoonful, there, in the center, was a large bluebottle fly, very well done indeed. I called the waiter, but, as he was busy, the proprietor of the establishment came from behind the counter to see what I wished. I pointed significantly to his flyship, whereupon, mine host, rolling his eyes upward in a deprecating way and shrugging his shoulders, said plaintively: "It is not my fault, Madame; it fell from heaven!" Then taking up the spoon, he removed the offender, and walked off with an air which implied that I had put him to a great deal of trouble.

Guidebooks state that one can make the excursion to Fontainebleau in one day, but it is difficult. We made the attempt, but were obliged to return to the city without having seen anything of the Forest, which is regarded as the most beautiful in France. The Palace of Fontainebleau was founded in 1162 by Louis VII., but rebuilt by Francis I., in the 16th century. It has five great courts, and it was in one of these, sometimes called the "Court of Farewells," that Napoleon, after his abdication, bade farewell to his Grenadiers, in the memorable words, "*Adieu, mes enfants!*"† The interior of Fontainebleau seems to me more imposing than that of Versailles. The gallery of Francis I. and that of Henry II. are the most magnificent of all the salons. Marie Antoinette's superb suite of rooms is lavishly decorated and hung with Beauvais tapestries, the bed being a marvel of elegance and luxury. The carving of some of the ceilings suggests the work of the Japanese, and is exceedingly well done; as are the sculptures in wood and stucco. In the gallery of Diana the ceiling and side walls are covered with representations of hunting scenes in which Diana, goddess of the chase, is the central figure. The initial letter of Napoleon's name is emblazoned on the crimson velvet of his chair in the throne room, and the chandelier is of rock crystal. The

* Green peas.

† "Farewell, my children!"

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MARIE ANTOINETTE

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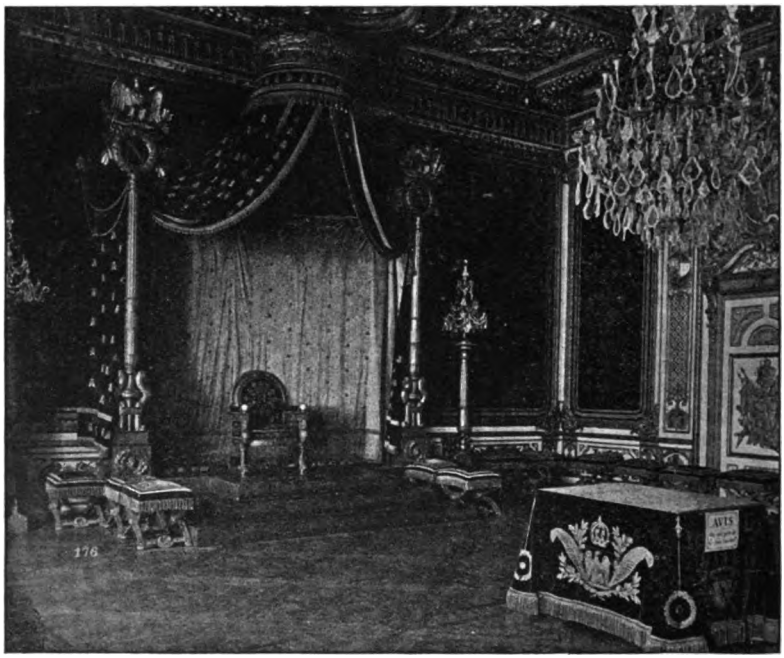
walls of one apartment are of panelled wood, set with rows of Sèvres plates, on which are painted the royal residences. In this palace the sentence of divorce was pronounced against Josephine, Napoleon's wife, in 1809, and here Pope Pius VII. was imprisoned from 1812 to 1814.

Yesterday, we had a delightful day in the country, where poppies and bachelor's buttons tumble over each other in a mad scramble for the place which rightfully belongs to the wheat and



THRONE AT FONTAINEBLEAU

barley. Starting at 10:25 A. M. we reached Auvers on the Oise river, at 11:30. A short walk up the hill brought us to the pretty villa of the American artist, Charles Sprague Pearce, who had invited us to luncheon. We found the artist in a spacious, airy studio, which had a wing inclosed in glass. He is working on the mural painting which is to adorn one of the walls of the Congressional Library at Washington. The three sections are nearly completed. The subject of the largest is the "Family;" of the others, "Study," and "Religion." The composition, drawing and tone of each painting is clean, strong and full of deep feeling.

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LOUIS XVI

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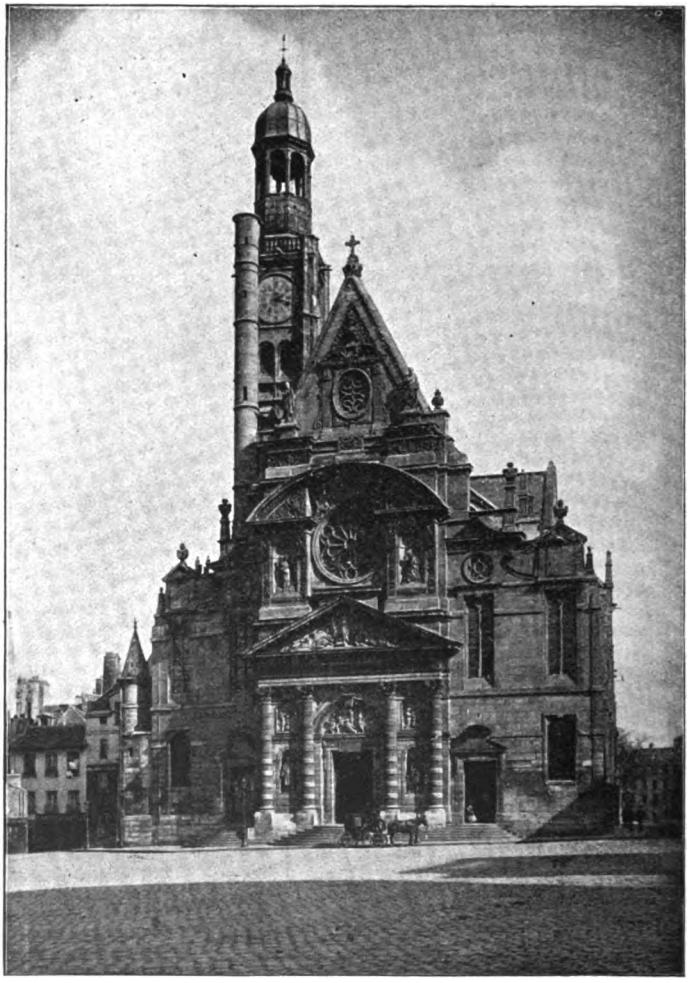
We enjoyed a characteristic and delicious luncheon, presided over by Mme. Pearce, a charming Frenchwoman, and then, after a visit to the aviary, where a number of fine birds testified to the care bestowed upon them by their mistress, we all went for a stroll about the town, passing the old home of Daubigny, the great land-



ST. ETIENNE DU MONT

scape painter. His widow still resides there. Near by are low thatched farmhouses nestling among the very trees he so loved to paint, and from the brow of the hill we could look down upon Pontoise in the valley. On the banks of the Oise are rows of

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acacias with openings in the foliage, which reminded us of stories about Father Corot who painted just such trees, as he said, for the little birds to fly through.

Charles Sprague Pearce is still a young man, but possesses many diplomas and awards of merit which hang in the entrance hall of his home. We look forward with great anticipation to his future. Late in the afternoon, we said "Good-bye," and, laden with flowers, returned to Paris. It is with deep regret that we leave in France this talented man who belongs to our native land. When will Americans wake up to the fact that many of their artists are living abroad? When, by their patronage and sympathy will they make it not only possible, but advantageous, for them to remain in America and to enjoy life there so much that they will not desire to work in a foreign land?

These little trips into the country have been welcome changes from the heat and bustle of the city, and from the nervous wear and tear of the shopping in which every woman indulges when in Paris.

The Bon Marché and the Louvre are the two largest dry-goods stores. Both are inferior in nearly every respect to our best stores in Chicago. I have generally noticed in these establishments that the clerk is, at first, all politeness and attention, but, let the customer fail to be suited, and the manner of the salesman changes instantly, often to impertinence. I have also had such experiences in the shops where cooked meats are sold, and at the fruit stands. The courtesy of the working classes seems to be superficial, but our experiences with other people, with whom we have come in contact, have been delightful. On the journey through Normandy to Mont St. Michel, we shall see something of the peasants of France, whom we hope to enjoy as much as we did those of Italy.

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CHAPTER XXVII

MONT ST. MICHEL, GRANVILLE, AND JERSEY

EARLY on the morning of July 22nd, we bade good-bye to Paris with mingled feelings of regret and relief; regret, that we could not see all of its beauties during our short visit; relief, because we were going away from the dust and heat, through the green country to the coast. Normandy is a delightful district of France, and our route lay through woods and rich farm lands, and past thatched cottages. Sweet-faced old women, in snow-white caps with frilled borders, sat knitting in many doorways, and in the fields, men and women were toiling side by side, just as Millet has painted them, their wooden sabots adding the final touch to the usual costume of blue homespun. Everywhere, farm work is performed in a primitive way. The women cut the grain with a sickle. As we had to wait at Folligny three hours, we took a walk down the road leading from the station, in order to obtain a nearer view of some of the houses. It was a pleasure to see them, as well as the little gardens, they seemed so homelike.

Avranches, the next stop of importance, is an old Norman town, beautifully situated on a hill overlooking the river Sée. A heap of stones marks the site of a splendid cathedral, where, it is said, in the 12th century Henry II. of England did penance for the murder of Thomas à Becket.

But I must tell you of the experience we had at Pontorson, where we stopped for the night. On coming out from the station, we were literally mobbed by omnibus and cab drivers, who thrust their faces close to ours and shouted the advantages of the various inns. At last, we gave our baggage to a man who seemed more modest than the others, and told him to lead the way. His hostelry proved to be a second-class house, close to the depot, but as it appeared to be clean, and we were tired and hungry, we

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decided to stay. All went well until we were settled in our room and attempted to lock the door, when we found to our consternation that it only possessed an old-fashioned latch, and no lock whatever. The same was true of a door leading into an adjoining chamber. While we were debating what to do, for we knew it would be useless, at that late hour, to search for the landlady, we heard a strange noise under the window. Peering out, we saw a man in the garden very quietly placing a long ladder against the wall, beneath the window of the next room. Then we were scared indeed! Visions of masked robbers with dark lanterns, and tramps in blue blouses, with thick bludgeons, flitted through our tired brains, and we held a council of war. Although recalling stories of the honesty and carelessness of the average farmer, who sleeps with his doors open to the world, we remembered the treasures which we had accumulated, and thinking that discretion was the better part of trust, prepared for an attack. You ought to have seen our defenses! they put Sebastopol in the shade! In the first place, we gathered all the stout cords and strings from the baggage and connected the latches of the two doors; then, on the strings, we hung candlesticks, a tin cup, our little frying pan, the alcohol lamp, and all the articles that would make a great clatter, if the doors should be disturbed. Finally, we stacked our umbrellas and canes so that they would fall if touched, and made a barricade of the furniture, beds excepted. It did not occur to us until we awoke the next morning, after a peaceful rest, that probably the next room could only be reached through ours, and that the person who was to sleep there had been obliged to enter through the window, to avoid disturbing us. I really believe that, in the end, we were a trifle disappointed at the prosaic ending of the affair.

About nine o'clock, we mounted to the top of a coach and started on a five-mile drive to Mont St. Michel, an isolated rock, looming up out of the ocean, like a monster ship, about half a mile from the coast. Its base is incircled by ramparts, and a magnificent Benedictine Abbey, partially hewn out of the rock itself, crowns the height. In 1880, a causeway was built to connect the island with the mainland. Below the abbey and church, lies

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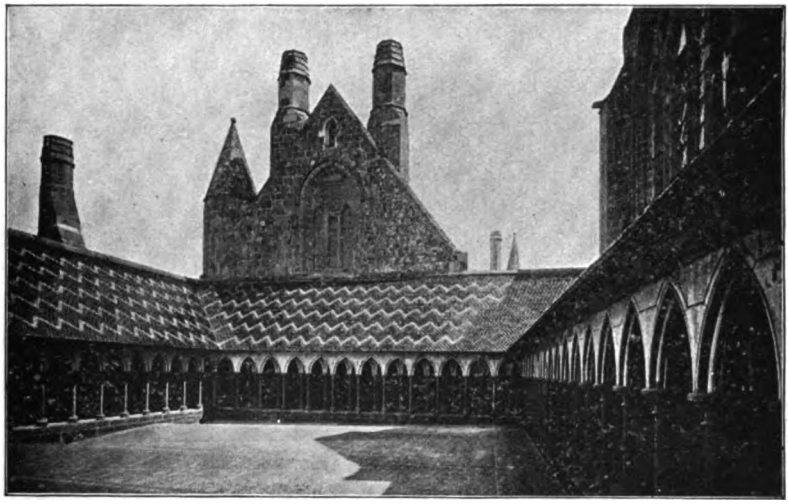
in which holes are bored at intervals of about six feet. Our guide informed us that, after death, the nude bodies of the monks were placed on these ledges and purified with holy water which ran off through the apertures. They were then wrapped in their vestments and lowered into the charnel house in the bowels of the rock.

The dungeons are horrible, built one within another, with only a tiny opening to admit air and food. We entered one, where a noted prisoner by the name of Barbès was incarcerated, and saw



CLOISTERS, MONT SAINT MICHEL

the great iron chain by which he was fettered to a ring in the wall. It was rusted with age, but still strong enough to hold a giant in check. There was an iron cage where the wretched Dubourg, a Dutch journalist, was eaten alive by rats in 1746.

The largest rooms are the refectory, with a huge chimney for roasting whole beeves, and the Hall of the Knights, so named because Louis XI., who in 1469 created the order of St. Michael, presided at the first reunion of the knights, which was held there.

After making the tour of the abbey, we were almost famished, and descended the stone steps with more alacrity than we mounted them. Below the dining-room of the Hôtel Poulard Ainé, is the neat kitchen with its great fire of logs, where we watched Mme. Poulard make one of the omelettes for which she is famous. The long-handled pan reached over two rows of chickens, sputtering

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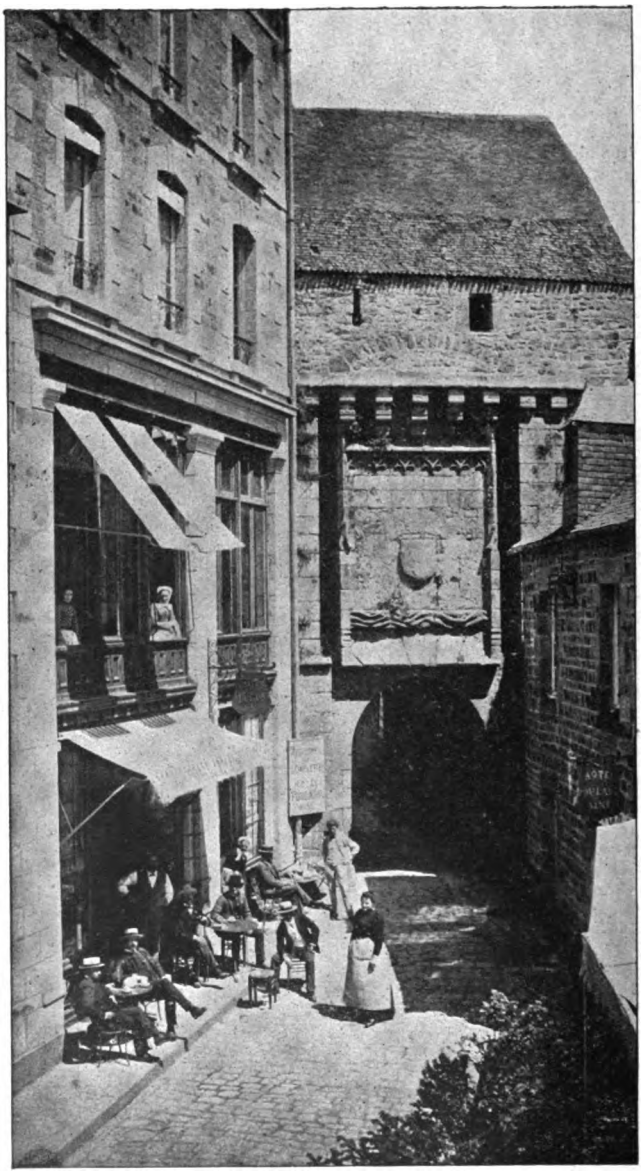

MME. POULARD AND HER GUESTS

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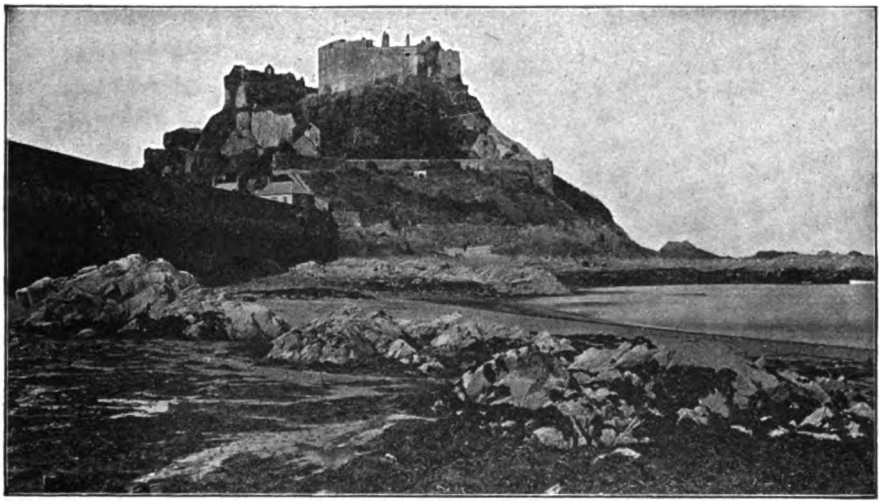
and sizzling on a spit before the flames, and, believe me, the dinner tasted all the better because we had seen it cooked. Besides the omelette and chicken, we had delicious fried fish, bread and fruit; all for two francs and fifty centimes. For such a dinner, we would have paid at least eight francs, in Paris.

Afterwards, we went down on the sands to watch the tide come in,—everybody does. Some venturesome couples went out on the rocks and sat there until the water touched their feet. In five minutes, the place where they had been was covered with the



MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE

rushing water, curling up and lashing the stone ramparts above. An old fishwife told me that when the sea was highest, at certain times of the year, it even reached the village.

The women of Normandy generally wear caps, which are unbecoming. In other respects, their costume differs little from that of other French peasants.

It is only a short distance from Mont St. Michel to Granville, one of the most important fishing towns on the Norman coast. Cod is brought there in large quantities from Nova Scotia, and sent with other fish and oysters to Paris. We engaged a room for the night in one of the old-fashioned inns on the beach, so that we could walk along the strand, past the homes of the fishermen. Some of these humble folk were sitting out on their doorsteps,

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CHAPTER XXVIII

LONDON

O not be surprised if this letter smacks of Anglomania, for we are overjoyed to find England all that is substantial and delightful. The country is beautiful, the architecture, dignified, and the people, well-mannered. Even the policemen are courtesy personified, and have the geography of the city at their tongue's end. London may be more corrupt than other cities, but she seems to have the ability to conceal the fact. We have visited the most important places of interest, and have been out in the evening to the theater, unescorted, without suffering the slightest annoyance.

One is greatly impressed by the enormous amount of business transacted in the City. The principal thoroughfares are so jammed with vehicles that it is not unusual for a blockade to occur several times in the course of an hour.

London has had an eventful history, and we are reminded of it at every turn. It became important soon after the Romans settled in England, which Cæsar was the first to invade. Few years pass without the discovery of Roman foundations. Nothing definite is known of the population, until within three centuries. In the 16th century, London was less than half the size of Paris, but the number of inhabitants has increased steadily, until, according to the census of 1896, there are 4,432,271.

It is one of the sights of a lifetime to stand upon Waterloo, Tower, or London bridge, and see the splendid buildings that rise from the imbankments. As far as the eye can reach, there are countless spires and domes, while the strong walls and yawning moat of the Tower, the slow, even current of the river typify the

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY

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the streets. Every one seems to be full of business; the men look solid and solemn, and the women, like good wives and mothers who have no interest in frippery. In fact, most of them are positively dowdy. Their carriage is often anything but graceful, and it is the fashion to wear the hair at the back of the head in a hideous wad, called a "bun," while the front locks are frizzled until the owner looks like a Soudanese. Yet English women, though lacking in what we call style, have fine complexions, and shapely shoulders which they are overfond of exhibiting. Despite this fact, they lack the air of frivolity that characterizes their sisters across the Channel. While at the theaters, we have noticed that the men appear to be weighed down by care, and sit most of the time lost in thought, quite indifferent to the fair sex. A French writer has said, "They amuse themselves gloomily, according to the fashion of their nation."

Generally, the first building visited by the stranger is the grand old pile, containing the ashes of so many great men and women,—Westminster Abbey. When in 616, King Sebert founded a church in honor of St. Peter, it was placed west of a Cistercian Abbey; hence the name, Westminster. The present abbey was built in the 13th century by Henry III. and his son, Edward I. Canon Farrar has said that Westminster is a "theology in stone," and that "the prevalent number is three; triple height, triple length, triple breadth, to remind us of the Trinity." Its structure is "cruciform to signify the Atonement." "Even the geometrical designs, which lie at the base of its ground plan, are combinations of the triangle, the circle, and the oval, the symbols of the Trinity, eternity, and the saintly aureole." Its architecture, with the exception of the towers and one chapel, is Early English, with a touch of Norman.

Once within, we forgot the beauties of the church itself in contemplating the monuments. In the north transept, is that of Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, twice prime minister of England. He is represented in his robes of office and seems about to address an invisible audience, so natural is the attitude, so keen and shrewd, the expression of the clear-cut features. Here, also, side by side, are Lord Chatham, Sir John Malcolm, and Sir Robert Peel.

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In the Poets' Corner lie Tennyson and Browning, and, near by, David Garrick, the actor. Across the aisle is a medallion on which are the following lines:—

"Life is a jest; and all things show it:
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Who could have written them but Gay? He sleeps beneath the pavement, with Addison and Burns, while the marble figure of William Shakespeare seems to watch over the precious remains in this chapel of St. Faith.

THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT

It did our hearts good to see the bust of Longfellow not far from the tomb of Chaucer, and a beautiful, memorial window, dedicated to the poets, George Herbert and William Cowper, the gift of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

The mosaic shrine of Edward the Confessor, in the oldest part of the abbey, is but a wreck of what it once was. Henry III., who erected it, later removed the jewels and gold with which it was adorned, to pay a war debt, and relic hunters have done the rest.

The most splendid part of the edifice is the superb Chapel of Henry VII., founded in 1502. The brazen gates, decorated with roses, symbolize the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, which ended the Wars of the Roses. The fretted stone ceiling is considered the finest in the world. On either side of the nave are the black oak choir stalls of the Knights of the Order of the Bath; they are beautifully carved. Below them, are seats for the three squires allowed each knight. The armorial bearings on the

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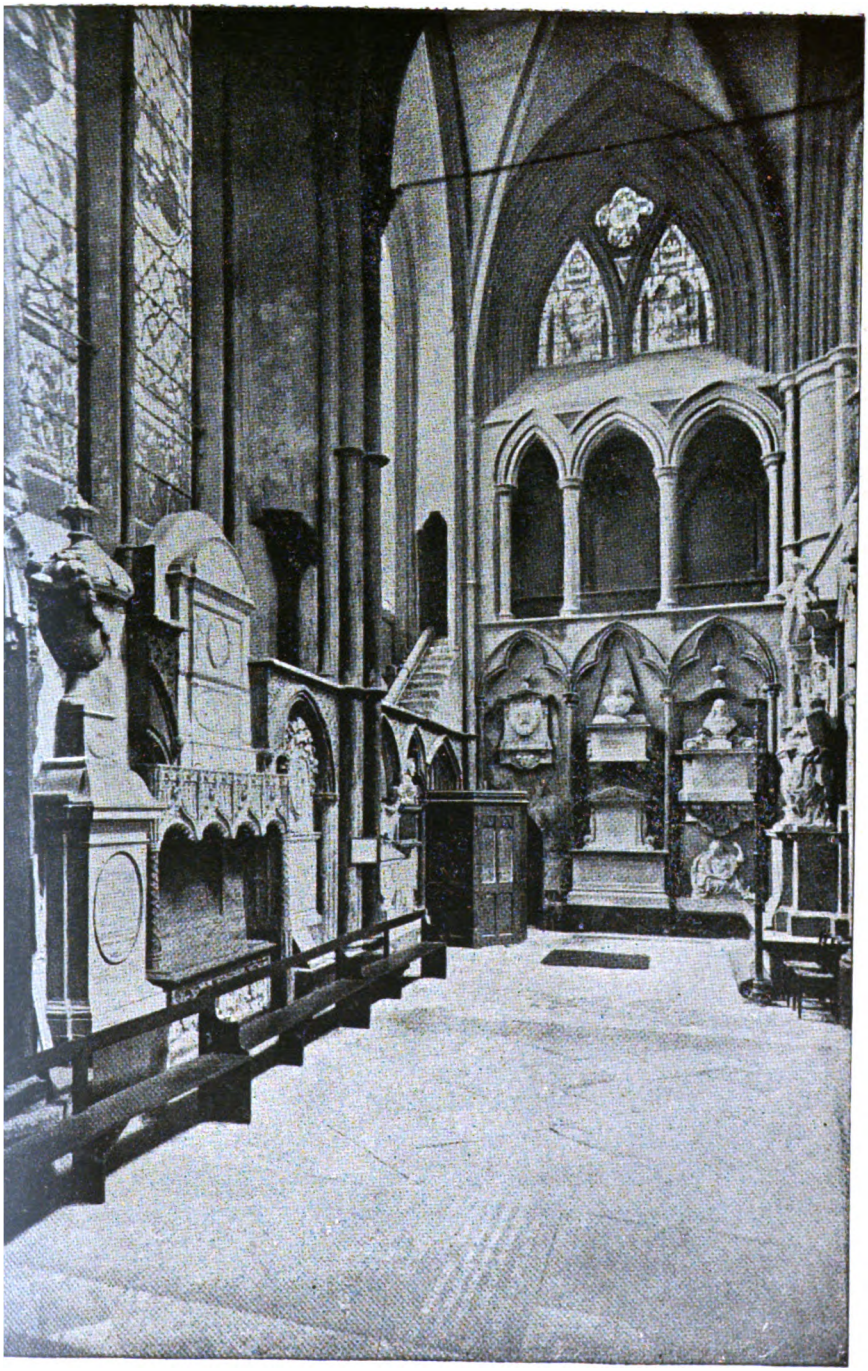

THE POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

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used as a fortress in case of war, and we are told that the moat could be filled at any time. Surrounding the White Tower are twelve others, and a strong wall. One enters by the Lion's Gate, where once the royal menagerie, now at the Zoölogical Gardens, was stationed.

The warders in and about the Tower are soldiers of meritorious service, and wear quaint costumes consisting of baggy trousers, belted blouses and wide hats of red and black. They are nicknamed "Beef-eaters," as, in ancient times, the Yeomen of the Guard were served with rations of beef, daily.

Within the gate is a little chapel, where are buried, among others, Lady Jane Grey and the Countess of Salisbury, Devereux, Earl of Essex and two of the six queens of Henry VIII.,—Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard; these five were beheaded in the courtyard of the Tower, and a brass tablet marks the spot where the block stood.

We walked up the great stone stairs of the White Tower, where the bodies of the little princes, sons of Edward IV., were once hidden. When Edward died, his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., declared his marriage invalid, and his sons illegitimate. He had them confined in the tower, and soon after, it was announced that they were dead. Though the circumstances seemed suspicious, evidently no one dared accuse Richard, then on the throne, and it was not until twenty years later that the bones of the princes were found beneath the stairs. The fact then became known that, at Richard's command, the children had been smothered in their beds.

The collection of armor and relics in the Banqueting Hall and Council Chamber is very interesting; it includes equestrian figures fully equipped for the tournament, a mounted wax figure of Elizabeth, and the cloak upon which General Wolfe died at Quebec, in 1759.

The Crown Jewels are kept in the Wakefield Tower, in a glass case protected by an iron cage, and further, by a strong metal lattice. It is difficult to see them distinctly, but, as there have been several attempts to steal them, precaution is necessary. With the exception of Queen Victoria's Crown, which contains the

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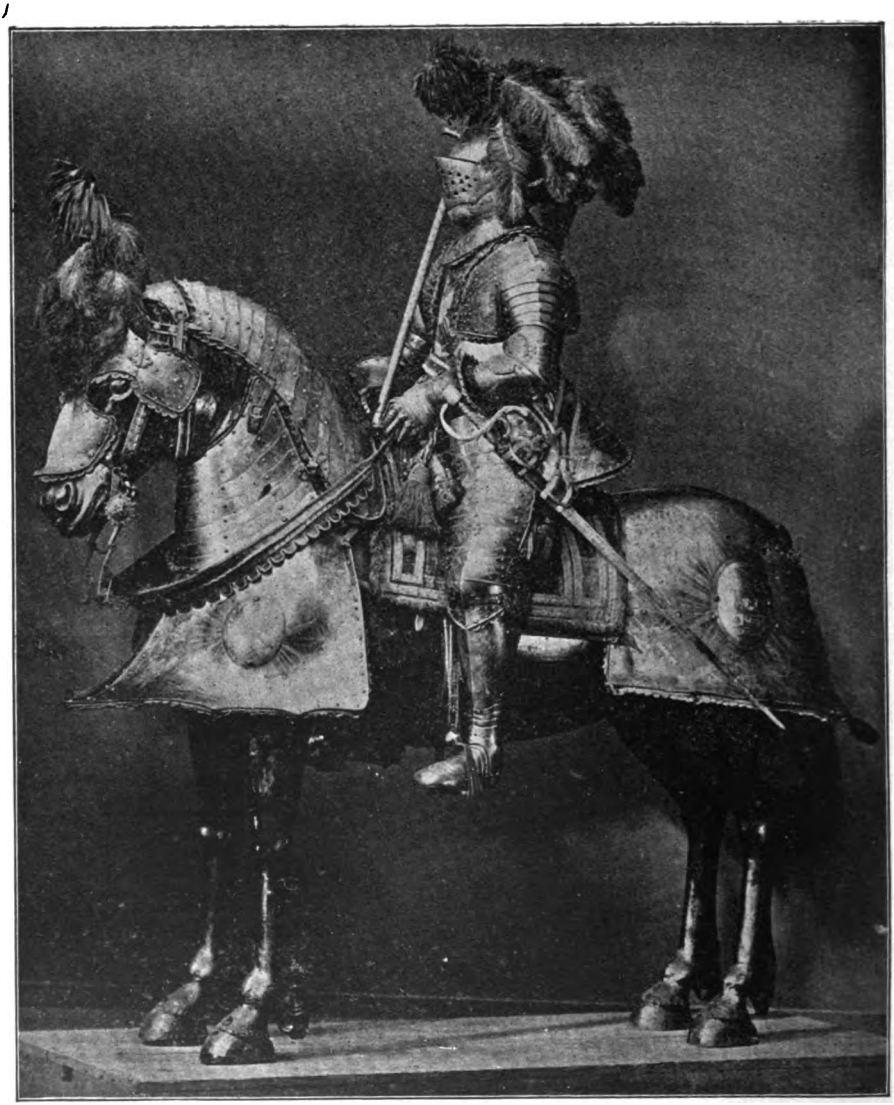

A KNIGHT IN ARMOR

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famous ruby owned by the Black Prince, and worn by Henry V. on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt, the Regalia did not seem to me as fine as the Austrian or Saxon display. The vessels of gold are not to be compared to the exquisite works of Benvenuto Cellini, in Italy, and yet, those collections are protected only by a glass case, and a guard.

When we came away, a company of Grenadiers, or Queen's Foot Guards were drilling in the courtyard, headed by a band discoursing martial music. They made a splendid appearance in their scarlet uniforms. The Grenadiers are the First Regiment, and wear scarlet tips at the side of their helmets and a scarlet band on their forage caps.

The Coldstream Guards are the Second Regiment, and wear a white tip and band, while the Third, or Scots Guard, wear a plaid band in the forage cap, but no tip; otherwise, we are told, the uniform of the three regiments is the same.

That evening, we attended the last performance of the season, at the Lyceum Theater. Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were the stars. They gave single acts from five of their principal plays, so that we saw Mrs. Campbell in a variety of characters, all of which she personated admirably. She is a lithe, delicate-looking woman, with a beautiful, riant face, and an extremely sympathetic manner. Mr. Robertson is a talented and finished actor, and bids fair to stand at the head of his profession. As the guests invited to the royal wedding are still in town, the theater was filled with fashionable people, making a gay and varied scene.

The Parthenon Sculptures, in the British Museum, are nearly black, now, while the Parthenon itself is not badly discolored, and, where the marble has been recently broken, almost white. How we wish we could transport these marvellous carvings to the old temple on the Acropolis! They belong to Greece rather than to England, and, some day, we trust they will be replaced on the structure that, without them, seems forsaken and desolate.

England has her faults, but she is a splendid country, and I bow in homage to her thrift, and, most of all, to her hero-worship. It seems to me that there is no more imposing monument than

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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the one in the center of Trafalgar Square, erected to Lord Nelson, commemorating his heroic death at the battle of Trafalgar, October 22nd, 1805, when the British fleet destroyed the armaments of France and Spain.

From the British Museum, it is only a short drive to the South Kensington Museum. This great institution is maintained by the government at an annual expense of about £600,000. The collections are so extensive that we could do little more than catch a glimpse of the principal objects of interest.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

We have enjoyed immensely the annual exhibition at the Royal Academy, which always attracts so many distinguished people; now and then, one even rubs elbows with royalty. It was amusing to see a party of tourists, probably "Cookies," (as those conducted by Cook's agents are often termed), rushing through the rooms, barely glancing at the pictures, evidently for the sole purpose of saying, "I have 'done' the National Gallery, in London."

Mr. Orchardson's portraits are magnificent, and there is a wonderful combination of yellows, called "Clytie," which bears the name of Sir Frederick Leighton, the late president of the Academy.

I have forgotten to tell you where we are stopping. In the first place, upon reaching London, we decided that, for once, we would go to a fashionable hotel. and thus have an opportunity

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to study London styles, for, as I have said before, the best people are in town. However, on entering the Hôtel Cecil, we were dismayed at the sight of the décolleté gowns worn by women who were promenading up and down, after dinner, and we concluded that it was *too* fashionable for us, and that our simple travelling dresses would be more in keeping with a quieter place. We are now at a family hotel on Howard Street, near the Strand, and within two minutes' walk of a dozen lines of omnibuses, which is very convenient. The terms are low for room and breakfast, and other meals we take in our room, or wherever we happen to be. The breakfast is quite as elaborate as a dinner, and on the buffet, at one side, are cold joints from which one can order a slice. The servants, like all English domestics, are quiet, attentive and deferential, a welcome change from those in Paris. All about our hotel are famous old houses once occupied by noblemen, but now used for business purposes. Not five minutes' walk from here is Somerset House, a palace in itself.

We had a quiet, restful Sunday morning, and in the afternoon attended the song service at St. Paul's. Old St. Paul's, begun in 1087, was probably the third Christian church to occupy this site. In 1561, it was injured by fire and, during the reign of James I., the dilapidated nave became a rendezvous. "Crowds of merchants with their hats on transacted business in the aisles, and used the font as a counter upon which to make their payments; lawyers received clients at their several pillars; and masterless serving-men waited to be engaged upon their own particular bench. Besides those who came on business there were gallants dressed in fashionable finery, so that it was worth the tailor's while to stand behind a pillar and fill his table-books with notes. When the cathedral was being rebuilt Sir Christopher Wren made a strict order against any profanation of the sacred building."

Near by, once stood the famous Cross of St. Paul, where the Pope's condemnation of Luther was read in the presence of Cardinal Wolsey, and where heretics were brought to recant, and witches to confess.

The present St. Paul's, begun in 1675, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, is the third largest church in the world, and

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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

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ranks next to the cathedral of Milan. Its architecture is really Gothic, though the details are classic. On each side of the façade is a bell tower, 222 ft. high; one contains the largest bell in England, weighing sixteen tons; the other, the most delightful chimes I have ever heard,—a merry tumbling of sweet sounds, as if each bell were racing with the others in some mad play.

The interior is rich in construction, but poor in decoration. Among the notable monuments are those of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, and Major General Gordon, who was killed at Khartoum in 1885.

It is going from the sublime to the ridiculous to take you from a cathedral to the monkey cage at the "Zoo," but there we went on Monday. Such rascals as they were, from the hoary-headed grandpa to the babies! After walking about for an hour, we seated ourselves on one of the benches which line the roadway. There, the elephants and camels are led up and down, laden with merry boys and girls, and squealing babies in their nurses' arms; some of the more venturesome lads, scorning the comfortable howdah, sit astride on the animal's neck. I had bought some sponge cakes, on my way to the "Zoo," for a little lunch, and they lay in my lap in a paper bag that might have contained millinery for aught the public knew; but one elephant was not deceived. He "sized up" that package from afar, with his little, twinkling eyes, and scooped it up from my lap. By the time I had grasped the situation, the lunch was rapidly disappearing down the throat of the sneak thief. You should have heard the shouts of the people! On his next trip, the same elephant poked his trunk into the lap of nearly every one along his way, in his eagerness to get another tempting morsel. I only hope the paper did not give him indigestion.

The Zoölogical Gardens are said to be the finest in the world, and occupy a large portion of Regent's Park, which was laid out during the reign of George III. There are over 2,000 animals and birds in the collection.

The Parliament Buildings, or new Palace of Westminster, in the richest Gothic style, cover eight acres on the banks of the Thames, and are most imposing when viewed from the river.

Upon entering, we were conducted to the Queen's Robing Room,

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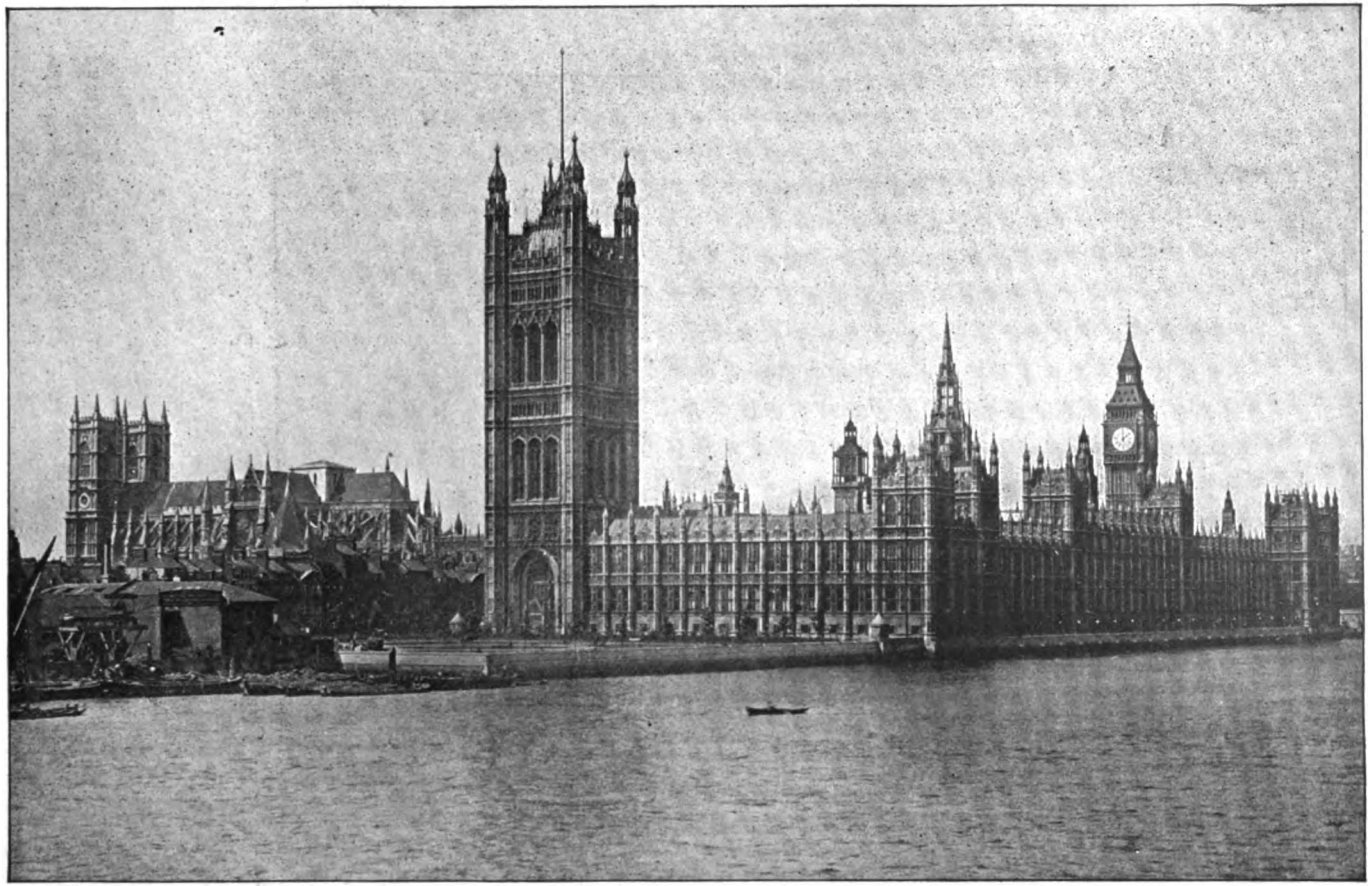

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

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Westminster Hall is part of the ancient Palace of Westminster, and now forms a vestibule to the Houses of Parliament. It has a wonderful oaken ceiling, and contains several statues of English monarchs. Coronation festivals were held here; here, also, Charles I. was condemned, and here Cromwell was saluted as Lord Protector. It is said that, after the removal of Cromwell's body from Westminster Abbey, his head was exposed with those of two

ST. JAMES'S PALACE

others on the pinnacles of Westminster Hall, for twenty-five years. A high wind finally blew it to the ground, where it was found by a sentry; it afterward came into the possession of a Dr. Wilkinson, one of whose descendants still claims it.

The best shops are in Bond and Regent Streets, and Piccadilly; they seem quite as attractive as those in Paris, though the prices are higher.

In an elegant café on Regent Street we were able to procure a glass of ice cream soda water, the first we have had since leaving America. It was flat and insipid. Upon a counter in front of the fountain, was a row of layer cakes, from which people cut their own pieces. It was the best cake I ever tasted!

The Aerated Bread Company have a large number of eating

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houses scattered over the business portion of the city, and shoppers find them very convenient, and the prices reasonable. One can get quite a respectable luncheon for a shilling.

The liveliest square in London is that upon which are situated the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Stock Exchange and the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor resides. It is dangerous, and sometimes impossible, to cross any of the streets

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

that radiate from this square, without the aid of a policeman. Here, the omnibuses are in a constant state of intanglement.

The Bank, founded in 1694, has the exclusive privilege, in London, of issuing paper money. The vaults usually contain £20,000,000. The building is only one story high, and has no outside windows, being lighted solely from interior courts.

It is very interesting to view the principal thoroughfares from the top of an omnibus, about five in the afternoon, when they are filled with rushing streams of vehicles and pedestrians. The conductors drum up passengers for the omnibuses, whenever they stop, shouting out the various points of interest along the line.

One pleasant route leads to Hyde Park, which covers nearly 400 acres. Among the most important of the nine carriage entran-

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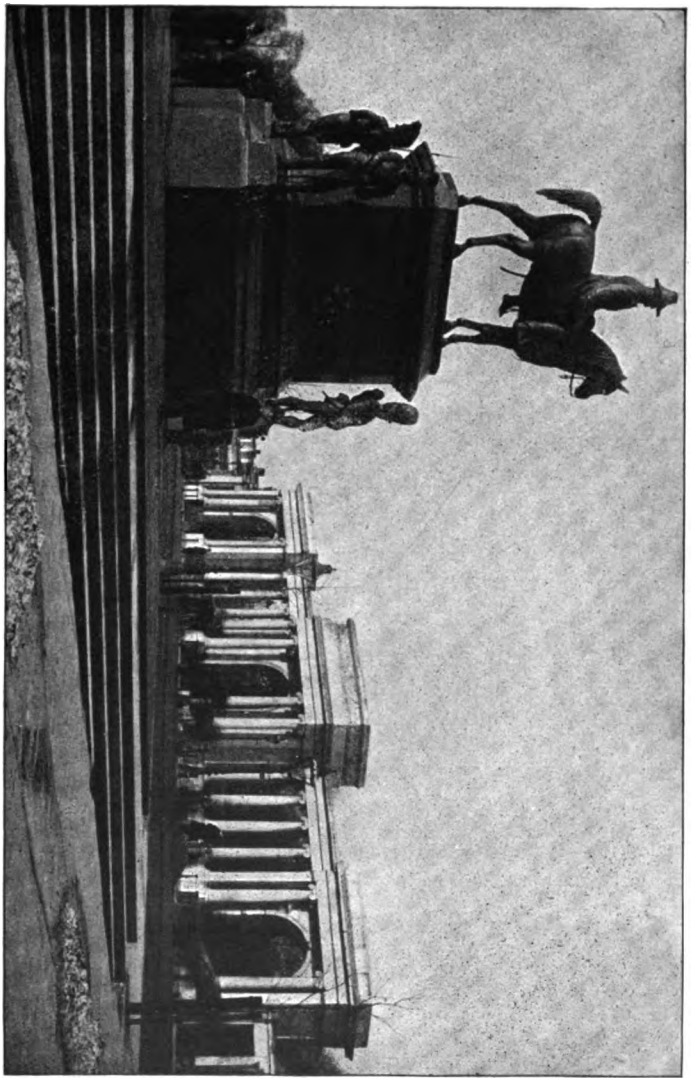

HYDE PARK CORNER

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ces is Hyde Park Corner, near which is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. A track called "Rotten Row" is used exclusively by equestrians. From the seats placed along the sides, one can see the wealth and fashion of London enjoying their favorite exercise.

North of St. James's Park is St. James's Palace, erected by Henry VIII. in 1532. The initials "H. A.," those of Henry and Anne Boleyn, are above the mantel in the Presence Chamber. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were married in the Chapel Royal of St. James's, and until the death of the Prince, the

DETAIL, ALBERT MEMORIAL

Queen's Levees, to which only gentlemen are admitted, and the Drawing Rooms, at which ladies are presented, were held in this palace.

Buckingham Palace, at the west end of St. James's Park, is the Queen's residence, when in town. Last week this palace was thronged with royal guests and members of the Court, who were there assembled for the wedding festivities of the Princess Maud. She must be a great favorite, judging from the expressions of admiration and affection that we hear daily.

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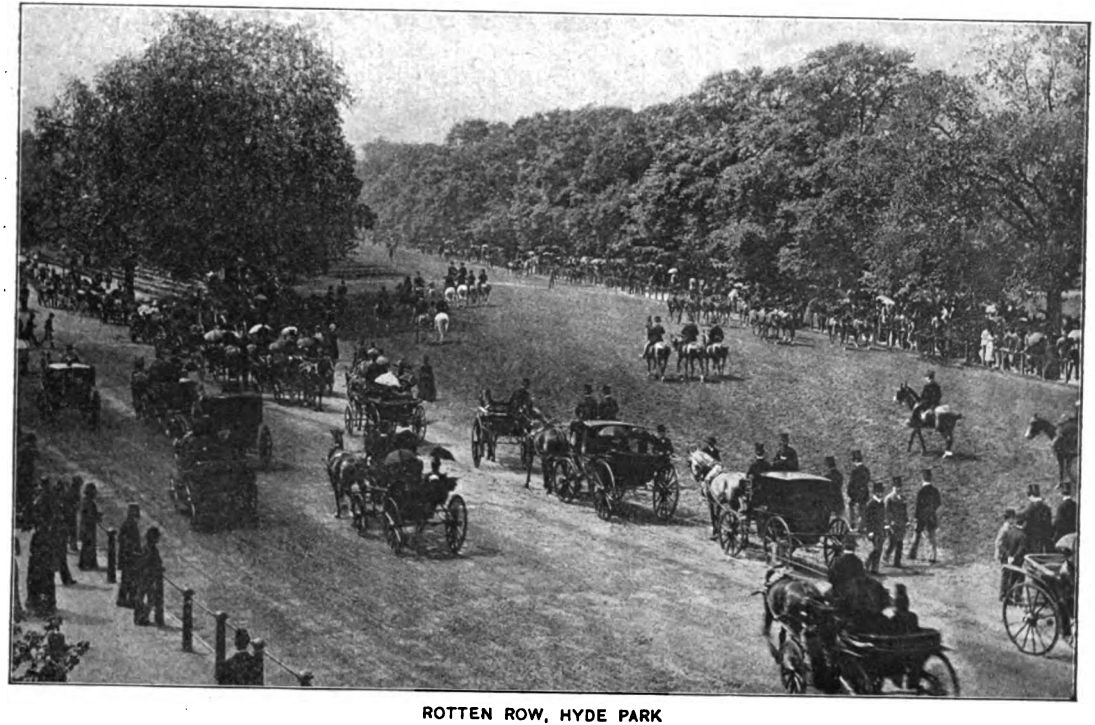

ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK

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In Kensington Gardens, adjacent to Hyde Park, is the architectural, memorial monument erected by the Queen and her people to Albert, Prince Consort. It is of granite, bronze and marble, the groups of figures at the four corners of the base being especially fine.

In the early part of the 17th century, "the taverns of London held a very important place. The Boar's Head in Great Eastcheap was an inn of Shakespeare's own day, and the characters he introduces into his plays are really his own contemporaries." At the London Tavern, formerly King's Head, Queen Elizabeth took her first meal after being liberated from the Tower. On Bishopgate Street Within, near its junction with Threadneedle Street, is a restaurant, once one of the finest houses in the city and occupied by the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III. It is called Crosby Hall and is mentioned by Shakespeare. "At the Mermaid Ben Jonson may be supposed to have had such rivals as Shakespeare, Raleigh, Beaumont, Fletcher, Carew, Donne, Cotton, and Selden, but at the Devil in Fleet Street, where he started the Apollo Club, he was omnipotent."

Fleet Street to-day is a sober thoroughfare filled with shops, but at every turn in the central part of London, one is brought face to face with its history, in which great men long dead, and the women who influenced them, played such an important part. In our admiration of the city of to-day, and in the excitement of viewing strange scenes and customs, we must not forget to honor those to whom honor is due.

Early yesterday morning, we started for Waterloo Station on our way to Hampton Court, the largest royal palace in Great Britain; it is about an hour's ride from London. While we were waiting for the train, a long line of children from six to twelve years old, each with a green ticket labelled "Fresh Air Fund" about the neck, began filing into the waiting room. All were dressed in what was plainly cast-off clothing; one little girl had on a very long, black skirt and a blue silk basque, made for a woman of thirty, belted to her little figure with a soiled, pink ribbon; a wide lace collar completed the costume. Others wore old velvet or silk dresses, embroidered stockings with holes in the heels,

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and slippers. I asked one of the ladies in charge who the children were, and she said that they belonged to a mission connected with the Ragged Schools, and were going to Bushy Park for a day's outing. Most of them looked old and careworn beyond their years, but one little creature, with big, ugly shoes, had life enough for the whole company. She was surely some waif from the dance halls, for she could not keep her feet still, but amused the bystanders by executing fancy dances, and the last we saw of her, as she entered a special train, one leg was poised in the air in true ballet fashion, and her elfish face was brimming over with enjoyment and anticipation of the day's delights.

The Palace of Hampton Court was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, and presented by him to King Henry VIII. Later on, the Stuart line, and also Cromwell, occupied it. The scene represented in Pope's "Rape of the Lock" occurred here. From the Thames the palace is imposing, but, not occupying an elevated position, it loses in dignity when viewed from other directions.

We entered by Anne Boleyn's Gateway, and ascended a staircase leading up to the Great Hall, built by Henry VIII. It is 106 ft. in length, 40 ft. in breadth, and 60 ft. in height. Fine tapestries adorn the walls, and the ceiling is in the Perpendicular Gothic style.

The valuable collection of pictures fills about twenty rooms. Here is the "Triumphal Procession of Cæsar" by Mantegna,* a wonderful painting in distemper; also Sir Peter Lely's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II."

To the south of the palace, in the Pond Garden, is a Black Hamburgh grapevine 128 yrs. old. Its stem is thirty-eight inches in circumference, and the branches spread over 2,200 ft. The annual yield is about 1,200 bunches, each nearly a pound in weight; most of this fruit goes to Windsor Castle.

The return from Hampton to London was most delightful. Taking the front seat of a double-decked coach, we drove past Diana's Fountain and the Lion Gates, through Bushy Park, on the way to Richmond. Bushy Park is a royal property of 1,000 acres,

*Italian painter, 1431-1506.

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HAMPTON COURT PARK

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and contains more than that number of tame deer The roads are lined with enormous horse-chestnut trees, planted, it is said, by William III. Each season when they are in blossom, thousands of city folk come to witness the sight.

Bowling across "Twickenham Town," we passed the fine residence of Mr. Labouchère, M. P., occupying the site of the poet Pope's old home, on the banks of the Thames. Our hearts gave a leap as we spied some little boats, and recalled the refrain of "Twickenham Ferry."

Alighting in front of Talbot's at Richmond, we immediately set out for Billet's to secure some of the celebrated "Maids of Honor," a dainty cheese cake, the recipe for which was furnished by one of the maids of Queen Elizabeth. These cakes are made by beating milk curds with sugar, eggs and lemon juice; this mixture is put into puff paste shells and baked.

Kew Gardens, further on, with their many hothouses, are among the finest in England. Kew Palace, where George III. and Queen Charlotte lived many years, is an old brick building with a quaint chapel near by, containing an organ on which Handel played.

At Kew we embarked on a Thames river boat, and for several hours enjoyed a quiet sail, passing many interesting places, including Putney and Chelsea. The latter is called the "cradle of great men," as it was the home of Carlyle, Rossetti, Leigh Hunt, Dean Swift and other celebrities. The Thames is a beautiful river, fringed for miles with low willows; the tasteful boathouses and pleasure craft belonging to noblemen, who have villas near the banks, add much to its attractions.

A delightful afternoon was spent in the India and Ceylon Exhibition, where the mosques, theaters, bazaars, bridges, and artificial lakes are reproductions of those in the places mentioned. Afterwards, we had a genuine Indian dinner, sitting under the cooling breeze of a punka,* the cord being pulled by a coolie in red and white, while others served the meal. The menu consisted of the following dishes; thick soup powdered with rice, boiled salmon served with boiled rice and red pepper dressing, chicken

* A fan suspended from the ceiling.

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and rice sprinkled with curry powder, boiled ginger pudding, and preserved fruits.

This morning found us at the "Old Curiosity Shop" that Dickens has made so dear to us; it is back of the Law Courts, on a narrow street, a little building, looking as if about to tip over with age, and now used as a junk shop.

Taking a cab with a well informed driver, we crossed London Bridge and made a tour of the section called Whitechapel, where so many dreadful deeds occurred not long ago. The poverty and degradation of this community of Jew brokers, second-hand dealers, and roughs is appalling.

Women and children were lounging on the sidewalks and in the doorways, unkempt, dishevelled, and unclean. It is strange, as well as pitiful, that, in a city where industry seems to hold full sway, there should be so many poor people. Nowhere in America have I seen such abject misery as in London. The people seem infinitely more wretched than the beggars of Italy and Spain. There, we saw little evidence of the liquor habit among the poor. Here, on the contrary, the faces of the majority are bloated and inflamed by drink. No matter how ragged Southerners are, they will generally smile when spoken to, and seem to take some comfort out of a bare existence, evidently with faith in better times to come, but these poor creatures seem to have left hope behind.

We find upon inquiry that the charities of London are counted by thousands, and that they are well organized, as are the innumerable societies for promoting industry. It is said that, once a year, on "Hospital Sunday," hundreds of charitable women stand on the street corners to collect alms for the hospitals, while voluntary subscriptions to benevolent objects amount to more than £5,000,000 annually. Too much praise cannot be given to the men and women of London, who are devoting their time, strength, and money to the elevation of moral and physical lepers. May these good Samaritans ever increase in number and their "light so shine" that the indifferent and the selfish may be influenced by their example, and go and do likewise.

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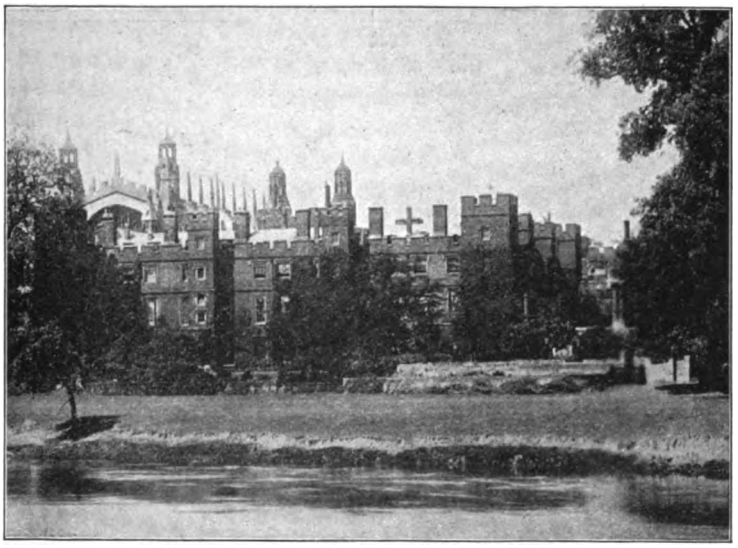
century; its bell was brought from Sebastopol. Edward selected the spot where, according to legend, King Arthur used to sit, surrounded by the Knights of the Round Table. Each succeeding sovereign has added to Windsor.

The Queen occupies the rooms on the east side of the quadrangular court; they contain many art treasures, embracing a rare collection of drawings, portraits and porcelain.

No more magnificent example of English Gothic architecture exists than St. George's Chapel. It has a fan-shaped vaulting,



ETON COLLEGE

with hanging pendants, and the choir is incircled by the carved stalls of the Knights of the Garter, with their armorial bearings.

Adjoining, is the Albert Memorial Chapel, a perfect kaleidoscope of colored marbles, sculpture, stained glass and ornate decoration, very rich, but overloaded and oppressive. The tombs in the center are those of the Dukes of Albany and Clarence; the latter was the elder son of the Prince of Wales; there is, also, a cenotaph of the Prince Consort, who is buried at Frogmore. We saw the gorgeous mausoleum through the trees in the distance, as we wandered down the long walk which leads from the castle toward the statue of George IV.

The Great Park of Windsor comprises 1,800 acres, and is well

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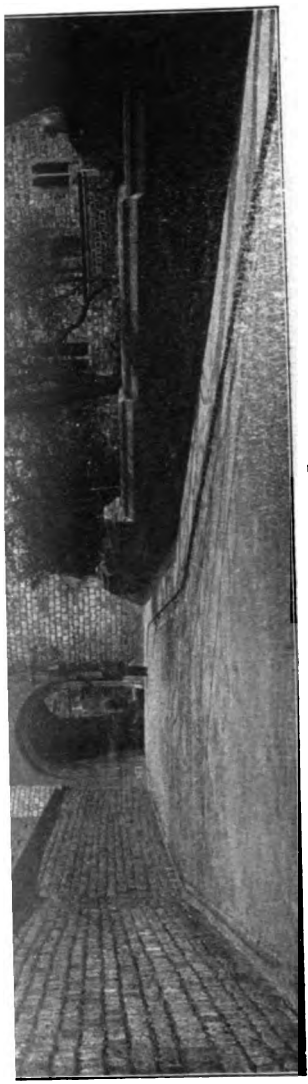

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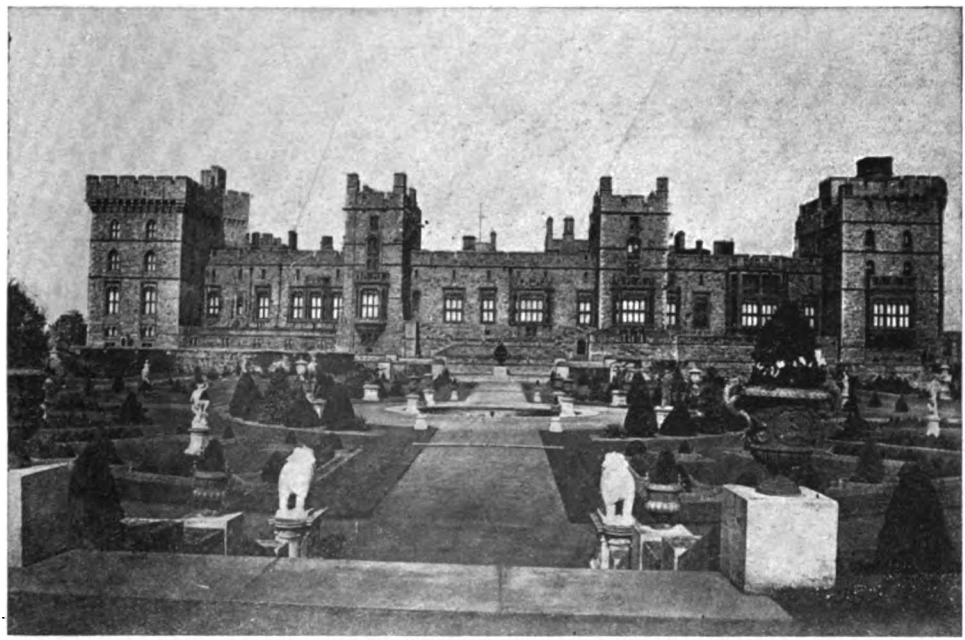
stocked with deer. Some of the oaks are of great antiquity. One cannot help remarking England's wealth of fine trees. They all seem thrifty and sturdy; the leaves are glossy and firm, as if the soil were extremely fertile.

From Windsor it is but a few hours' ride to Oxford, a town of Colleges, celebrated since the 13th century. It is, says Dean Stanley, "a mass of towers, pinnacles and spires, rising in the bosom of a valley, from groves which hide all buildings, but such as are



THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS, WINDSOR CASTLE

consecrated to some wise and holy purpose." That it is a beautiful spot calculated to inspire genius, and strengthen noble purpose, none can deny. The very atmosphere of Oxford is exhilarating. One draws deep breaths of the sweet, country air, in the quiet walks beside the river, and falls into profound meditation under some wide-spreading elm. The principal street, one of the finest in England, is the High Street, which presents a great variety of architecture.

The venerable appearance of many of the college buildings is caused not only by time, but, we are told, by the lawlessness of

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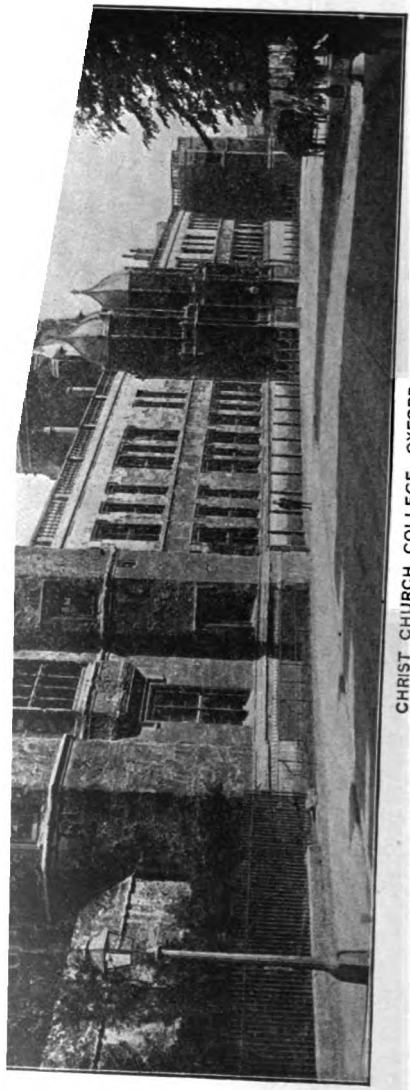

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD

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the students, who for years have chipped off fragments of the stone from the casements of the windows and doors, with their sticks, until they look as if they had suffered in the Hundred Years' War. However, the English ivy is gradually covering the walls with its cloak of green, and soon the battered stone will be hidden from view.

Although Christ Church College, founded by Cardinal Wolsey and reëstablished by Henry VIII., is not the most beautiful of the

THE HALL, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE

colleges, it was the most interesting to us. Among the students it is known as "The House." We engaged a garrulous old man, who had lived in the place all his life, to go about with us; more because we wished to hear him talk than because we really needed a guide. The Great Quadrangle, around which the buildings are grouped, measures 264 by 261 ft., and was intended by Wolsey to be surrounded by cloisters.

In the Tower, generally known as "Tom Tower," is a bell called "Big Tom." It weighs 17,000 pounds; every night at ten minutes past nine, it tolls one hundred and one times, the signal for closing the gates.

Over the entrance to the Hall is a statue of Wolsey; and the escutcheons of Henry VIII. and Wolsey are carved on the roof of Irish oak. This hall, 115 ft. long, is lined with the portraits of

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eminent Englishmen. Here the students dine, and here, on hard wooden benches, Sir Robert Peel, Ben Jonson and "Billy" Gladstone (as our old guide called him) ate their frugal meals, like ordinary mortals, and hobnobbed with the "next boy."

As Christ Church is the official residence of the sovereign, when in Oxford, the great Hall has been the scene of many im-

THE BROAD WALK, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE

pressive festivities, James I., Charles I. and Queen Elizabeth having witnessed plays enacted there.

The Chapel, a part of which formerly belonged to St. Frideswide's Priory, is unique in architecture, and one lingers long before the fine Norman doorway. The vaulted roof is of Wolsey's time, and, at the left of the choir, is the reputed shrine of St. Frideswide, who died in 740.

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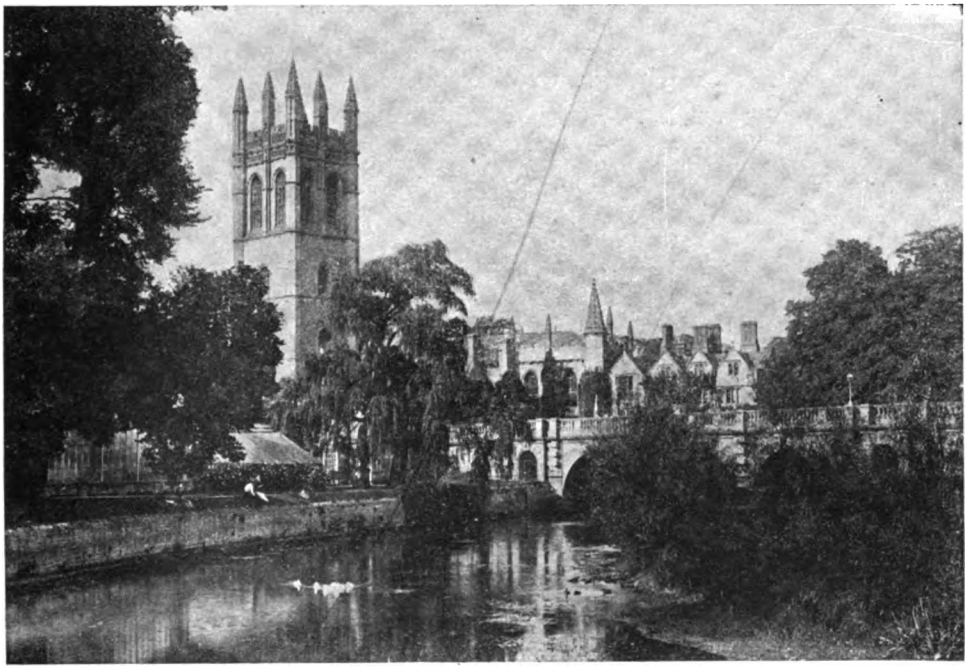
From the dim, quiet vestibule we stepped out into the glowing sunshine, and crossed the meadows by a broad walk bordered by venerable elms. How inviting this shade must be to the students, who can muse or study on the comfortable seats beneath!

Many quaint customs cling to Queen's College, so named after its patroness, Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III. At Christmas dinner, a boar's head is served. It is brought into the Hall at the head of a procession, while the students sing an old Latin



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

song. "Every New Year's day the bursar offers his guests a needle and thread, coloured red, yellow and blue, for the three faculties, Law, Physic, and Divinity, with the words, 'Take this and be thrifty'; a custom which is supposed to have originated in the founder's name, *Aiguille-fil*, 'needle' and 'thread.'" In olden times, beggars were fed daily at Queen's. Probably it was safer to have such a custom, then, than now.

But it is Magdalen* College that we love to remember, with

* Pronounced "Maudlin."

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its stately towers and splendid quadrangles, with its walks beside the Cherwell, where Addison loved to roam. Fragrant shrubs are reflected in its still waters and great trees spread their roots beneath its bed. The buildings cover nearly eleven acres of ground. Pretty little fawns run beside their soft-eyed mothers in the deer park, or bound timidly away, when a stranger approaches the elms under which they are browsing.

In one of the principal squares of the town is the Martyrs' Memorial, commemorating the burning of three English advocates of the Reformation, the Bishops Ridley and Latimer, and Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. For Cranmer, who was instrumental in divorcing Henry VIII. from several of his wives, we cannot feel as much sympathy as for the brave and aged Latimer, who, though degraded by being stripped of his clothing before the fagots were lighted, still had the fortitude to speak words of comfort to his fellow sufferer, Ridley. These three martyrs, like many others, were the victims of the fanatical queen, whose persecution of Protestants has given her the name of "Bloody Mary."

Fine Libraries, Museums, Theaters and an Art Gallery add to the attractions of Oxford. It is pleasant to think that a man without a title, and with limited means, can enjoy the privileges of this famous University; that here, if nowhere else, the son of a prince meets the son of a merchant, on an equal footing. We are told that there are American boys studying in Oxford, who are among the most promising pupils.

A little to the north of Oxford lies Blenheim, the estate of the Duke of Marlborough. By order of Queen Anne, an act of Parliament transferred this estate from the crown to John Churchill, the first duke of Marlborough, as a reward for his victory in the battle of Blenheim, Bavaria, in the year 1703, when the English forces conquered the French under Marshal Tallard.

As we alighted at the little station of Woodstock, one day about noon, we found that we had just four hours in which to get our dinner, and visit the palace before the train left for Warwick. There seemed to be no hotel, but walking along the one business street of the town, we discovered a modest restaurant, and entered. The proprietor, who was also the waiter, regaled us with gossip

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about the great people at the palace. As the new duchess of Marlborough is an American girl, we were naturally curious to know what was thought of her. This man spoke in the most flattering terms of her beauty, graciousness and generosity, and showed us a picture of the evergreen arch with its "Welcome Home!" erected at the palace gate, in honor of the bride; and another, of the throng of servants who stood bareheaded to greet her, upon her arrival. He told us that she was to give three large entertainments this week; on Thursday, she would be "at home" to the gentry; on Friday, the school children were to have a fête

BLENHEIM PALACE

in the park, and on Saturday, the tenants, of whom there are eight hundred on the estate.

Passing through the imposing, triumphal gate erected by the first duchess of Marlborough to the victor of Blenheim, we entered the lodge and procured tickets of admission at a shilling each, for the house and garden. The lodge-keeper was dressed in old-time costume, and once, when a carriage came down the drive, he took up a long staff with a ball on top, and, placing himself at the gate, with staff upright, stood there straight and stiff until the equipage had passed.

As we walked up through the park, we noticed preparations for the approaching festivities. Gay tents, under which refreshments were to be served, were pitched here and there, and men were dragging iron fences mounted on wheels about the grounds, to partition off certain portions.

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The façade of the palace, 325 ft. in length, is unlike anything we have seen in England. The architecture may be styled "*Irregular*, with classic details." A broad drive leads up to the entrance, which has a portico with huge Corinthian columns. To the right and left, are curving colonnades, something like those before St. Peter's, in Rome; they terminate in towers. Between the columns are large, green tubs containing tropical shrubs and orange trees.

When we stepped into the hall, there came over us a sense of emptiness and melancholy, that the visit to other parts of the palace only increased. The rooms are lofty, and, save now and then an antique piece of furniture, the appointments are modern and unsuitable. The only place that seemed homelike was a small music room, where some servants were filling vases with white sweet peas and maidenhair ferns.

The library, 183 ft. in length, is finished in white with gold tracing, the walls being panelled in carved wood; on one side, is a magnificent, new pipe organ. Four polar bearskins are spread upon the floor. At one end stands a marble statue of Queen Anne; at the other, a bust of the great duke, but the splendid room looks ghostly and unfurnished, and the bookcases, once holding 80,000 volumes, are empty. It was dismantled by the late duke, who sold the books and most of the pictures and furniture, to pay his debts.

While standing in the grand drawing-room, we saw the ducal pair at luncheon, in another apartment. The Duchess was attired in a negligee of pale blue satin and white lace. The servants in attendance wore powdered wigs and knee breeches. Later, the Duke came out into a hall, where we happened to be, and spoke to one of the servants. He has a bright, shrewd face, and we imagine that under his care, Blenheim will recover some of its lost prestige.

In one of the drawing-rooms, there is a portrait of the present duchess by Carolus Duran, the eminent French portrait painter. He has painted her as a slip of a girl in floating tulle, without a single jewel, yet the poise of her head and the firm grasp of the wand in her right hand, as she descends a flight of steps, give her an air belonging only to those who are to the "manner born."

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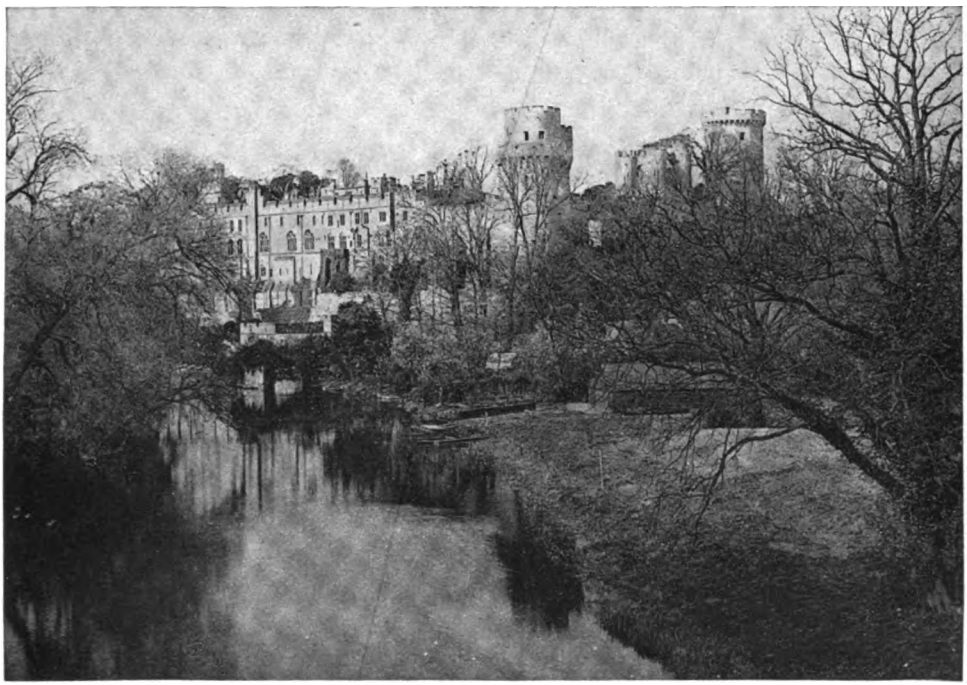
The picture is worthy to be placed beside that of Queen Louise of Prussia, and makes Americans feel proud. Not a portrait, in all the galleries we have visited, is more dignified and lovely than that of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough.

The Italian gardens at Blenheim are fine indeed; here are kept many scarlet and green parrots, and the little spaniels, of which her ladyship boasts a hundred.

We arrived at Warwick late in the afternoon, and found that the hotel accommodations were limited, and the prices higher than we wished to pay; so we cast about for private lodgings. A



WARWICK CASTLE

woman, who kept a bookstand, told us that we might get a room over a neighboring fruit store, and it proved to be just what we wanted.

When a child, I was deeply impressed by Bulwer Lytton's story, the "Last of the Barons," and the first sight of Warwick Castle in its stately beauty filled me with the same sense of awe that the exploits of Richard Nevile did, then. As we stood to-

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gether on the bridge over the Avon and looked at the grand old towers, the embattled walls and the wide, deep moat, now grass-grown, we felt more than ever before that there is no majesty so impressive, so soul-stirring, as that of a great monument of architecture, fraught with a history like that of Warwick.

From the lodge the approach to the castle is hewn, for more than a hundred yards, through solid rock, now covered with the most wonderful lichens and overhung with thick shrubbery. When one emerges from this avenue of green, he finds himself at the edge of the moat, over which is an arch where the drawbridge formerly swung out; beyond, is the great gate. There, the huge, machicolated towers of the castle loom above one, like giants. That on the right is called "Guy's Tower," after the champion, Guy of Warwick, around whose career many legends cluster. It was erected in 1310, by Thomas, Lord Beauchamp, and is 128 ft. high; its walls are ten feet thick. Through the openings, the besieged could throw down sharp stones and molten lead upon the heads of the besiegers below. In the deep dungeons of Cæsar's Tower, which is older by two centuries, are curious inscriptions scratched on the wall by prisoners of war.

Entering the castle, we stood in speechless admiration, for here was realized our dream of a lordly hall. On the walls amid branching antlers and other trophies of the chase, were spears, swords and guns, as well as colors that had been through the Crimean War. Along the sides of the hall stood figures clad in the armor of earls long dead. The oaken chests, chairs and tables looked as if intended for a race of giants, while, in a corner, was a huge iron porridge pot, and the tilting pole, sword and armor of Guy of Warwick. That he was nine feet high is a tale one does not doubt, upon lifting his twenty-pound sword, or gazing at the flesh fork, which he is supposed to have used in eating. We took in our hands the mace of Richard Nevile, the "king-maker" and "king-breaker." It lay on a table, above which was a curious shield, incircled by Scottish swords. It is wrought in silver and was once borne by Charles Edward, the Pretender, whose tomb is in St. Peter's.

The state bedroom, which has been occupied by Queen Anne,

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Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria, contains some fine pictures, and is hung with a sumptuous piece of 17th century tapestry from Brussels. An odd, little leather trunk with brass mountings, once used by Queen Anne, stands beside the bed.

In the library we saw a buffet carved from a majestic oak which grew near Kenilworth Castle. It was a wedding present from the county to the late earl, on the occasion of his marriage, in 1852.

The family are now travelling, so we were permitted to enter their private apartments. From the windows of the exquisite boudoir of the Countess, where priceless mosaic tables and bric-a-brac delight the eye, we looked out upon the banks of the Avon, shaded by lofty cedars of Lebanon, and flower gardens, where peacocks were strutting up and down the paths, or spreading their gorgeous tails to the sun, as they sat upon the top of the broad walls.

On a knoll stands the conservatory built to receive that famous work of art, "The Warwick Vase." It was discovered at the bottom of a pool at Hadrian's Villa, near Tivoli, Italy, and purchased at once by one of the earls of Warwick, who placed it here. It is of pure white marble, magnificently carved, and has a capacity of 163 gallons. The rim is incircled by a grapevine, laden with fruit, which also forms the handles. About the bowl is the skin of a panther with head and claws attached, which, with a vine-wreathed thyrsus and other emblems of Bacchus, completes the design.

We did not need to glance over the pages of a volume of Felicia Hemans' poems, lying on a table in the boudoir, to recall her appropriate lines on the "Homes of England":—

> "The stately homes of England,
> How beautiful they stand,
> Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
> O'er all the pleasant land!
> The deer across their greensward bound
> Through shade and sunny gleam,
> And the swan glides past them with the sound
> Of some rejoicing stream."

Kenilworth is easily reached by carriage from Warwick, so one afternoon we engaged a landau and bowled along the country

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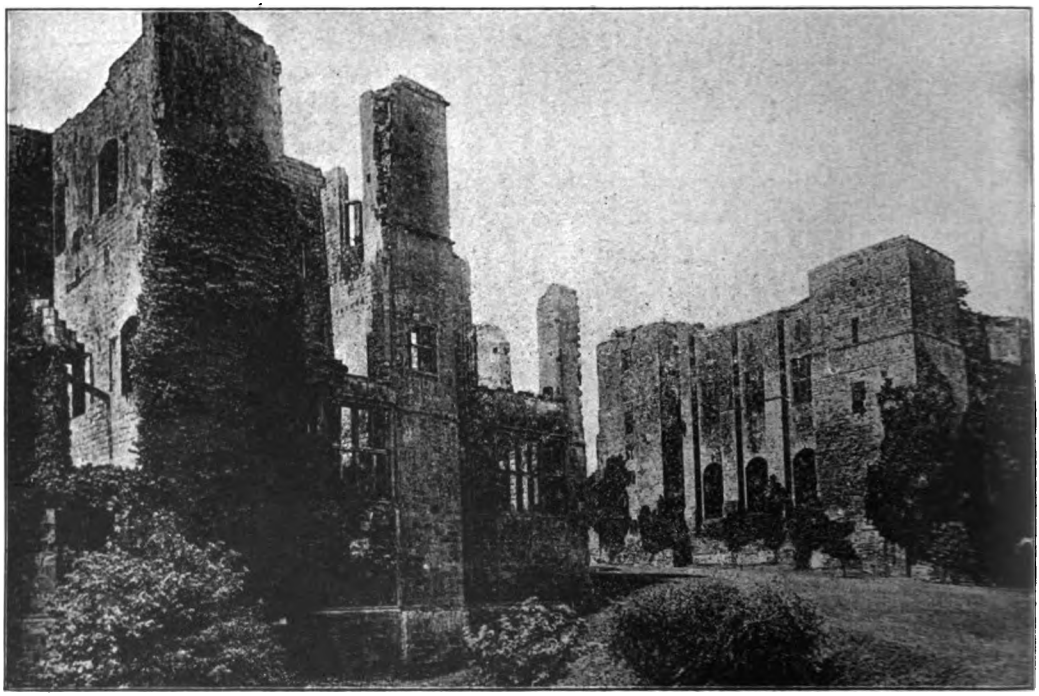
roads between farms bounded by thick, closely trimmed hedges and past vine-clad cottages with thatched roofs. The gardens were running over with dahlias, marigolds, and phlox; but more brilliant than all were the coaches, which, drawn by four, or even six, horses, and filled with gaily dressed ladies and their escorts, dashed by us, with horns at full blast, on their way from Coventry to Stratford-on-Avon, the village where the cottage of Shakespeare still stands.

There were many cyclers, for wheelmen are not slow to take advantage of the picturesque, country roads of England. The inns,



RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE

for many years closed, owing to lack of business, are now frequented by these seekers after health and pleasure, and do a thriving business. We were amused by the signs, so characteristic of the English. There was the "Punch Bowl," the "Green Man," and "The Iron Key." At one of these inns, we were refreshed with some currant buns and a cup of tea, all for a sixpence. In Greece we felt that we had not breakfasted, without Hymettus honey, and in

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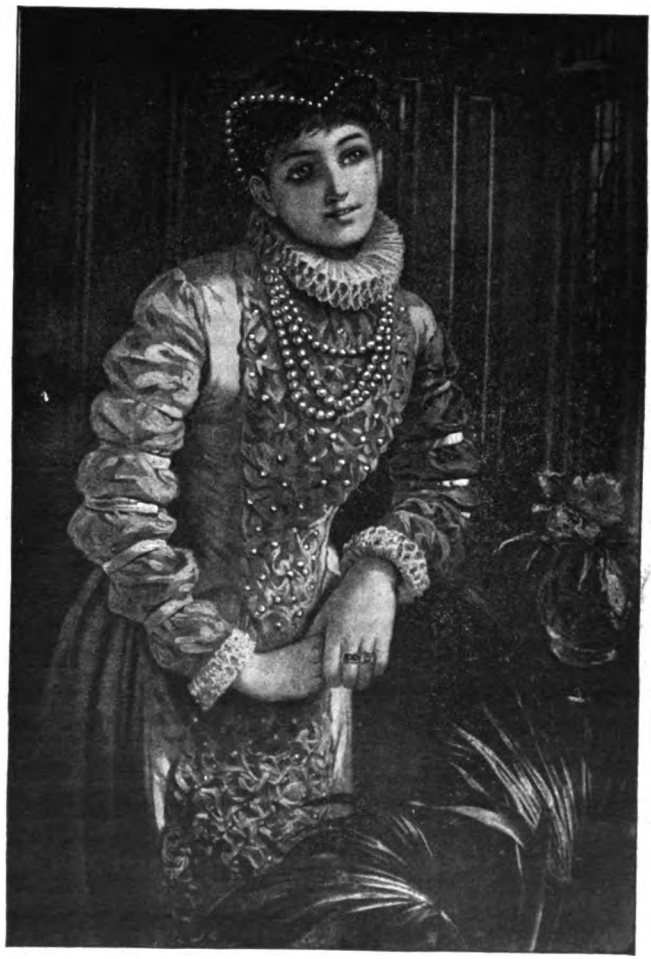

AMY ROBSART

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Italy, that we had not dined, without macaroni; so here, we never tire of currant buns.

Guy's Cliffe was our first stopping-place. The beautiful manor house is built on the rocky cliff, over a cave where Guy of Warwick, returning from one of his martial exploits, sated with victories, and weary of the world, sought rest and peace in the life of a recluse. It is said that he repaired to the castle daily for three years, to beg his bread, which he received from the hand of his own wife, who did not discover his identity. While mortally ill, he sent his ring to her by a messenger, but she reached his side only in time to bid him a last farewell. He was buried in the cave. The mansion is now inhabited by a nobleman and his family, and therefore closed to the public. There is a fine old Saxon Mill not far away, the wooden wheel now unused. This, with the foaming cascade, and the trees overhanging the river below the house, makes a delightful picture.

We came all too soon to the picturesque ruins of Kenilworth Castle, which, ivy-grown and surrounded by holly and hawthorn trees, is on the site of a fortress once occupied by a Saxon king named Kenulph, and his son Kenelm. "Worth" is the Saxon word for dwelling place, and, combined with the king's name or that of the prince, forms "Kenilworth."

The castle was built in the reign of Henry I. During the Wars of the Roses, it belonged alternately to the different factions, and suffered accordingly. When Queen Elizabeth presented Kenilworth to her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, he at once began extensive improvements and his boundless wealth and fine taste enabled him to transform the estate into a dream of beauty.

When quite young, Dudley had married Amy, the beautiful daughter of Sir John Robsart, but the marriage did not prove a happy one. Unscrupulous and with an overmastering ambition, he permitted no obstacle to lie in his path. Poor Amy stood in the way of his advancement. Her death occurred, under suspicious circumstances, in 1560. It was said that she broke her neck by falling down stairs, but facts were afterwards disclosed which led to the belief that she was murdered.

Elizabeth made Dudley a Knight of the Garter, and in 1564,

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Baron of Denbigh and Earl of Leicester. The latter title brought him many honors, among them, the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford. He then contracted a secret marriage with the dowager Baroness of Sheffield.

In 1575, upon the completion of the great banquet hall of Kenilworth, the Earl gave such a magnificent entertainment in honor

QUEEN ELIZABETH

of Queen Elizabeth that it has won a place in history. The fête lasted more than two weeks, at an expense of £1,000 per day. A large number of oxen, sixteen hogsheads of wine and forty of beer were consumed daily.

From Mervyn's Tower, one can look down into the banquet hall, eighty-six feet long, with its immense windows, and picture to himself what it must have been in the days of Queen Bess.

The tilt-yard, where the tournaments took place, lay between

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two large towers, and was the principal scene of entertainments. Imagine the haughty Elizabeth, in her jewelled stomacher and stiff, brocaded robes, escorted by the handsome Leicester, making a tour of the grounds! What must have been her discomfiture and rage, when later she discovered his second secret marriage, to

ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER

the widow of the Earl of Essex, who, by the way, also died under suspicious circumstances!

Just as we were entering the town of Warwick on our return, we overtook three carriages containing a joyous wedding party. The bride, a pretty little blonde, wore a bunch of white roses in the belt of her muslin gown; a similar knot fastened the bridal veil to her hair. The groom was very lanky and awkward, and, as the bridesmaids and groomsmen made rhymes on his name, "Tommy," and kept shouting them from one of the rear carriages,

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his face was about the color of a piece of red flannel. We jogged along behind, enjoying the fun immensely, and, when they drew up in front of a small church, waited a moment until they had disappeared within and then followed them, taking a rear seat. The simple Church of England ceremony was soon over, and Mr. and Mrs. "Tommy" walked down the aisle, while some little girls strewed their way with rose petals and daisies.

It was only a short walk from this place to St. Mary's, a venerable edifice where the noble families of Warwick and Kenilworth sleep their last sleep. The curate, who happened to be in the church, showed us about and explained the tombs.

The Ladye Chapelle is considered one of the most exquisite examples of Gothic architecture in England, the stonework being a marvel of carving. In the center is the tomb of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, whose brass gilt effigy rests upon the top. I copied a part of the inscription, as the old English is so quaint:—

"Preieth devoutly for the Sowel whom God assoille of one of the most worshipful Knightes in his days of monhode & conning Richard Beauchamp late Earl of Warrewik lord Despenser of Bergevenny & of mony other grete lordships whos body resteth here under his tumbe in a fulfeire vout of Stone set on the bare rooch thewhuch visited with longe siknes in the Castel of Roan therinne decessed ful cristenly the last day of April the year of our Lord God AMCCCxxxix."

In the 17th century, the floor of the Ladye Chapelle fell in, under the weight of the tomb, and the casket was broken open. The body, which was perfect, returned to dust, on exposure to the air. Some of the hair was woven into rings by the ladies of Warwick.

To the left of the chapel, against the side wall, is the altar-tomb of the cruel and ambitious Leicester. The sculptured figures of the earl and his last wife are lying upon the sarcophagi. The curate told us that the tomb was erected to the earl by this wife, and related the manner of his death. Finding that the woman who bore his name was, like his former wives, in the way, Leicester resolved to rid himself of her. He mixed a deadly poison in a cup of wine and awaited the Countess in their apartments. On her appearance, he was suddenly seized with vertigo, and she,

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alarmed, snatched the cup from the table and gave it to him to drink. Being partially unconscious, he swallowed the wine, unawares, and died soon after.

The little tomb of the "Noble impe," a dwarf, who was the only child of this couple, was also pointed out. He too may have

THE LADYE CHAPELLE

been murdered at the instigation of his father, but, as history does not fully corroborate these tales, we should take them, like the legends of the relics, the lives of the saints, and the doughty deeds of chivalry, "with a grain of salt."

With all our anxiety to push on toward Liverpool, and the steamer which is to take us home, we shall be sorry to leave England, for, although more like our own country than any other, there is much to learn on English soil. The rural life is characteristic and charming. An Englishman is at his best among his dogs and horses, at his country seat. The frequent showers make the turf like green velvet, and all vegetable life is luxuriant. Every rod of ground is judiciously tilled, every tree and shrub, pruned

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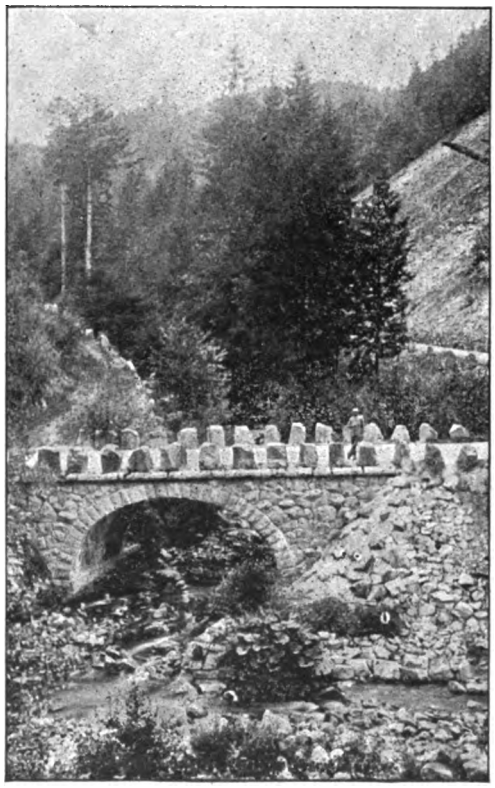
with care and good taste; in fact, the English home is a paradise on earth.

"Waving whispering trees,
What do you say to the breeze
And what says the breeze to you?
'Mid passing souls ill at ease,
Moving murmuring trees,
Would ye ever wave an adieu?"*

* Dante Gabriel Rossetti.



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CHAPTER XXX

HOMEWARD BOUND!

THE English railway system is as near perfection as possible. No better roadbeds exist, and, as there are no grade crossings, accidents are almost unknown. The only annoying feature is the management of the baggage. Instead of having a check, as in America, and thus being relieved of all responsibility, at each change of cars, one must scramble over piles of baggage, to identify his own, and then watch the porter until he has deposited it in the van. Of course, if one has a maid, as English ladies generally have, it does not matter so much.

Liverpool seems to have "turned the cold shoulder" to us, for, ever since our arrival, we have been shivering. If it is chilly here in the middle of August, what must it be in midwinter? But perhaps the ocean is kinder than our lakes.

Owing to its proximity to the great coal districts, and to its marvellous docks, Liverpool is one of the most important seaports of the world. Probably no other city has such an extensive roadstead. Thousands of vessels load and unload there, and special docks are set apart for the use of different nations.

While looking over some embroidered handkerchiefs in the tiny parlor back of a linen shop, kept by two orphan sisters, I noticed on the wall a view in the gardens of Nymphenburg, near Munich. Stepping up to examine it, I saw the title, "Silence." It was significant. There were green trees, a stretch of water, and, along the edge, some marble statues, cold and still; not a sign of life. Suddenly, I was awakened from my reverie by the voice of one of the sisters, saying, "Do you know these gardens, Madam?" Learning that I had visited them, she plied me with eager questions. It seemed that the two girls had been reared by their grandmother, a native of Munich, who had recently died. They had often heard

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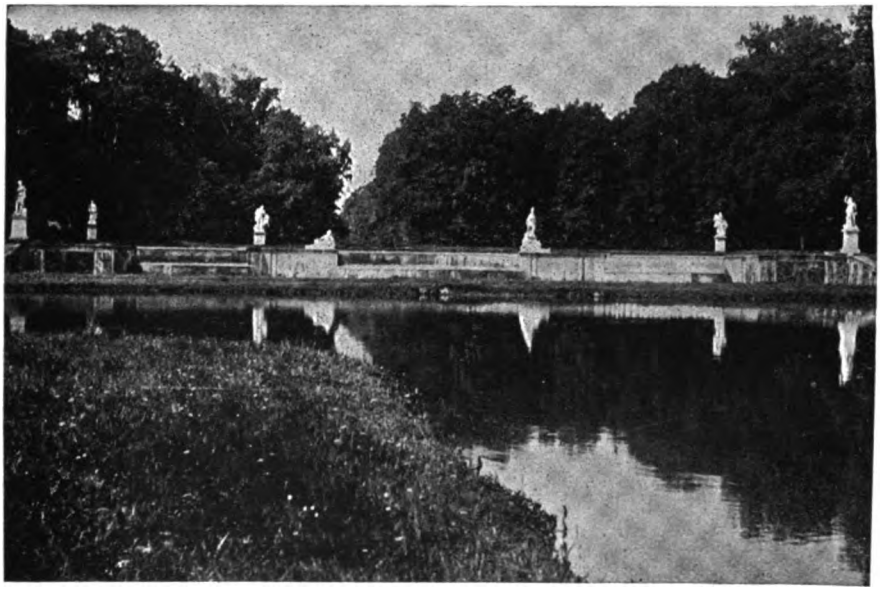
her describe the beautiful gardens, and were naturally interested to talk with any one who had lately been there.

Wretchedly poor people seem to compose half the population of Liverpool, where there is little of architecture or art to interest the stranger. St. George's Hall, in the center of the city, is an attempt at the classic style, and, in the midst of this atmosphere



"SILENCE"

of commerce, seems out of place. In front of it are several statues, chief of which is that of the Queen, whose long reign has been one of England's greatest blessings.

In her marriage, Victoria was more fortunate than the majority of sovereigns. Albert, Prince Consort, was a thoroughly good man, firm but gentle, princely yet modest, and their union was gladdened by many children. The Queen has nothing to regret. She will leave a noble history behind her, when, some day, she is laid beside her beloved husband,—the record of a pure maidenhood, a loyal wifehood, a devoted motherhood and a distinguished rule.

* * * * * * * *

We are on board the Cunarder, Umbria, dear friend, and, while I sit watching the fast receding shores of old England, I will add a few lines to this, my last letter to you, from foreign parts.

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VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

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You will be interested to know what good company we have on board. The Right Honorable Lord Russell and family, of Killowen, and Sir Frank Lockwood and Lady Lockwood are insconced in their chairs within a few rods of ours. It is a pleasure to watch the fine face of Lord Russell light up in conversation. A concert is, as usual, to be given by the passengers, for the benefit of the "Seamen's Charities," and we are told that both these families are to take part. Lord Russell, as you know, is one of the most brilliant judges in England, and we anticipate much pleasure at the entertainment over which he is to preside.

There are also several members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston, on board. This company of gallant Americans has been lavishly entertained by the English nobility, and the whole party are going back to America with the warmest feelings of friendship for their cousins across the water.

We have succeeded in carrying out our original plan regarding time, mode of travel and expenses, and looking backward over our long journey, I marvel at such good fortune. It would be difficult to determine where we have enjoyed ourselves the most, for everything has been so interesting.

In our wanderings, we have admired the gallantry and courtesy of the Europeans. We are grateful for their invariable kindness to two lone women. Nevertheless, we are happy beyond measure to know that America is our home,—America, where, with ability, honor and true worth, a man or woman of humble origin may reach the highest position, and, moreover, be received into the best society. For years, Europe has sent her poor, her ignorant, her helpless to charitable America, not caring what became of them, so long as *she* was rid of the burden. Few educated Europeans really know anything about America, beyond the fact that she has rich mines, Indians, title hunting heiresses, and that Americans spend money lavishly. However, each vessel bound for our shores now carries a few of the better class, and we may hope to be better understood, before many years have passed.

My companion is standing not far away, straining her eyes in the direction of the coast. An audacious breeze has caught her veil and torn it from the little steamer cap that covers her bonny,

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brown hair. As I watch her bright face, I remember afresh what a pleasant time we have had together and how cheery and helpful she has always been. We are both joyfully anticipating our return home,—home, the most precious spot on earth, after all!

Your sincere friend,

ADELAIDE.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!"*

* James Montgomery.

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COMMISSIONER GENERAL
FERDINAND W. PECK
ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER GENERAL
BENJAMIN D. WOODWARD
SECRETARY OF THE COMMISSION
FREDERICK BRACKETT

UNITED STATES COMMISSION
TO THE
PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

CHICAGO
AUDITORIUM BUILDING

NEW YORK
EQUITABLE BUILDING

PARIS
20 AVENUE RAPP

CHICAGO OFFICES. September 28,1899.

The advance pages of the Appendix to your work entitled "Two Travelers in Europe" have been submitted to me. The statement regarding the Paris Exposition is interesting and accurate.

I hope your undertaking will meet with the success that it deserves.

Very truly yours,

Ferdinand W. Peck

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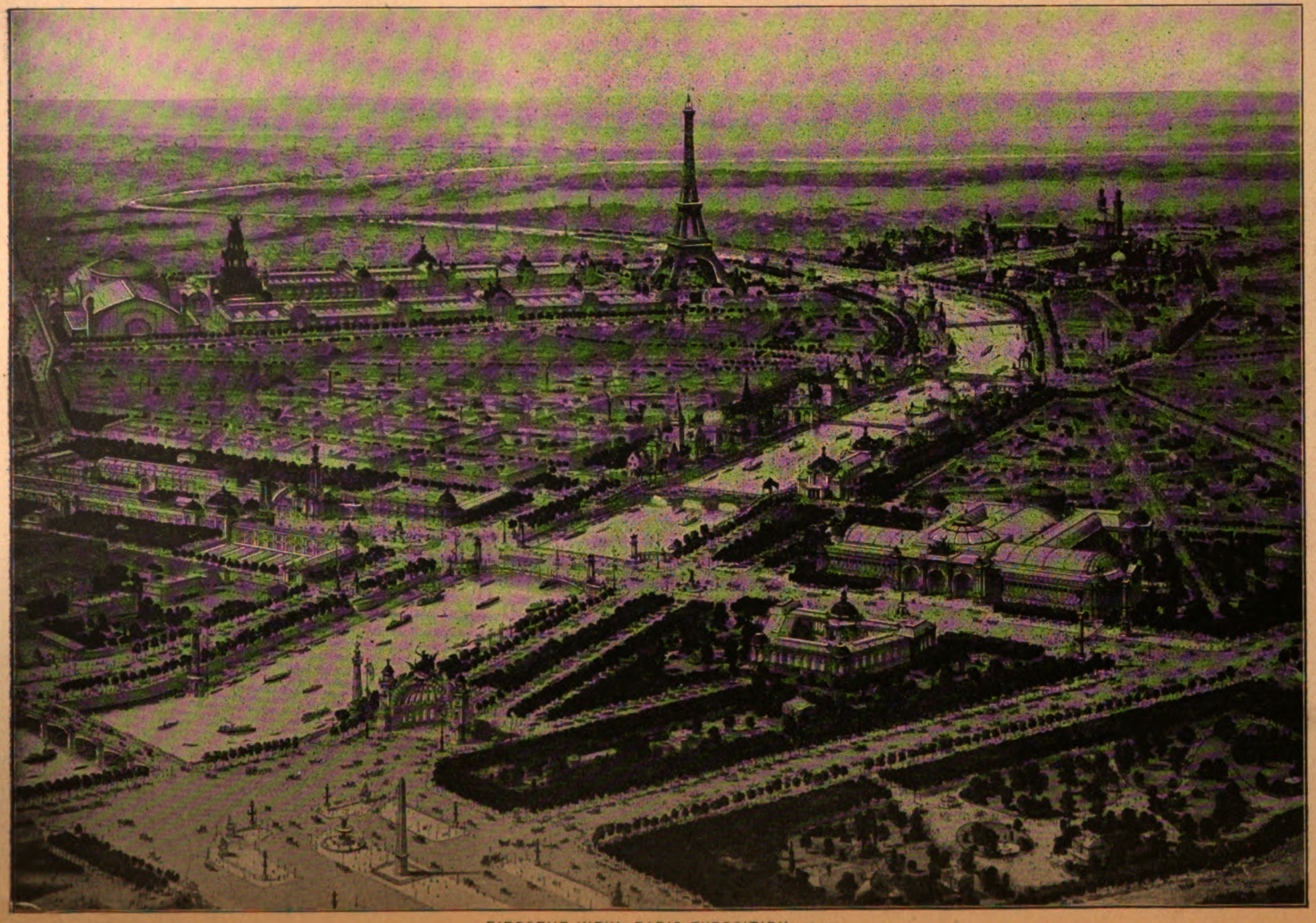

BIRDSEYE VIEW, PARIS EXPOSITION—1900.

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